The Red Book Magazine

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Is America's master novelist in the field of the dramatic romance of mystery, and in all his long career he has never written a more thrilling or surprising story than the one which begins in the next—the May—issue of this magazine. The reader is made a party to the action of the tale as it mounts in excitement and human interest to the very end. The title itself bespeaks the drama—

"FALLEN ANGELS"

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Is Camp Worthwhile?

By CHARLOTTE V. GULICK

President, New England Section, Camp Directors Association

Before a young girl has had camping experience she is apt so say that she does not want to go to a place where she has to keep appointments—where she has to get up when a bugle blows—where she cannot have the companionship of boys—where there are no movies, no automobiling. These requirements at the time seem irksome. However, after a season's experience she has a welcome understanding of the thrills and real pleasures of organized camp-life.

I will let the girls themselves answer the question as to whether camp-life is worthwhile. The following are a few quotations from many letters, but are typical.

What she said after her first summer—

"I have been looking back on each happy second, how beautiful it all has been. There will never be anything like it again in my life."

"It was a new experience and I would not have missed it for the world. I enjoyed every minute. I had never been with so many girls before and I made so many dear friends."

"I can't understand how I could have the least wish not to go to camp. When I thought I would rather stay at home I didn't realize what I would miss. I never had such a good time anywhere and it was so different."

"Words cannot express the wonderful time I had at camp. It was so utterly different than I expected, but so much better."

"I loved camp all summer, but I never appreciated the girls until the last week. Every one was so darling to every one else. It was marvelous. Those last two nights when Polly played the piano after taps and the moon was so bright on the water."

What she said after her second summer—

"What a happy summer I had and I got so much more out of it this year than last. There is something about camp that digs deeper than anything I have ever experienced before."

"To be there one year—you like it—but two years,—it gets under your skin someway."

"I really believe that my two summers at camp have done more for me than all my years at school and I want to go back."

"Two wonderful summers I have had, chuck full of jolly good times and worthwhile accomplishments."

"During Water Sports Day I learned the first time what real spirit and teamwork is. When we fell out of our canoe at the end of the race and swam the canoe in to shore we were just as happy as if we had won the race. We laughed and sang just as much as the winners."

What she said after her third year—

"I wonder what would become of me if I did not go to camp in the summer.

"At the end of summer before last I was sure that I had had a good time, but I have had a better time this year. I made so many new and dear friends. I learned to do so many things I had been afraid to do."

"You can't imagine what a beautiful time I had. I am firmly convinced that every summer at camp is better than the preceding one. It seems as if the girls are nicer every year."

"Each year has been more full of fun and joy and real meaning than the one before. I was actually afraid to come back this summer because the year before seemed the climax of everything I had done at camp. This summer was as different as could be and more interesting."

What she wrote her director while travelling through Europe—

"In spite of all the lovely things we are seeing and doing I find that I miss camp terribly. No amount of lovely old towns and grand cathedrals can make up for the comradeship and out of doors and the activities and beauties of life in the pine woods."

What she said after five years of married life—

"I find that my entire life has been affected by my camping experiences. I can do so many things that many women cannot do and I am not afraid. Billy and I are great pals and I know that Junior is going to be benefitted by all I learned at camp. You are certainly making better, happier women and mothers. I know it."

"Ever since I was married I have felt the value of my camping days. My husband and I have such good times together. I learned so many things at camp that one does not learn anywhere else."

My message is "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," but how many girls will not even taste anything which is new to them! They therefore lose some of the choicest bits of life.

Charlotte V. Gulick

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S CAMP SECTION

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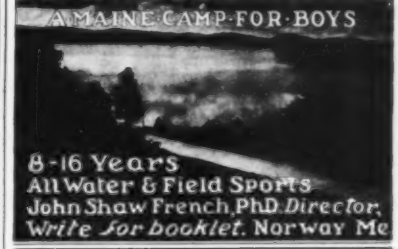
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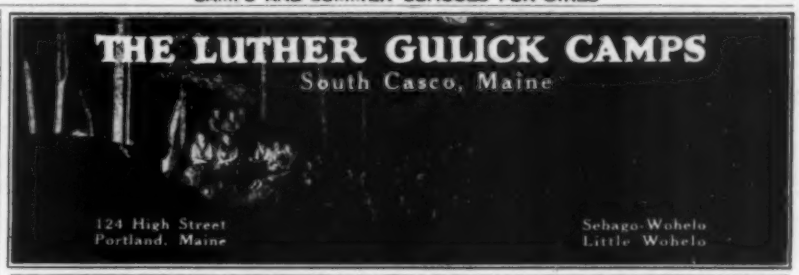
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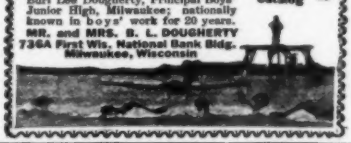
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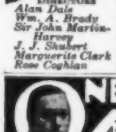
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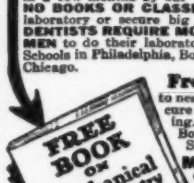
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More appreciated even than the increased income is the personal confidence and knowledge I have gained. For now I know that I know business thoroughly and that I can make good anywhere.

Very sincerely,

G. W. Clason

Vice-President.



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LILLIAN RICH

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DOROTHY SEBASTIAN

Film Star

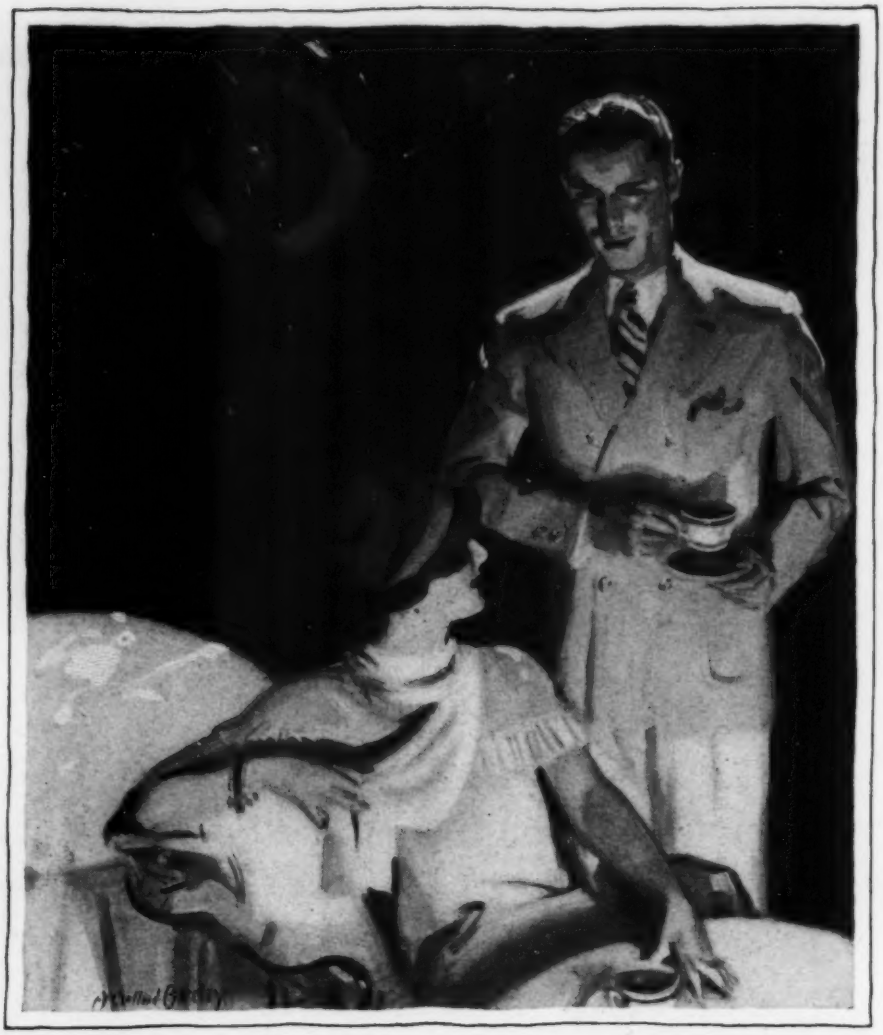
Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull, Beverly Hills, Calif.



MARIAN NIXON

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FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

FISHER PIONEERED AND DEVELOPED THE CLOSED BODY. TODAY THE SYMBOL, "BODY BY FISHER," IS ON ALL CARS WHICH LEAD IN BEAUTY AND SALES

BODY BY FISHER

Counting Birthdays

by Angelo Patri

Decoration by Arthur E. Becher



IN the hills I have a neighbor who has seen many suns rise and set. Neighbors who keep track of such things shake their heads at his eternal youth and murmur: "He must be nigh to eighty-two. He ought to be careful, at his time of life."

He isn't careful. Bright and early he is up and about his business. His farm is the best paying of the district, and the best tended. Last spring he set the village by the ears with a joyous, defiant gesture toward Father Time. He plowed the north slope and planted an orchard.

"Wont they be sweet in the spring of the year? Think of them—a pink and white cloud against that forest of evergreen. Macintoshes, St. Laurence Pippins, Delicious and Transparents. I can fairly see and smell them. The youngsters'll crunch them down on Hallowe'en nights, my boy. They're going to be *some* apples."

I almost broke faith and remembered his birthdays, but caught myself in time. If he could plant an orchard when he was "old," he could harvest it when he was older, for Time could not limit his spirit. It was eternal and beyond Time's power, if he chose to have it so.

Counting birthdays is a futile occupation. With each one fingered off comes a hint of time past, of opportunities lost, a sense of life's closing in—a voice crying: "Too late. Too late. Time was. You were. You did. The time has passed." Our wearied selves relax and droop. Brooding, we settle into humped dejection, and the anniversaries pile up.

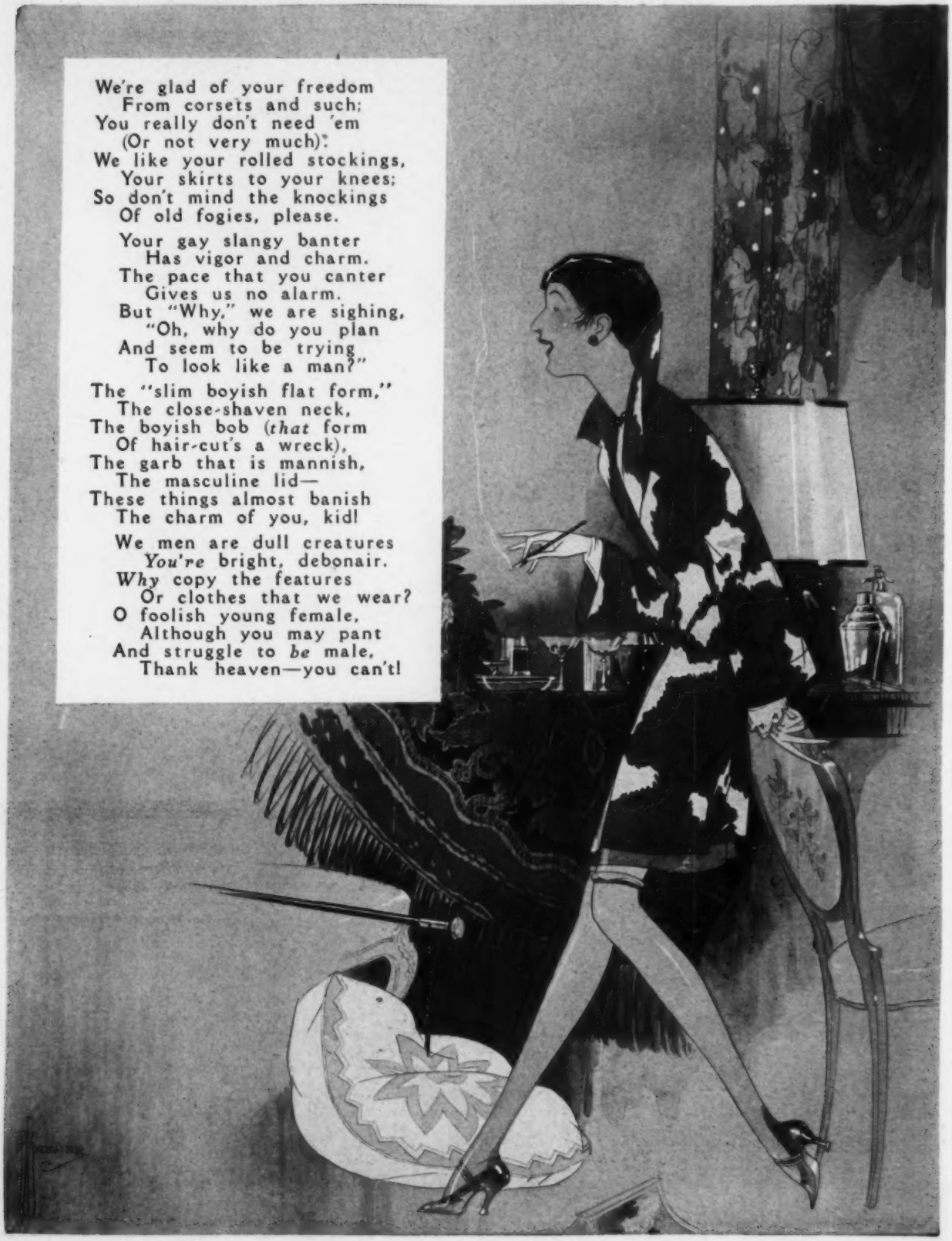
Why pile them up? They mean little to us, really. The first job, the first successful venture, the first home, the growth of children, the recognized public service, the rewards life offers for distance done, are they not more meaningful, more inspiring than calendar birthdays? Each marks the birth of spirit, a forward stride toward its set goal.

It is not Time that makes you old. It is the drooping of the spirit under the pressure of hours and months and years. Lift that, and the spirit freed of Time's weight will laugh and grow strong, and when you are "old" will fare forth and plant you an orchard.

To a Flapper

By Berton Braley

Decoration by Frederick J. Garner



We're glad of your freedom
From corsets and such;
You really don't need 'em
(Or not very much);
We like your rolled stockings,
Your skirts to your knees;
So don't mind the knockings
Of old fogies, please.

Your gay slangy banter
Has vigor and charm.
The pace that you canter
Gives us no alarm.
But "Why," we are sighing,
"Oh, why do you plan
And seem to be trying
To look like a man?"

The "slim boyish flat form,"
The close-shaven neck,
The boyish bob (*that* form
Of hair-cut's a wreck),
The garb that is mannish,
The masculine lid—
These things almost banish
The charm of you, kid!

We men are dull creatures
You're bright, debonair.
Why copy the features
Or clothes that we wear?
O foolish young female,
Although you may pant
And struggle to *be* male,
Thank heaven—you can't!



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What beauty lies in a box of COTY Face Powder! *What enchantment lingers in each drop of* COTY Perfume! *Together, in one exquisite odeur, they subtly flatter loveliness with a glamour that entangles the thoughts and lasts in the memory. The* COTY Face Powders *are obtainable in all the twenty-one supreme* COTY *odeurs — and nine individual shades*



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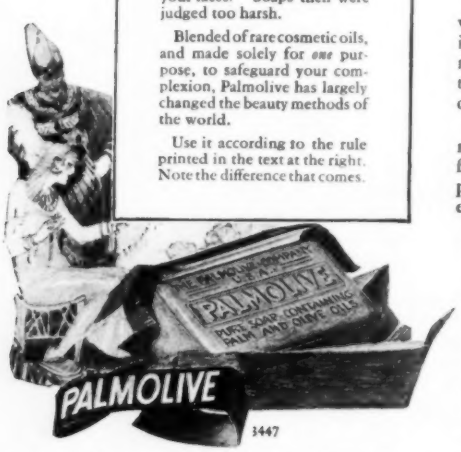
"and . . . I promise
to keep that schoolgirl complexion"

Thousands are doing it through this simple rule
in natural skin care, followed in this way:

WHEN tempted to "try" an unproved soap, remember before Palmolive came, women were told "use no soap on your faces." Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Blended of rare cosmetic oils, and made solely for *one* purpose, to safeguard your complexion, Palmolive has largely changed the beauty methods of the world.

Use it according to the rule printed in the text at the right. Note the difference that comes.



WOMEN used to lose the priceless charm of youth, then struggle everlastingly to regain it. *Today, by following natural and proved ways in skin care, they keep it.*

Start by avoiding the use of unproved ways on your skin. A good complexion is too priceless for experiment. You can retain natural charm and freshness through the years simply by taking ordinary precautions with your skin.

Foremost skin specialists of the world recommend soap and water cleansing as the first rule in skin care. Leading beauty experts employ it. Results are proved on every side. Try it—it will do much for you.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend — and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

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No. 3447—finished—Page Cosmopolitan, Apr.—Red Book, Apr. 12683 EFH AMR—4

The RED BOOK Magazine

April 1927 • Volume XLVIII • Number 6 KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, *Editor*

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

"Propity"

By BRUCE BARTON

UNTIL a few weeks ago a friend of mine held an important executive position in one of the largest industries. Having pushed up from the bottom and being only forty-two, he was regarded as the natural successor to the president.

To the surprise of his associates, he resigned his position and accepted a professorship in the college from which he was graduated just twenty years ago. He took this step because he likes young men and believes he can make his life count for a great deal among them—also because he prefers to raise his own sons in the wholesome atmosphere of a college town rather than in New York.

Men who know my friendship for him have called up to make the following excited inquiries:

"What's the matter with Joe? I thought he had a good thing with the Smitherton people."

"Heard about Joe? Did the Smithertons let him out? He surely wouldn't be so crazy as to give up a big salary."

"What's Joe thinking about, anyway? There's no future in the teaching business. How does he figure he's bettering himself?"

More discerning friends have appreciated his motives and congratulated him, sometimes with a touch of envy. But the general run of comment is discouraging. Apparently the average American simply cannot comprehend that anybody should want to do anything except for more money.

It is an old fault with us. Humphrey Marshall, that talented Southerner, visited Glasgow, Kentucky, years ago and delivered a brilliant oration. A merchant of the community, hearing Marshall praised, registered his contemptuous dissent.

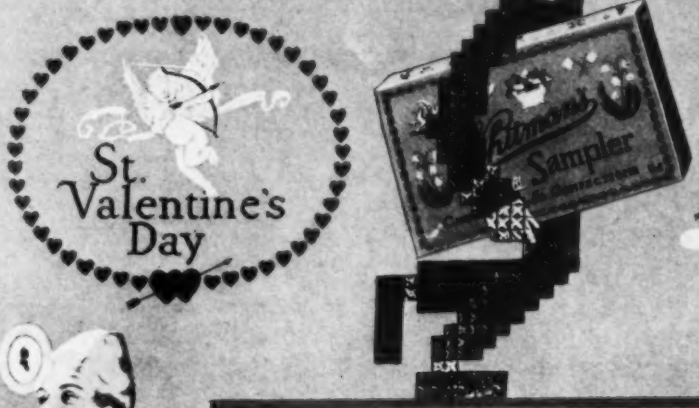
"If he is such a smart man," the merchant asked, "where is his money?"

At about that same period a local passenger train, bearing two Vermont farmers, stopped at Concord, Massachusetts. Looking out of the window and seeing the sign on the station, one of them remarked lazily: "I hear Mr. Emerson lives in this town."

"Ya-as," drawled the other, "and I understand that in spite of his odd notions he is a man of *con-sid-er-able* propity."

The Emerson who could write great books, deliver stimulating lectures, and set two continents to thinking, was unimpressive. But the Emerson who had accumulated "con-sid-er-able propity" was entitled to respect.

I like money. I hope to have more of it. But the common habit of measuring men by it, as though there were no other standard, makes me very weary. Some day when America has grown a bit more mature, the question, "What's he worth?" will not be answered entirely in terms of "propity."









The store that never forgets!

One of life's haunting shadows is forgetting birthdays and anniversaries one *should* remember. It's such a distinct pleasure when the little gift is there on time!

Trust your nearest Whitman agency to take charge of this small but important detail for you. The store that sells Whitman's has been selected for dependability. Let it have your list of Whitman's Chocolates for delivery, or mailing, to the proper person on the date it is due.

All Whitman agencies take advance orders for candies for birthday gifts and anniversaries. After you have filed your order you may forget—but *the store won't.*

Whitman's are sold in picked stores—usually the leading drug store in every locality in the country for convenient buying. Every such store gets fresh stocks at frequent intervals, direct from Whitman's, not through a jobber. This insures careful handling of fresh and perfect candies. Whitman's are the only candies sold nationally by this plan.

In buying chocolates, or ordering in advance, seek the store that shows the sign—









Agency
Whitman's
Chocolates







Had he looked at Peggy, he might have caught a glance which said: "My poor, adorable idol!"

A Week from Wednesday

by

Wallace Irwin

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

Before Wallace Irwin ventured upon his recent trip around the world, he canvassed the steamship offices, working out his itinerary; and it was in one such office that he met the people who suggested the fictional personages delineated here. For such are the processes of fiction-writers that anything may become the point of departure for a story.

"A WEEK from Wednesday," said Ernestine Chew thoughtfully, crossing her fashionable feet and penciling a yellow tab which lay on the mahogany-topped counter. Clem Spriggett, her adorer for the afternoon, tittered appreciatively, not at all understanding. She had come to the Planetary Travelers' Accommodation office to ask, quite seriously, how a dowager aunt, Constantia by name, could get from New York to the island of Borneo and cross the Equator at a spot which breathes the atmosphere of eternal spring. A diplomatic clerk, after wasting a half-hour of her time and showering her with guide-books, had informed her that it couldn't be done.

Then again: "A week from Wednesday."

"Crazy with the Equator?" asked Clem, a ruddy young man of forty-eight, who found it pleasant to follow Ernie's moods as the tail the kite.

"Look over there," said Ernestine, "but don't look too hard. That cute little red-headed cookie with the cerise necktie. As I live, it's the Fungus!"

Bathed in crystal clearness behind a plate glass partition, Clem could see a head, undoubtedly auburn, and a pair of anxious eyes, furnished, as if for stage-effect, with goggling tortoise-shell glasses. The owner of all this made appealing gestures to a rock-faced lady, exuding wealth, who glared at him over the table-desk.

"You saw him?" Ernestine asked, pursing lips which were inviting in spite of—or because of—the wicked look they could give her radiant baby face.

"Oh, yes, and I see why you call him the Fungus."

"No, you don't," said she, "but you will. I named him that." Then to the weary clerk who came back with more literature: "Thank you so much. Aunt Constantia's keeping a library of this stuff. I'm sure she hasn't the slightest intention of going anywhere. But you've been very sweet." She blessed him with a look.

When they were out in the street and she had poked a bushel of romantic travel-booklets into a convenient ash-can, she resumed: "Now, that's over. Let's not dance. Let's go to the



Pazzazza and have tea while we plot and plot and plot."

"I'd dynamite the city hall, just to be with you," cooed Clem, an industrious worker. "But what will we plot?"

"You saw the Fungus," remarked Ernie, and a shallow dream swam into her velvet eyes. "Well, he's the plot. He's got another name—not so good, of course—Ancaster. Waldo Ancaster. Well, you remember last year Aunt Constantia said she had the measles. She should have had, she was so cross. But it turned out to be a sort of gout that breaks out on you in rosettes. So I was in danger of getting married two or three times."

"Fungus, Constantia, measles, rosettes, marriage. I follow you," lisped Clem.

"Don't interrupt, then. The doctor said Aunt Con had to have a change of climate, so she decided she'd take all the changes there were. And she dragged me with her on one of those round-and-round-and-round the world cruises to a lot of hot places where people dress in table cloths and beg for a living."

"Poor Ernie!" said Clem.

"Restrain those tears. I had a lot of fun—except when I was seeing the sights. Sights ought to be kept in museums for very old people to look at. Like you, Clem." With one of the sarcastic twists to her mouth. Clem wasn't sensitive. He had come to be amused. "But when we were on the water—oh, boy! Danced every night until we were perfectly feeble. I almost got married twice before we'd passed the Rock of Gibraltar."

"And the Fungus was one of them?"

"Clem, if you're bound to insult me, you can go straight back to Cincinnati. The Fungus! Do you know what he was there as? Entertainer. It's hard enough to keep your temper and be entertaining, even when you do it for fun. But when you do it for a business, it's poison. The Fungus' job was to keep everybody happy by doing just the things they didn't want to do at that time. If you were playing bridge, you had to play charades. If you were playing charades, you had to dance. It's a system.

"Well, I got along with Fung, and even thought he was rather nice once in a while. Then we hit the island of Java and stuck to it because it was so darned hot everything changed to flypaper. And that's where the Fungus got in his work."

"Fungi thrive in hot climates," suggested Clem.

"This one did. Aunt Con, because she weighs a thousand pounds and has to be lifted into a car by a derrick, was just crazy to go ashore and join an exploring expedition. A lot of passengers were getting together to go right into the jungle and find a ruined temple with a name like a college yell. And who should they choose for our guide but the Fungus! They said he had such lovely manners they were sure he'd know what to do, in case we met any savages. Oh, how I loathe that man!"

They were wandering into the hotel's grandiose interior, and had selected a tea-table for two in a far corner.

"It's too cold for tea," complained Ernie.

Clem revealed a flat, silvery container which he held under the table cloth. "Waiter, sandwiches and club sodas! And now, Ernie, go on with your hymn of hate."

"The Fungus' job, you know, was to find us a grand hotel and make Aunt Con feel she was living at 277 Park Avenue on the 26th of May. She told him he was responsible for the climate, which was rather hard on anybody, even Fung. But he just fawned and said he wouldn't sleep a wink, thinking of her comfort.

"Clem, I know where the American flivvers go when they die. They go to Java. The hotels there are built like a string of boxcars, right on the alley. And those flivs never go to bed. They run around all night, hooting into windows.

"You've never had to sleep with Aunt Con, so you don't know what pain is. We sat up till two, hoping the flivs would get tired; then we went to what the Fungus had promised would be the best room in the hotel. No bath. Twenty-seven windows with wooden blinds on them that went off like firecrackers when you touched them. Two little lizards in the wash-bowl. Twin beds, made of iron pipe, lashed together in such a way that when Aunt Con turned over, I sat up and yelled 'Earthquake!' and when I flopped back, Aunt Con sat up and shrieked: 'Volcanoes!'

"All night she lay moaning: 'Ernestine, why did you bring me to such a place?' It was swell. I got up and tried to smoke, but mosquitoes the size of hen pheasants shot in and hit me so hard you could hear the report. So at four o'clock—we had to start early—a black demon with blue roses all over his skirt routed us out. 'Where's the bath?' I said. 'Over there,' said he, pointing to the jungle. Aunt Con followed him over a Bridge of Sighs and was lost till noon. It seems she had got into a cistern, by mistake, and been pulled out after she had gone down for the third time.

"So that's that. At breakfast I saw all the other passengers looking frightfully happy. 'We slept splendidly,' they said. 'Lovely brass beds, no mosquitoes, the most beeootiful showerbaths, and sound-proof walls and everything.' Whew! And I was trying to advertise in Dutch for the lost Aunt Con."

"And now for the Fungus," grinned Clem.

"Yes. He's next. When I cornered him, he gave me one of his clammy looks and said: 'It was a mistake. There were plenty of fine rooms. The management was to blame.' 'All right,' I said, 'if Aunt Constantia is still alive—and I doubt it—that wont make any difference in my feelings for you. I'll get you, Fungus, if it takes till the fifth Monday after Doomsday.' And isn't it wonderful," chimed Ernestine. "The Fungus is here—right at my mercy. Now I know how Shylock felt. It's great."

"And you needn't wait till the Fifth Monday after Doomsday," suggested Clem. "You mentioned a week from Wednesday."

"Yes." Ernestine came out of one of her sly, quick, shallow dreams. "You know, it's his business to make himself aces with what he calls important people. Well, I've got one for him.



"Didn't she sit right down and say she'd have to be carried home, over two volcanoes and through eleven tea-plantations, mostly under water?"

Did you ever hear of Lady Daragh?"

"You mean the one who shoots things?"

"Lions. Very dangerous hunter. Belongs to everything, Royal Society of Gunmen and what not. Very swanky. She's in America, visiting the W. Clarence Jilleys in Syosset—two or three doors from where the Prince of Wales stayed, you know. Now, the Jilleys are giving a monster reception for Lady Daragh a week from Wednesday."

Ernestine was flushed; her eyes sparkled with animation. "This is going to be good. The Fungus, you know, would give his eyeteeth to get in the same room with Lady Daragh. She's right in his line. He's got some kind of fool lion-killing complex. And I'm invited to that reception."

"Is the Fungus?"

"No. But he will be. Only we want to make it just as rough as we can. Clem, like a dear, step over to the telephone booth— No. I've got to do that. But when I get started, you can listen in. Let's see. What's a good English name?"

"O'Brien," suggested Clem, who had not yet fallen into the spirit of the man-hunt.

"Chumley-Chumley-Chumley—" She was saying this over and over, as if for practice. "Spelled natural—not C-h-o-l-m-o-n-d-e-l-e-y. Just Chumley. Phyllis Chumley. What a nice English gel! Come on, let's ring him up!"

BEHIND the glass partition, where his worried red head was always on display like the topknot of some exotic parrot at the zoo, the youngish Mr. Ancaster sighed and resumed blue-penciling an ecstasy. Since he had written it himself, splashed it with his own Gauguinesque hues of tropic splendor, Waldo should have enjoyed it. But he had passed the first sweet throes of composition, and was now sensing that spiritual let-down which comes to the author when he views his manuscript for the second time.

"Through the lacy shade of the breadfruit, royal palm and mangosteen the tropic sunlight graciously pours down—" Squinting his gentle eyes, for his head ached a little, Mr. Ancaster drew an azure line through "pours down." Tropical sunlight, shed upon a company of wealthy and personally conducted tourists, shouldn't pour down. Especially not on the fat ladies.



"Oh, Lady Daragh," she had begun rapidly. "I know you'll think this is dreadful, but I just had to come to you. It's important!"

Fat ladies, of whom the Planetary Travelers' ships carried a tremendous tonnage, were all too easily sunstruck. Hastily he jotted "filters through" above the condemned phrase.

By nature an enthusiast, Waldo Ancaster had his moments of depression. And this was one of them. He had started in the Planetary as office-boy and, quite naturally, aspired to the presidency. But today he felt as remote from that desirable chair as a Senate page, gazing pensively through the cruel iron fence of the White House. Mr. Hurd, who actually presided, and whose glowing vigor promised a long life of continued usefulness, had fancied Waldo for his social gifts. That he should have picked him as entertainer on last year's cruise indicated that great men sometimes made mistakes. Since then the auburn-haired aspirant had enjoyed recurrent nightmares. He would awake, screaming, having imagined himself in the social hall of the giant liner *Equinox*, facing two hundred enormous middle-aged ladies who, fixing him sourly with their bilious little eyes, were commanding: "Entertain us!"

And Java! Ye gods and goddesses, what a sticky, sweltering mess he had made of it! So here he was, back in an office job, reduced in salary and in an anomalous situation. He wasn't exactly press-agent, although he wrote all the best lyric paragraphs for Ben Teague; nor yet was he social representative of the firm. Mr. Bludsoe, secretary to the president, was that; and he habitually turned the hopeless cases over to Ancaster.

Waldo sighed again. He had chosen the Planetary for his career because, he had thought in his boyish dreams, it would offer romantic opportunities to roam the open spaces, to examine the heart of hidden worlds. Several years before,—under the patronage of a distant English relative,—he had gone to Africa on a lion-hunt. Like many another shy person, he wasn't particularly afraid of lions. He had murdered two.

And from that adventure he had brought away one glowing theory, never put into practice. Personally conducted lion-hunts! Why not? The sport, as he had found it, was markedly lacking in the element of danger. The teeming population of Africa fetched you out a lion, handed you a loaded gun, pointed it for you, if necessary. If you didn't hit the lion, somebody else always did. And what a thrill! You became at once a hero, in your own estimation, if not in the lion's.



Now, suppose—so he had dreamed—that this were all organized on a sight-seeing basis. What wealthy, obese lady, however humanely inclined, would not give a large sum to carry home a lion-skin, marred by her own identified bullet? Huge armies of muscular blacks to carry ladies, by easy stages, from the headwaters of the Nile, through Mombasa, into the beast-haunted desert beyond. Luxurious but picturesque camps all along the way! Automobiles where practicable. For such as did not care to shoot, comfortable platforms among the trees, from which one could level field-glasses upon the slaughter. For the more adventurous a corporal's guard of unerring sharpshooters, and a trained negro to aim the lady's gun, take up the recoil and, if desired, pull the trigger for her. There was just a bare possibility that one of the stout dowagers might be eaten—after his experience of last year, he knew of several whom, secretly, he would have nominated for the honor.

Darn it, he was dreaming a g a i n ! Somewhat languidly Waldo A n c a s t e r turned from his typewritten ecstasy and pressed a button, summoning his secretary.

Her name, if that mattered, was Peggy Brown. She had a face, no doubt, but as far as Waldo was concerned, that useful ornament was nonexistent. Subconsciously, when she entered the room, he had an impression of something softly blue and sweet; had he taken the slightest interest in her, he might have known that it was the look in her eyes, which she always brought to him like a gift of violets.

Every day since his work ashore, when she had become as much a part of his desk as the inkstand or the telephone, she had been mutely conscious of his indifference. Not that Peggy was one of your office-climbers who look upon the business establishment as a legitimate mating-ground. Like Waldo, she was shy; but where he showed his reticence in showy eagerness, she hid hers in patient, helpful quietude. And she was practical, if nothing else. Was she anything else? Had Ancaster observed her, he might, after a long gaze, have decided that she was pretty. The blondness of her brows and lashes gave her something of a blank look, but she could have changed that with the touch of a pencil. Her straw-colored, obscure head she held, sometimes,

like that of one of those modest little virgins whom the old Italians loved to tint and set daintily in unpretentious shrines.

But what more was there to be said for Peggy Brown? A rather thin little body, a faintly golden skin, a passion for work, and no desire, apparently, further than to be with a quiet little worrying mother who kept the apartment, beyond a trolley-line in Flatbush. What Peggy felt, she didn't show. She did her crying methodically at night, and only when she imagined that Mr. Ancaster hadn't appreciated what she was doing to help. He was so adorable, so full of the dreams that knocked their heads against his glassy inclosure. If she could do something really heroic for him! And he never looked at her, never really knew whether she came into his office on roller skates or afoot.

"There's a lady on the telephone, Mr. Ancaster," she said that afternoon, in her faint, pretty voice.

"What does she want?" he asked apprehensively.

"She wont say. She's a Miss Phyllis Chumley."

"Chumley?"—his shell-rims on distant space.

"She says she's the niece of Lady Daragh, and Lady Daragh is sending her to you—"

Ancaster came out of his cloud. "Put her on the wire." A crisply cut English voice began chirping into his ear. "Mr. Ancaster? Isn't it lucky to find you in! I'm Miss Chumley—Phyllis Chumley. Of course, you wouldn't bother about *me!* But Lady Daragh. Possibly you remember—"

"Of course," chimed Waldo heartily. He raked his memory. He saw so many people.

"Ever since we got to New York, she's wanted to see you. And I've been crazy to see you too, as you Americans say. I'd have to explain it. You see, Aunt Victoria is a bit of a game hunter. Of course, you'd know *that!* She remembers that charming talk she had with you about Africa—"

"Oh, yes." Waldo had talked to so many people about his personally conducted lion-hunt.

"—And as I'm representing her in America, she asked me if I couldn't interest you in a plan—dear me! It's dreadfully awkward trying to explain over the wire."

"I'd love to see you, Miss Chumley—or Lady Daragh. Any time you say." Almost worshipfully.

"But Mr. Ancaster, our plans are so uncertain." A pause. "Lady Daragh will be at liberty tomorrow at tea-time. Couldn't we have tea at Tanquay's, say, at five?"

"I shall be charmed!" Miss Brown was annoyed by his unconscious imitation of the English accent.

Waldo Ancaster sat back, filled with a wild surmise. Luck had sought him out, run him down. He was beginning to recall Lady Daragh, a famous personage in the lion-killing world. The very person for him to see! But how stupid of him to have forgotten her! His inferiority complex again gaining mastery, he took it out in speaking with unusual hauteur to Peggy Brown.

"Have this copy re-typed and back with corrections tomorrow morning." Then more kindly, because he was not by nature a killer: "It's all right, Miss Brown. But I think it would be neater—" A pleasant recollection of Miss Chumley's voice tickled his ears. He had once been hopelessly in love with an English girl of family. The sadness of it had delighted his wild sense of romance.

Had he looked at Peggy Brown, as she stood there shaking together the mangled pages, he might have caught a glance which said: "My poor, adorable, helpless idol! Why do you go searching round the world for love? If you only knew how much you need me, all and all the time!"

WALDO changed his clothes during the lunch-hour next day. Peggy Brown, who saw everything about him, saw that. His new gray suit became him, and the gardenia in his buttonhole gave him a look of festival gayety. His beauty hurt her like a stab, and in the morbid reflection which love shows on its ragged edge, she had a vision of a pompous church door swinging wide, "Lohengrin" blasting forth its angel trumpets, Mr. Ancaster in stunning gray, a gardenia in his buttonhole, a lacy cloud of English girlhood on his arm.

"Rats!" said Peggy; then the telephone jangled, and that irritatingly perfect London accent was in her ear.

"This is Miss Chumley—Phyllis Chumley." The voice seemed to relish its name. "Would you mind telling Mr. Ancaster that Lady Daragh and I must go to Boston at five. So sorry! I've forgotten that we were to appear at the West African Club dinner tonight. I'm writing him a note. Good-by!"

"West African Club dinner!" Peggy could not restrain a sniff. "Sounds like a colored barbecue."

But she repeated the ill news demurely to Mr. Ancaster, and ached for him when she saw his crestfallen look. She was a little surprised that he should so take to heart his disappointment in a lady whom he had never so much as set eyes on. Then, because she knew almost everything there was to know about Mr. Ancaster, she realized that he had been building air-castles again, dreaming out a new plan for his personally conducted lion-hunt. Poor dear, she thought, he's too kind to hurt a dandelion, really. And this Chumley person, whom Peggy had decided to dislike for her perfection, hadn't treated him with due consideration. Why hadn't she spoken to Mr. Ancaster, personally, instead of leaving a message? Snip!

From talk around the office, she knew there were others who hadn't taken Mr. Ancaster seriously. Two chatterbox stenographers had told her that Mr. Shields, clerk in the Booking Department, had told them that some of the girls on the *Equinox* cruise had called Waldo "the Fungus." Fungus indeed!

A BUSY girl in a busy firm, you would think, would have been too occupied to make sharp distinctions between one client and another. Mr. Ancaster was seeing people, mostly feminine, all day. But even then Peggy took time for her preferences. For instance, when Mrs. J. Bevis Austerhauser, looking like a pugilist with long pearl earrings, had roared, "Mr. Ancaster, I wish you were going on the cruise this time. Last year you were the life of the party," Peggy could have hugged that magnificently swollen body. With equal fervor she could have stabbed a certain skinny Mrs. Hayes whom she overheard telling him: "Oh, I'm sure you'll do better here in an office!"

For, in so far as their business relations were concerned, Ancaster was Peggy's to love, honor and obey until the desk did them part. Only after five o'clock they went their separate ways, lived their separate lives. So Peggy studied Ancaster as industriously as Ancaster ignored Peggy. She knew why he looked nicer in a tan collar than in a blue one. She knew why the *Equinox*, sailing on her second cruise, had left him behind. And when a certain helpless look flashed through his tortoise-shell glasses, she guessed at his thwarted ambitions.

Because she was an old-fashioned girl, Peggy was the unconscious possessor of certain instincts now quite out of style. She had feminine intuitions, and by dint of one of these she had taken her savage dislike to the unseen Miss Phyllis Chumley. She didn't know why; she didn't care.

So on the morning which followed Miss Chumley's snippy regrets, Peggy was aroused by a certain pale blue envelope which lay in the mail. Mr. Ancaster read it among the first of his letters, and she was annoyed to see his rising color.

"Miss Brown," he suggested, "will you please answer this by telephone? Say I'll be delighted."

With assumed carelessness she took the blue sheet and read:

"Dear Mr. Ancaster:

"We've been so dreadfully well entertained in your delightful country that I feel I'm quite losing my mind. Do forgive us, wont you? Lady Daragh is frightfully annoyed, having to leave in this beastly hurry. But do be a good sort and have tea with us at the Charleton, wont you? There's a rather larky party on for a week from Wednesday, and I so want to tell you about it. Shall we see you at five? "Phyllis Chumley."

"Suppose she wont be there, Mr. Ancaster." Peggy bit her tongue, but the words were out first.

"Huh?" Ancaster started, as with a guilty conscience.

"She hasn't given any address!"—defiantly.

"Oh—so she hasn't." He was somewhat flustered. "Well, never mind. I'll attend to it."

"That Chumley woman's fishy," said Peggy, but quite to herself as she left the room. A hit-or-miss opinion, no doubt. Shortly before luncheon she came in again and made another blind stab at her shadowy foe.

"I was looking over your appointment-book, Mr. Ancaster," she said, and tried not to be severe. "You were planning to take the five o'clock train for Philadelphia and see Mrs. Katz in the Bellevue-Stratford at a quarter of eight."

"Thank you, Miss Brown," he acknowledged kindly. "Will you wire Mrs. Katz that I'm delayed in a—er—conference, but will see her at eight-fifteen."

"Yes, Mr. Ancaster." She left him, abashed and horrified. For she knew this Mrs. Katz, fiercest of the fat ladies. For a month she had been flirting with the possibilities of taking a fifteen-thousand-dollar suite on the S. S. *(Continued on page 134)*

Mr. Scott's "professional friend" Clifford was never in all his career, called upon to solve a more complicated problem than that presented by this case. But the great detective proved equal to the task as every reader will, with thrills of delight, discover for himself.



Sealed Lips

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by Lester Ralph

"Yes," said Clifford, "we'll save him—save you both for each other—somehow."

THE letter so secretly delivered to him, with its frantic appeal, its minute directions, its three inclosed keys, had been too intriguing not to win Clifford's prompt compliance. And so at four o'clock in the morning he stood before a door on the top floor of what, in the wide-open and police-protected days of a generation since, had been New York's most palatial and fashionable gambling-house, but which to the present generation was nothing more than another of those old mansions that had been converted into apartments. The directions and the keys had brought Clifford here through an entrance on the street at the rear and through a forgotten underground passage that had constituted one of the house's "get-aways" back in the time when the crash of raiding axes against the fortress-like front door was the signal for "Sky-limit" Jim Gilmore's gilded patrons to avoid police-court notoriety through swift flight.

Clifford rapped as the letter ordered: three raps—two raps—four raps. The door opened a peeping inch, then swung wide, and before him stood a dark slender girl in a flame-colored dancing gown.

"Quick—come in," she breathed; and clutching Clifford's arm, she drew him inside and closed the door.

"Why all these precautions, Miss Gilmore?" asked Clifford.

"I wanted to see you alone without anyone knowing it, and I was afraid I might be watched or you might be watched," the girl answered rapidly. "So I didn't dare come to your office, and I didn't dare ask you to come here by the front entrance."

Clifford glanced about the big, richly furnished living-room that in other days had been given over to roulette.

"Then you are alone?"

"Except for my aunt. She lives here with me. She's asleep in the next room."

Clifford had been eying the girl sharply, studying her. Her strained pallor, her fear and frantic urgency, made her a strangely different creature from the Lily Gilmore he had seen dancing only an hour before, in the Pipes o' Pan, with the debonair and infatuated Jack Glover. Clifford had then studied closely this girl who had figured so sensationally in the newspapers as the former sweetheart of the imprisoned murderer Jerry Corrigan, her figure as the dashing and dubious heroine of a newspaper crime-serial made more colorful by her exhumed history: born the very night of the last raid on her father's famous gambling-house, her young mother dying in her birth hour—the night her middle-aged father had vowed never to own another wheel, a vow he had kept until his death; reared by her father among

the old cronies who sniffed at the cowardly and degenerate present and repeated stories of the good old days when men were men and not afraid to take a chance.

In the night-club, the girl's bold nonchalance of manner, the bold stare of her great black eyes roving about the gay crowd, had proclaimed to the watching Clifford the egotist who regarded herself born to dominate and be admired: hard, audacious, arrogant, believing herself equal to any situation that might arise. To Clifford, Sky-limit Jim Gilmore's daughter had then looked as if she had the makings of a daring crook—perhaps a brilliant adventuress; and her being in the company of Jack Glover suggested that her ambition might already be pointing her in the direction of such a destiny.

And now this hard and haughty would-be woman of the world was seemingly just a trembling girl of nineteen or twenty.

"Your letter said you wanted my help; in what way can I help you?" asked Clifford when they were seated at a square ebonized table—a roulette layout that had been remodeled and domesticated.

"Please, Mr. Clifford," she cried with agonized intensity, "I want you to take the case of Jerry Corrigan and prove him not guilty of murdering Officer Duffy!"

THE detective stared in bewilderment. This was indeed reversing all conceptions of the girl, his own and the public's.

"But I thought you wanted Jerry Corrigan proved guilty!" he exclaimed. "I understand you are to be one of the witnesses against him at his trial. And before the murder you broke your engagement to Corrigan, and took up with Jack Glover, Corrigan's best friend. You certainly looked indifferent enough to Jerry Corrigan's fate tonight at the Pipes o' Pan!"

"I know—I know!" she panted. "And that's partly true. I did quarrel with Jerry and break off our engagement. I was attracted by Jack Glover—compared to Jack, Jerry seemed very crude. And at first I did believe Jerry was guilty of the murder. But now—I don't believe any of that any more—and I love Jerry—I love Jerry. And if Jerry's not saved, somehow, they'll send him to the chair!"

The tragedy and heartbreak in the girl's voice removed the last vestige of Clifford's conception of her as a hard, self-sufficient young worldling. She was in truth just a very human girl, in direst trouble.

"But if you feel as you say," asked Clifford, "how do you explain your behavior these last three months—your behavior tonight at the Pipes o' Pan?"

"Oh, don't you see?" cried the desperate girl. "After the murder, I began to suspect, from little things I heard, that Jerry was not guilty—that in some clever way some man or men in his own crowd had double-crossed him—that for some reason they wanted Jerry out of the way. I wanted to try to help Jerry, and what I did was the only thing I could think of—to keep going about with these men, to seem indifferent to Jerry, to try to be the sort of girl they most admired. I thought that if I kept this up, some one might let slip some word, or do something, that would be a clue to the truth of the murder."

"You mean, Miss Gilmore, that what you've done has all been merely acting?" exclaimed Clifford.

"Yes—and oh, how I've hated it and hated myself! You see, if I hoped for success, I didn't dare let Jerry know what I did was make-believe—and so Jerry must think the very worst of me!"

Clifford again stared at her a silent moment, then caught his breath. With every word this girl was building up a yet more remarkable figure in place of the popular conception of herself she was pulling down.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Gilmore—for my ideas of you," Clifford apologized. "Have you heard anything?"

"Not a thing! And with Jerry's trial only two weeks off, I'm at the end of all I can do—I'm frantic! So I'm begging you to help me. You know about the case?"

CLIFFORD did, as did all New York. The murder of Detective Sergeant Duffy had aroused the city not so much because it was itself a sensational murder, as because that murder represented one of the peaks of an intolerable criminal condition. Present-day New York, with its orgy of banditry and shooting of resisting victims by bandits, was wilder than the wildest days of the Wild West; at no other time and at no other place in America had gunmen been so ready to shoot down officers of the law who dared interfere with their activities. In Jerry Corrigan one of the most ruthless of these wild East gunmen had been caught red-handed—and the certain fate of Jerry Corrigan was to be a warning to all the tribe of bandit killers.

"I don't see how I can possibly help you, Miss Gilmore," said Clifford, and then proceeded to summarize the reasons for this answer. "There never was a more complete case than the one the police have against Jerry Corrigan. By reputation Corrigan is the most deadly shot among New York gunmen. He has already served two years in Sing Sing for stick-up work; Duffy was the officer who sent Corrigan away; so Corrigan had revenge as one motive for the killing. Duffy was known to be on the trail of an unknown gang of bandits to which it is claimed Corrigan belonged; the police now claim Corrigan's garage was only a blind—in reality, so goes the claim, the garage was headquarters and service station for the motor fleet of his unknown bandit gang. Duffy went to Corrigan's room to arrest him; Corrigan shot Duffy, but Duffy grabbed him and with his last breath identified Corrigan as his slayer. And last of all, Corrigan has not denied that he did the killing. Miss Gilmore, it looks to be the plainest of all open-and-shut cases."

"That's exactly what it's not!" she cried with fierce intensity. "Mr. Clifford, this case is not at all what it seems! There's mystery here—big mystery!"

Clifford might have smiled at the idea of mystery in the case of Jerry Corrigan had it not been for the girl's tragic earnestness. "Have you any evidence for calling this affair a mystery?"

"I know much of what you've just said is not true. Jerry's black reputation is something that has for the most part been built up since his arrest, to make him seem deserving a murderer's end. All this talk of his being a crack gunman is just fiction based upon his army record; he was the best pistol-shot in his division, but I don't believe he's once fired a pistol since he left France. And Jerry didn't hate Duffy, so he couldn't have had revenge as a motive. He always said that he had it coming to him when Duffy arrested him. And when Jerry got out of Sing Sing, Duffy was right on the job trying to help Jerry to go straight. Jerry looked on Duffy as one of his good friends. Why should Jerry kill his friend?"

"It is claimed Jerry had been drinking, and that he has a violent temper. Such men in drink sometimes shoot when they wouldn't if sober."

"Maybe some men—but not Jerry! He is no killer; he is no bandit. And his garage was no blind; it was a real garage—at least, as real as he could make it!"

"If Jerry is as good as you say, then how did he ever turn to banditry that first time, as it is admitted he did?"

"That's what the war did to Jerry!" she cried, and went on to pour out Jerry's story.

JERRY had served in the Argonne, and later with the army of occupation in Germany. After two years of service he was returned to civil life in New York at the very worst of that period of after-war readjustment when it seemed that every employer had hung upon his door an invisible sign that read: "No soldier need apply." He tried his best, but no one would give work to a hero. He grew desperate, bitter. Many of his buddies had had the same experience. Some of these were hard characters. Being refused the chance to earn a living, in their desperation these ex-soldiers had decided to return to their occupation of arms and to take their living at the point of a gun.

That was when Duffy had arrested Jerry. While Jerry was in prison, an aunt had died, leaving him a few thousand dollars. When he came out, he bought a garage; he had worked in a garage before his soldier days. This garage was the basis of his hope for a new start in life, and the economic basis of his hope for happiness with Lily, for even back in those days it was understood by the two that sometime they were going to marry. The garage began to prosper in a really big way, for Jerry was well liked; the future had looked all smiles.

Then had come the catch in his beautiful plan. He discovered that, for himself, this garage was the most disastrous and entangling business venture he could have made. Those buddies of his war years and the later hard-luck days had not reformed. They needed fast cars in their bandit business; he had the cars, and they wished him to be a partner in their business. He turned down this last proposal, but he supplied the cars. These men were his buddies—hard eggs, but his friends, with whom he had shared war's every hardship and danger—friends he could not deny. Besides, there was an affair of his brief stick-up career for which the police still wanted the guilty parties, and this old affair was adroitly held over his head by two friends who were not such very good friends. So Jerry could not help himself.



They saw a little pellet drop from her hand into the glass and slowly dissolve.

Nominally he rented the cars in the usual way of business, and tried to keep from knowing the purpose to which they were being put—but of course he knew.

"And that's how Jerry got into it," finished the girl. "That's all the truth there is to the police charge that Jerry is a gunman and bandit and that his garage was the service station for the bandits' motor fleet! Jerry and I talked this fix over—we saw his chance here looked almost hopeless; we decided he was to sell out, and we were to get married and move out West and start all over again where he had no buddies. And then—and then—"

Sobs choked her voice. "Go on," Clifford gently prompted.

"The rest is all my fault! It was about then that Jerry introduced Jack Glover to me. Jack Glover had saved Jerry's life in the Argonne—had gone out under shell-fire and pulled Jerry, who was wounded and unconscious, back into the trench —and Jerry thought the world of him. You saw him dancing tonight at the Pipes o' Pan, and you can guess how he could turn a girl's head. Anyhow, he turned mine. I was just a little fool, for I never really cared for him. Jerry wasn't bitter; he said it was all right with him if I preferred his best friend, who was so much better looking and more clever and more polished than he was. But we quarreled, and I gave Jerry back his ring. After that Jerry seemed to lose hope, and he began to drink. And then, before I got back my head, came the shooting of Duffy."

Clifford had been thinking carefully while he listened. What she had told did give a picture of Jerry Corrigan very different from the accepted one—as different as the real Lily from the accepted Lily—and did suggest that there might possibly be a hidden situation here far other than the one indicated by the surface facts. At least, the case was worth looking into; and it fitted into a not unrelated case on which he was then at work for the Jewelers' Association—the murder of Felix Graham, the Fifth Avenue jeweler, by unidentified bandits who were still at large. . . . .

"Thanks—oh, thanks!" she cried when he told her that he would do his best; and then she asked in tense eagerness: "Mr.



As the automatic darted up, Clifford's revolver roared. "Back up, all of you!" shouted the detective.

Clifford, what do you think is the explanation of everything?"

"If Jerry Corrigan is innocent, as you claim, then obviously he was very cleverly framed," was Clifford's reply. "But any theory to explain what happened is not very important at the present moment; it wouldn't be very important even if we were morally convinced it was the truth. The big thing in this case, Miss Gilmore, our big problem, is not the truth itself, but *how* we are to learn the truth, and *how* we are to prove the truth to be the truth. The final explanation may be simple; it's this *how* that's our great difficulty."

"I don't think I just understand."

"Every bit of evidence in the hands of the police points to the guilt of Jerry Corrigan. All evidence that may exist to the contrary is known only to the actual murderer or murderers, and their lips are locked—sealed."

"Sealed lips—I think I understand!"

"How to get the evidence of men whose lips are sealed, that's our great problem. I can tell you right now that I will be able to do nothing by usual detective methods. Against such methods the guilty persons are on careful guard, and they have reason to feel safe. We have only one chance—there is just one way."

"And that?" exclaimed the girl.

"To unseal their sealed lips."

"You mean—that you will somehow make them confess?"

"Yes. Or make them tell on each other."

"But that's impossible! They'll never do it!"

To this cry Clifford made no response. For a space he speculatively studied the tense and desperate girl who was hanging upon his words. To his mind there returned the arrogant, flashy, flashing, all-sufficient worldling he had seen two hours earlier in the night-club. Ideas began to emerge.

"You have a plan?" breathed the watching girl.

"The beginning of a plan—a very long shot. I'll tell you all about it later when it's worked out. Just now I can tell you little more than that the plan is based upon yourself. I saw at the Pipes o' Pan how Jack Glover feels toward you. Does any other of Jerry's friends feel the same way?"

"There's Harry Rogers. Both he and Glover have asked me to marry them. There are two other chief members of the crowd, Philip Eisman and Peter Sacco, but they haven't paid me special attention."

"Have you given Glover and Rogers your answer?"

"No. I've been stalling both of them along."

"Good! Here are your first instructions: I want you to keep on stalling. And I want you to keep on playing with that crowd and keep on being the sort of girl you think they admire."

"But I can't stand it any longer!" she protested. "I want to tell Jerry right now the truth about what I've done and how I feel!"

"I know. But my plan, as I begin to see it, depends upon your being that sort of girl. Remember, it's for Jerry's sake."

"All right—but I hate it," she yielded.

"If you meet me in public, ignore me, or insult me, or be hostile toward me."

"Why?"

"Because you have contempt for me and hate me. You suspect that I suspect that you have guilty knowledge of this murder, and you suspect that I am shadowing you to get something on you. I shall be shadowing you, all right."



The girl stared at him in astonishment, but ventured no comment.

"Now, since I must work in the open in behalf of Jerry, there must be some one I can say has employed me. Naturally I can't say you. The person must be some one known to have an interest in Jerry."

"How about Father Ryan? He'll let you use his name if you ask him; it wouldn't do for me to see him—it might make those people suspect. Father Ryan has been a good friend to Jerry."

"Good. Father Ryan is also an old friend of mine."

"What—what else am I to do?"

"That's all till I see you again, which will be within a day or two." He stood up to leave. "Keep up your courage and your hope!"

She clutched his arm. "Your plan—you really think—you think it may save Jerry?" she breathed.

As he gazed down into her great pleading eyes, agonized with fear, it came upon Clifford with an awed thrill that this affair into which he was being plunged was not so much a criminal mystery as it was a great love-story—a truly great love-story! And the purpose which flamed up in him to sudden and grim dominance was not so much a determination to solve another mystery as to handle the threatened tragedy of this love-story so as to turn it in the direction of a happy ending.

Impulsively he put his two hands upon her quivering shoulders and spoke with an uprush of confidence which as yet had no sure basis.

"Yes, I think the plan may save Jerry! We'll save him—save you both for each other—we'll save you somehow!"

Saving this love-story from tragedy meant fixing the crime upon the right man: who was most likely to be that man? To this question Clifford applied that old police stand-by—who had most profited by the crime? He considered Glover, Rogers, Sacco, Eisman—the friends of Jerry's whom Lily Gilmore had mentioned. It appeared that Glover stood to gain the most, even though his gain seemed limited to the *(Continued on page 106)*

The MORAL REVOLT

By JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

For more than twenty-five years Judge of the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver, Colorado

No man occupying local public office in the United States is more widely known, or more highly regarded, than Ben B. Lindsey. This regard is based solely upon the widespread knowledge of Judge Lindsey's actual achievements in advancing human welfare and directing social conduct. And it is doubtful if any articles ever before published in a magazine of wide general circulation have evoked more letters of commendation than the present series.

AT the risk of startling many excellent persons, perhaps, I purpose, here and now, to discuss certain aspects of the thing called chastity. Chastity is almost as popular in this country as one-hundred-per-cent Americanism, and one reason why we look with suspicion upon foreigners and bolsheviks is that a good many of them are supposed to discount it.

Chastity is declared to be the "foundation of the American home;" it is, moreover, of the feminine gender, and is almost exclusively the attribute of pure women. Men are not required to concern themselves with chastity so long as they are brave. A brave man kills whoever dares to sully the purity of "his woman;" but he is at liberty, without loss of social standing, to sully the purity of other men's women if he can do so without discovery.

Any woman whose purity has been sullied, and who happens to be found out, is not fit to become the wife of any self-respecting man, or to become the "mother of *his* children." He wants to be sure they are his.

The demand for chastity in women rather than in men has its genesis in the inheritance of property, and the desire of men to leave their possessions to children of their own begetting. "Purity" hadn't a thing to do with it originally. Thus it happens that, thanks to our muddled thinking and our cruel superstitions on this subject, we have made of chastity, not a genuine foundation for anything in human life, but a mythical foundation on which human happiness and human decency can be builded only with the greatest difficulty. Another demonstration of the love of money as the root of all evil.

This does not mean that I am calling chastity a myth; I am merely saying that with the help of our ingrained puritanism we have done our best to make it one. The brand of chastity on which we have builded the American home is *not* chastity; it is a hypocritical fraud that masquerades under that name, and which lacks spiritual reality. It is a shell, a semblance, within which reside fears, negations and prohibitions, and almost nothing that can be called positive, or genuinely ethical.

The thing we call chastity inevitably involves states of mind which pass from mere impulses of natural desire into obsessions and preoccupations with sex which are often quite the opposite of chastity. Thus our so-called chastity becomes a forcing ground, a hotbed, for the growth of sex obsessions, and even perversions, which warp and distort the inner lives of thousands who are far from suspecting what is really happening inside of them.

There are many indications of this tendency to interpret in terms of sex things which normally have nothing to do with sex —much as naughty small boys put double meanings into words and phrases which really have no sex connotation whatever. With us, for instance, the words "morality" and "virtue" have a sex connotation from which our minds are seldom able to escape. To call a man "moral," or a woman "virtuous" or a youth "clean," ordinarily means but one thing: continence outside of wedlock. These words, of course, have other meanings —in the dictionary; and we leave them there, thinking of them rarely.

We never get completely away from sex; we never quite dismiss it; it is always there—because we are forever engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with it, a struggle which a different way of thinking about sex would render largely needless.

A young woman, whom I shall call Clara Saunders, recently appeared in my court, obtained an appointment with me, and told me she was expectant. She wanted assistance in making such arrangements for her confinement as would insure secrecy and protect her from social stigma.

"Not that I care particularly about the stigma so far as I am personally concerned," she said, "for my friends quite understand such things. They have *liaisons*, and accidents, of their own. But it might react on the baby.

"I am twenty-five," she went on, "and I suppose I ought to marry the man, since he loves me and wants me to, but I haven't been able to make up my mind as yet. Nor can I make up my mind to seek medical relief. Perhaps I'm sentimental; but

after life really starts I don't see where one is to draw the line between an existent and a non-existent child. I think my child is as existent now as it will be later, and that it has a right to the life it already possesses. Don't you think so?"

"I am strongly against medical intervention for just that reason," I said. "I don't know that my view of the matter is scientific, but that seems to me to be the common-sense and humane way to look at it. It is difficult to see where one can draw the line between infanticide and what is called a criminal operation, and I prefer not to draw it. I think they are one and the same thing. But go on with your story."

She then told me something of her circumstances. She was making her own living in a position of executive responsibility, and her means were ample for the expenses of her coming travail. Her social position was excellent, and she was a university graduate.

After I had assured her of my assistance, and we had gone over the matter in detail, I asked her: "How did it all happen, Clara?"

She looked up with a glint of amusement in her eyes. "You'll hardly believe it if I tell you," she said; "but it's all true.

"I originally came from California. I could have stayed at home and taken it easy, but I wanted to be busy. I worked for a time in Spokane; then I tried Minneapolis, then Chicago, then Denver. Luck has been with me, and I've had good positions each time, and made some fine friends.

"Some of my best friends have been men. It happened that I found it convenient and pleasant to live with two of these men on two occasions. One of them I met in Spokane. We became fast friends and still are. I lived with him a year. The same thing happened with a man in Minneapolis. He was a close friend of the one I had known in Spokane, and it was easy and natural to duplicate the arrangement with him. Now comes the part of my story you will find it hard to believe. I never had intimate relations with either of those men, though I lived with each of them—well, longer than I could expect most anyone to believe."

"I have come across such cases now and then," I said. "But what was the idea?"

"I made the arrangement as I might have made it with another girl, purely for reasons of convenience and companionship. I liked the companionship of these men better than that of any girl I happened to know. But it was only companionship."

"How about the men? Did they take kindly to so limited a privilege?"

"It was all right with them. They liked me, just as I liked them, but I didn't enter into their lives in any other way."

"You had separate rooms?"



Photograph by Ralph Baird

Judge Lindsey is often asked to occupy pulpits in the towns and cities that he visits, and from the pulpit he speaks to the congregation with the same fearless candor that he employs in addressing his readers in these articles that have attracted such widespread attention and have evoked such earnest discussion.

"No." Here she laughed—at the expression on my face, I suppose. "Don't you see, Judge? It was natural and easy. Those men were normal, and so was I; but they had never restricted themselves in matters of sex. They were clean, decent men; yet I suppose most conventional people would say they weren't, for they took sex rather for granted and were used to the society of girls who had the same attitude of mind. And since they were elsewhere satisfied in that regard, my presence didn't have the effect on them that it would have had otherwise. Of course if they had been what people call 'moral,' my presence would have probably made them 'immoral.' They would have become sex-minded, so to speak. They would not have been capable of the platonic arrangement we made. It wouldn't be possible to live with a 'pure' man in any such way. Bah!" she finished with unutterable scorn in her voice. "You can't trust the 'pure' ones. But these men I lived with—I can't imagine it of them. They demand more of love than just a woman's body."

"But what about you?"

"It meant nothing to me," she replied.

"Evidently it did, later."

She smiled. "Evidently. And I'm very glad of it, Judge. This happened after I reached Denver. A man I knew and liked very much called on me one evening. A terrific storm developed; and when it was time for him to go home, the downpour was at its worst. I suggested that he spend the night.

"At that he looked terribly grateful and surprised, and a bit bewildered.

"You see, it didn't mean any more to me than it had in the case of the other two men; but he didn't get my point of view; and presently he began making violent love to me. It was only with some difficulty that I made him understand that there had been nothing at all in my suggestion but that he remain all night instead of going out into the rain. Just that; nothing more. When he understood it, he became very apologetic and frankly ashamed of himself. There was no further trouble that night—except in my own heart. I lay awake for hours. I felt something—something I couldn't quite define—had happened to me. But I said nothing; and after a very agreeable and impersonal breakfast together the next morning, he departed.

"I met him two or three days later, after I had a chance to do some more thinking. As soon as we were alone, he began again to apologize for his conduct, and for having misunderstood my invitation.

" 'You need not let that worry you,' I said. 'Something has happened to me that has made *me*, now, understand *your* point of view.' Well, after that we were together often.

"And that's how it all happened, Judge. As for being sorry, I'm not. I know my own mind, and I don't feel the least bit wicked. It would have been more convenient, of course, if I had known better how to care for myself, but—well, I didn't."

"Don't you think you had better reconsider your decision not to marry him?" I asked. "Remember that you are taking on quite a load, and that your child will have a right to a father. You should not deprive your baby of a father—merely on a whim. If you and this man are as congenial as you say, why not take on this responsibility together? It might make you both very happy."

"That's what he says, Judge. Well, I'll think about it."

"Do your thinking now."

"You are trying to rush me into it," she said disapprovingly. "I'll do my thinking later."

And there the matter stood when she left me. I think they will marry, though they have not done so as yet.

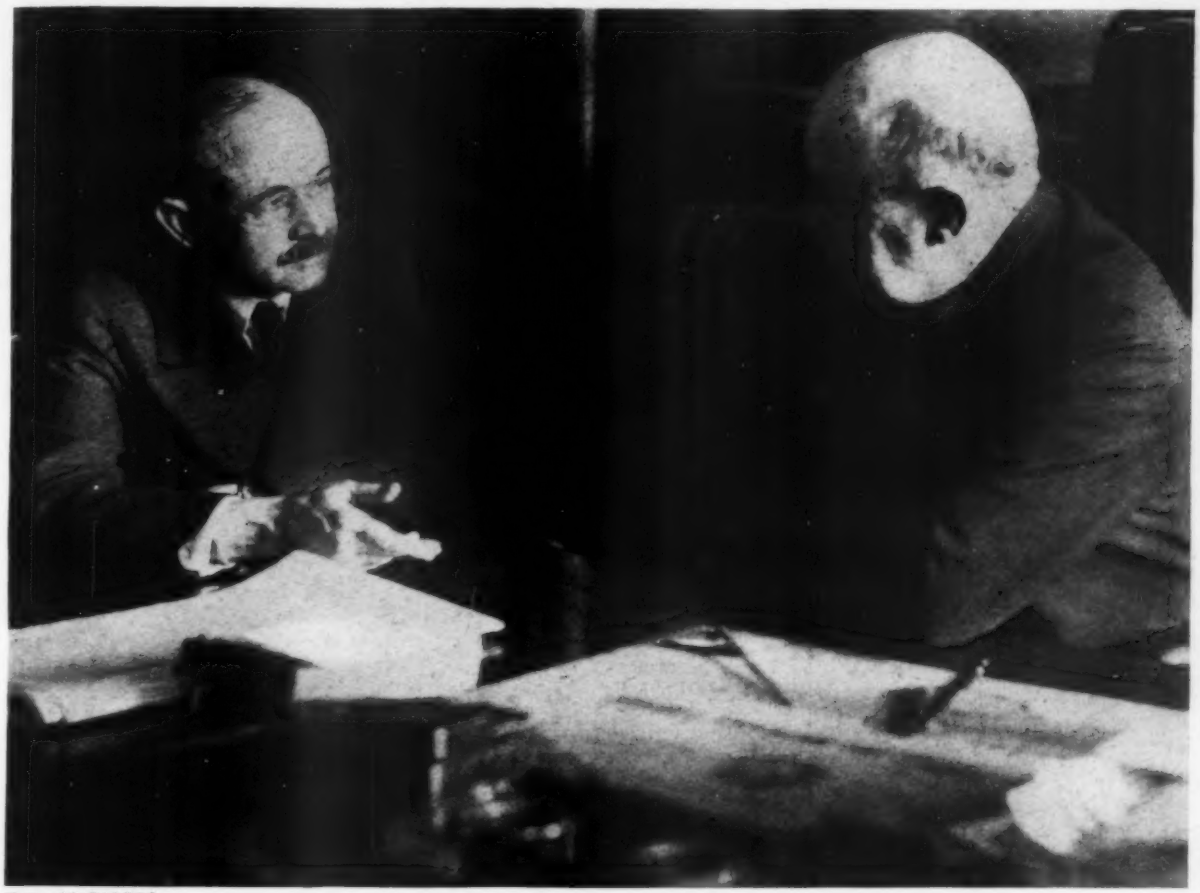
Please observe that the conventional difficulty of having a child without a wedding-ring does not seem to impress Clara. I urged this point, and she said, with a shrug: "Oh, my friends wont think anything of it. I have nothing to conceal. But you are right. It might injure the baby later on."

My reason for telling this story is that it presents a point of view concerning chastity which, whether one agrees with it or not, merits attention. Among people who conform to our traditional canons of chastity by sitting on the lid, so to speak, I should like to find even one normally sexed person that would be capable of dismissing sex as it was dismissed by these people. Such attitudes of mind do not flow from our traditional sex morality. The relationship between Clara Saunders and the two men with whom she lived was, of course, unconventional. But it was also chaste; and by that I mean that the chastity involved was not the merely technical chastity of repressed im-



Slight as he is, Judge Lindsey is a human dynamo; to many a Denver girl he has given from his own vast store of righteousness and understanding, and has thus accomplished her social rehabilitation.

Photograph by Ralph Baird



Photograph by Ralph Baird

Sometimes, but not so often as one might imagine, Judge Lindsey's cases require police cooperation in their conduct. Here, for instance, is the Judge in consultation with Chief Reed of the Denver Police in the latter's office.

pulses, but the actual chastity, not merely physical but mental, of persons whose relationship had in it no repressed thought of sex. I am not saying such cases are common; but they do occur. And the persons to whom they occur are not puritans. No puritan could become involved in such a situation without internal psychic disturbances of a kind that are not at all good for anybody.

What this means—all puritans to the contrary notwithstanding—is that unconfined sex is not necessarily a raging torrent against which no man can stand, and that sex liberty does not necessarily make mad the men and women who are not afraid of it. There was something clean-cut and healthy-minded about that girl, and about the men of whom she told me—something fundamentally decent and restrained and self-controlled. It is refreshing to contemplate such power of easy choice in circumstances under which people are not supposed to be able to make a choice. It is in happy contrast to the miasmic fogs of puritanism and sex fear which rise like foul vapors on every side from the secret places in people's hearts. And a clean-cut break with secondhand conventions did it! It might not do it with some one else, but it did it with these people; and I record the fact for what it is worth.

Soon after my conversation with Clara Saunders, I received a letter from the commandant of a military school protesting against the views I have expressed in "The Revolt of Modern Youth." The point of view expressed in this letter is so markedly in contrast to that of the people in the story I have just related that I give a portion of the letter here. "Your solution," he wrote, "is not compatible with morality or Christianity. . . . . My own youth was passed in a God-fearing home where sex was not much discussed, and I believe it is nobler to train men and women to stand sentinel at the door of their thoughts and to resist the beginnings of temptation than it is to keep up a discussion of the sordid lapses from virtue (sic), and to be an apostle of an age wherein the conventions that have sustained society shall be confidently swept away, to be supplanted by your untried theories. Rome was not better when divorce was easier and vice rampant."

I regret the inability of this correspondent to see that the only too well-tried theories which *he* advocates in preference to my "untried" ones are producing unending human misery; and that the pet conventions of him and his kind have *not* "sustained society;" and that those very conventions are demonstrably responsible for the dangerous, and often disastrous, confusion that has come upon us in matters of sex conduct today.

In passing I want to say a word about that same fall of Rome. Puritans have been shouting for the last thousand years that Rome fell because of divorce and laxity in the sex morals of the Empire. These persons should read deeper into history, and learn what really happened to Rome. If they did so they would find that the same conditions which produced the fall of Rome also produced demoralization in Roman social life. The social demoralization was an effect, not the primary cause. Moreover there was nothing in that situation that can be compared with the wonderful spiritual awakening, and the growing interest in the art of living, which is taking place in America today.

I quote the following from Van Loon's "The Story of Mankind." It disposes of the fable just referred to:

"Two centuries of revolution and foreign war had repeatedly killed the best men among the younger generations. It had ruined the class of free farmers. It had introduced slave labor, against which no freeman could hope to compete. It had turned the cities into beehives inhabited by pauperized and unhealthy mobs of runaway peasants. It had created a large bureaucracy —petty officials who were underpaid and who were forced to take graft in order to buy bread and clothing for their families. Worst

of all, it had accustomed the people to violence, to bloodshed, to a barbarous pleasure in the pain and suffering of others."

To say that changes in our present sex code, changes resulting from an effort to make life more livable, are capable of producing a national degeneration such as came about in Rome from the operation of extremely complex economic forces, is to talk nonsense.

The gentleman apparently thinks I advocate divorce and "vice," the two things to which he attributes the fall of Rome. I have already explained at some length that I consider divorce a great evil, to be provided against, not by forbidding divorce, but by so altering the basis of marriage that divorce would seldom be necessary. To deny divorce to persons who unfortunately need it, however, is to lock the door after love has fled.

Nor may moral freedom combined with moral responsibility, such as I should like to see in all sex conduct, fairly be compared with what this correspondent calls "vice." I am against vice as much as he is—perhaps more so. But my definition of vice would differ from his. I want to see it rooted out of the human heart by enlightened freedom and culture. With that done, conduct would take care of itself.

What I clearly see every day in connection with the work of my court, is that the order of things which this correspondent advocates as a foundation capable of sustaining society is in reality a foul quagmire—a fertile source of vice, and, on the whole, the most immoral of all the traditions that have been saddled on us by our God-fearing ancestors. Devil-worshiping ancestors, rather! Afraid of their own shadows in the sun!

The suggestion that men and women be taught to "stand sentinel at the door of their thoughts" is, in my judgment, vicious unless it be qualified. It sounds fine; yet it is morally rotten. The thing for people to do *is to think what they think and be not afraid of it.* The "God-fearing" homes, where people must not think what they think, are sex-obsessed and mephitic with hidden foulness; and the people in them need help more than do the naked "heathen" to whom our missionaries are sent. People who are so ashamed and afraid of sex that they must jam the thought of it back into subjective darkness, as if it were some monster ready to spring out on them, are the people who finally get themselves into such a state that if they ever do let the monster out, God help them! They have good reason to fear it, finally. Their so-called morality has made of the sex impulse within them an abnormal thing, a diseased thing, unlovely, dangerous, and degraded—lacking in sanity, in balance and in a rational soul. It makes spiritual Calibans out of men and women created in the image of God. Standing sentinel at the door of their thoughts to keep temptation out, they have harbored it and kept it in. By refusing to open the doors and windows of their spiritual house, they have acquired the moldy and mildewed morality that might be expected from such conditions—the same morality which so many excellent persons insist "sustains society."



HAVELOCK ELLIS

One of the most distinguished of living Englishmen whose great work, "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" is a monument to his scholarship, says in a recent letter to Judge Lindsey:

"I thank you for articles in the Red Book, which I have been reading with much interest and appreciation. I regard them as valuable evidence of the change (for the better), in the conception of marriage, which is slowly taking place."

I SUPPOSE everybody who knows anything about the theater at all has heard of the play called "Rain." The central character of the play is one *Sadie Thompson,* a part played with wonderful power and truth by Miss Jeanne Eagels. *Sadie Thompson* falls into the clutches of a missionary in the South Seas. He is one of the Praise God Barebones type, whose mission among the natives is to make them wear hideous clothes, destroy their ancient customs and dances, and instill into their minds his own poisonous ideas of sex. This holy man has had no marital relations with his wife during the years they have been married, because children would interfere in their work of spreading the Kingdom, and because such relations for any purpose other than procreation would have been a sin.

This pure man converts *Sadie Thompson* from a personality of brazen courage and directness into a neurotic, distraught wraith of what she had been, afraid of the missionary's God and of his hell-fire—as she had good reason to be if she accepted such a fantasy. The missionary wrestled with her in spirit, and in prayer, for many hours daily. He would go to her room and pray with her, while the tropic rain dripped and dripped, interminably. Religious fanaticism and sex are emotions which it is sometimes hard to differentiate.

One night the thing so long suppressed inside of him, the monster that lay there in the recesses and depths of his subjective mind, leaps from its prison. He goes to her room; the ravening monster within him takes her and is fed. Then it sullenly creeps out of sight again, deep into the subjective depths where it has been so long imprisoned. And the missionary goes from her room out into the night, and in an agony of remorse destroys himself.

And in the morning *Sadie Thompson,* not knowing yet of his death, comes raging from her room, the cynical, brazen *nymph du pave* of old. Her new found "religion" has dropped from her like a haircloth garment. "All men are alike," she rages. "All of them pigs—pigs!"

Then comes the concluding scene, in which the missionary's wife, a broken woman now, says something about being sorry—for *Sadie.* And in a small, broken voice that lingers in your memory once you have heard it through the magic of Miss Eagels' acting, *Sadie* says: "I am sorry—*for everybody in the world!*"

If, as Aristotle said, it be the mission of tragedy to cleanse and purify the heart through terror and pity, this is tragedy.

I have here told only so much of the fictional story of "Rain" as is necessary to make intelligible the true story I am about to relate. I call it *my* story of "Rain." It happened long years ago, long before "Rain" was ever heard of. I told Miss Eagels the tale not long ago when she was in Denver, and came, one day, to watch the work of my court.

A seventeen-year-old girl whom I shall call Sarah Nichols walked into my chambers one day. She said she had heard of me through a friend whom I had helped out of a difficult situation and that she too had come to ask my help. Sarah said she had fallen in love about a year before with a boy whom I shall call Jack Isaacs, a very fine young man of an orthodox Jewish family. Jack was twenty. They had wanted to get married, but knew that his parents and hers would alike object to the match.

Sarah's father—let me call him the Reverend Joseph Nichols—was violently Nordic, Protestant, One Hundred Per Cent—and Chaste. Don't forget that, for thereby hangs the tale.

Jack's people were orthodox and naturally inclined to respond to the sort of Christian spirit as exhibited by the Reverend Joseph Nichols, whose hatred of all non-Protestants was of the most violent sort, with a degree of hostility that would certainly block the marriage of their minor son to Sarah.

Sarah then went on to say that she and Jack loved each other so much that they had finally been unable to resist temptation, and that as a result, she was expectant of motherhood.

"I wont be able to keep it a secret much longer," she said while her fingers drummed nervously on the table, "and I can tell you, Judge, that I'd rather jump in the river than have to tell Father or have him know about it. He'd try to shoot Jack. It would be all the worse because Jack is not a Protestant. As for Mother, she has already begun to ask pointed questions. I think she suspects."

"Could you talk to your mother, do you think?" I asked.

"It would be easier than to Father," she answered. "Father would turn me out of doors—or worse. He'd call me a Woman of Babylon; he'd say I was impure and ruined."

"There are two things for you to do right now," I said. "One is to tell me all about it; and the other is to realize that you are a good girl, and that you are not to let anyone convince you you are not. Get over this 'ruined' idea. If you bring a fine baby into the world and give it a proper chance in life, you are doing the world a service, and don't let yourself think otherwise. Don't let these superstitions touch you. Forget your fears. Will you try to do that?"

"I'll do anything you say," she said, a smile beginning to appear on her face. "I feel better already."



Photograph by Ralph Baird

Here, in his Judge's chambers, Judge Lindsey is explaining in person to a group of Denver women his beliefs as expressed to a vastly greater audience in the present series of Red Book Magazine articles.

"Oh, I've just begun," I said. "The first thing I'm going to do is marry you to Jack—if I find he's the kind of boy you say he is. He wants to marry you, doesn't he?"

"Yes indeed; but his parents wont see it at all. Father has said such horribly uncharitable things about his people, you know. And besides, they want him to marry a Jewish girl when he marries. It's natural, I suppose. Besides, how can you marry us if our parents don't consent? We are both under age, you know. Jack and I have talked all that over."

"Yes," I said, "but you're talking it over with the Judge, now. We have a right, under the law, to do a lot of things up here. I'll show you some of them."

"But my baby," she said. "It will be born so soon."

"There is one thing I can do, and will do, in that connection for the sake of your unborn child," I said. "The Child Welfare laws of Colorado have one big purpose: that no child shall suffer because of the sin, ignorance or poverty of its parents. I have a right to protect your child from the social stigma that still, unfortunately, attaches to the fact of its life beginning out of wedlock. For the sake of your child, you understand, I will predate your license and your certificate of marriage sufficiently to take care of the established period. What advantage you may reap personally is incidental. By the same token, we will, if necessary, provide money for your child, paying it over to you as the child's mother. But remember, *it is your child's money.* The State does these things *for your child,* not for you. Do you understand that clearly? So far as I am concerned, I'd like to see the State provide for you personally on the same terms; but what I am able to do for your child will serve your need, so it comes to the same thing in practice. A lot of people would call this encouraging immorality; but you and I wont worry about that, Sarah. You bring Jack here as soon as you can. I want to be sure of him. You want to marry him, don't you? You say he is steady and has a good job. You think you can make a go of it, don't you?"

"Oh, Judge, I'll be the happiest girl in the world; and with Jack we'll just be in heaven! Yes, we'll get along. Jack has a fine job, and he'll get a still better one. We'll surely make out."

"All right; bring him in. And after I've married you, I'll have a confidential talk with your mother."

She left, walking on air, saying over and over, "Oh, Judge, I'm so happy! Oh, I'm so happy!"—which struck me as better than being "ruined" and jumping into the river, or any of the other nonsense of so many unnecessary "American tragedies." What I was here doing to help that *good* girl, as I have also done to help so many like her, made me feel like a fairy godfather. By the way, why aren't there any fairy godfathers in the storybooks?

Sarah brought Jack with her the next day. Following my custom I sent her out of the room and had a showdown with Jack. I found him a decent, manly fellow, deeply in love with Sarah and eager to take over his share of responsibility and more too. He said he had never had any social disease, and admitted to but one sex experience before his affair with Sarah. He said Sarah knew about that. Promising him my help to them, I advised him to tell his family the situation as soon as possible, and to get from them such coöperation and help as he could—since there seemed little likelihood that anything of the sort would be forthcoming from Sarah's so-called Christian wing of the alliance.

"Dad will give me hell," he remarked ruefully.

"You've it coming to you," I said. "You know I do not approve what you have done. It was not *(Continued on page 98)*

INVESTIGATION would no doubt prove that no end of perfectly good commercial ideas were first projected in fiction. Who knows but that in this story Mr. Davis is carrying hope to scores of Tristram Bonneys scattered throughout the republic?



"Why, Tris, you old snake!" gasped Miss Hough. "Where did you get such ideas?"

The Demon Lover

By Aaron Davis

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

MR. TRISTRAM BONNEY'S father had lived out his life in Worcester, Massachusetts, without ever having had the opportunity to discharge the storage of sentiment and sentimentality which was in his nature. He had made attempts, but his wife was a vastly conceited and dominant woman, proud only of her surpassing hand with the pastry-board and frying-pan, and she heard him not. So he had drably and unemotionally slipped out of life before his time, and the neighbors had found a natural joy in their observations on the occasion. "There goes a man who dug his grave with his teeth." The fact was, however, that Mr. Bonney, Senior, had died of heart-poisoning due to his inability to get the burden of idealized and romantic love off his chest: a sort of peritonitis of those portions of the mind and spirit which, having absorbed vast quantities of passionate love and legend, try to express themselves in the same ardent fashion and get handed for their pains a slab of ossified cold apple-pie.

Man may not live by bread alone indeed, but the forceful Mrs. Bonney felt that her cake was different.

And as the years went on, Mr. Tristram Bonney's mother grew more domineering and self-satisfied, which is the natural reaction of unsuccessful mothers, and her son was merely soft and gruel-like clay in her hands; indeed, he possessed so little resistance to her sport of battering him that she gave up as uninteresting all efforts at molding, and he progressed altogether unchecked in line with the sentimental inheritance from his father.

To Tristram Bonney at twenty-six there was nothing so soul-sweetening as a story or movie which ended: "And then I'll lift my lips in sweet surrender, and our love will hear naught but the beat of our hearts in Paradise." Such tonic braced him up for an entire day, but like his father, he was such an unsheik-like and nearsighted gentleman that he could never practice his acquired art without getting a totally unsatisfying round of applause. He didn't want thunder when he exposed his heart; he wanted soft and saccharine sighs, and the bottomless depths of violet eyes to say without words: "Oh, I think you're wonderful, Tristram."

There was one ivory-and-rose Juno who had Mr. Bonney's ardent attention. She was blonde and picturesque and played the harp in the Congregational choir on Sundays when there was special music. Tristram had met her but once, and that after the Easter service. Tremulous with idealism and eloquence yearning to be let loose, he had said:

"You played beautifully today, Miss Mallard."

"Yes, I did, didn't I?" she agreed with no slightest change of expression. As a matter of truth, she had only one mask for all ranges of emotion. An observer who caught her reading the paper could not know from it whether she scanned the slaughter of six policemen in West Roxbury, or a sale of tulle scarfs on Tremont Street. Miss Mabel Mallard's intellect was a rare and precious thing. She could study the program of a vaudeville performance for a full summer's afternoon and polish off a pound of chocolate nougatines, and still debate with herself as to whether a tight-rope walker was a man who walked a tight rope or a tight man who, more to be wondered at, could walk a rope at all.

But in her reply to his gracious pleasantry Mr. Bonney saw only the proper self-understanding of a transcendent person for her real quality, and so he kept kneeling and worshiping, but far, far away, and poignantly hopeless.

He sometimes mentioned the excellence of the Mallard miracle to Miss Myra Hough, who worked beside him in the drapery section of their provincial department-store. Miss Hough had a pug nose, no surplus of dignity which she must defend, and she claimed a boy friend. Therefore she was a safe urn into which Tristram could pour the wine of his ecstasy and the beer of his woe.

On the day following the Easter music episode, Myra had to hear of every trill and muted stop of Mr. Bonney's emotional passage with his lady.

When he at last arrived at Miss Mallard's answer to his daring compliment, she snorted, "A woof, wait a minute!" and hastened off to see some new stock of shiny stuff called glazed chintz which had, in the usual schedule of fashion flow, just reached Worcester.

She got a drink of water and, calming herself, came back to the counter confessional.

"The trouble, Tris," said she sternly, "is with your mother. She knows you take after your father, and nothing will make her so unhappy as to have his side of the family show signs of succeeding. Can't you get away from her?"

"If I only could!" moaned Mr. Bonney, who didn't dare admit to her that his weekly wage wouldn't support him unless he lived at home. "If I could only go to New York! But whenever I speak of it, she gets red in the face and puts her head over the sink and splashes water in her eyes and pretends they're tears because I don't love her." The clear-sighted son scratched his off ear. "And I don't dare tell her I don't love her. She'd really get mad if I did." And Tristram drew his head deeper into his collar at the prospect.

"Well," stated Miss Hough severely, staring an interrupting customer out of the idea of purchasing, "you've got to get her to suggest that you go away."

"Yeh," sighed Mr. Bonney, who could not enthuse over impossibilities.

"How old is she, Tris?" The girl held to the text despite his lack of interest.

"Fifty next month." And he added with emphasis: "I ought to know, because she'll expect me to kiss her, and there'll be forty candles on the cake." He tenderly poked his companion's arm with a roll of mauve cotton velour. "D'you know, Myra, just last week I got a wonderful new book. "Je t'adore," was the name, and I'd just finished the scene under the pine tree when she found it and put it in the stove. A man"—and Tristram stretched up his arms to show the hankering of his soul—"can't expand and amount to anything with her around."

"She's not so old," answered Miss Hough with the irrelevance peculiar to far-seeing people. "I'll think about it."

Next morning at ten o'clock the counter-mate to Mr. Bonney leaned her elbow on a stock shelf and beckoned his presence.

"Look here, Tris," she said flatly, "I was thinking last night. You've got to get your mother some one else to be mean to. Make her think she's going to get married again."

Tristram's eyes grew even more crossed than normal, and he touched his spectacles to make sure a lens hadn't dropped out.

"Well," he agreed finally, "that would certainly be easier than getting her a husband."

"If she thinks," continued Myra, "that she's going to get married, she'll be glad to have you go away, especially if the new man doesn't like you."

Mr. Bonney became vastly serious.

"I have," he said eagerly, "saved up three hundred and seventy-nine dollars, and if you can find any man who'll do it for that, it's his."

The girl shook her head and drew a folded paper from her pocket.

"No, this way is cheaper. You write her a series of unsigned letters, supposed to be from a man who has seen her somewhere and is infatuated."

"But," objected the son, "if they're unsigned they wont impress her."

"Tristram,"—and Miss Hough was all patience,—"I know more about women than you do, and if she thinks she's made a hit she'll be all a-twitter."

The girl opened the paper in her hand and tried not to appear proud.

"Here's the kind of love-letter she'd like—any woman would



"Just leave the note where your husband will find it," he advised.

like to get it." Mr. Bonney took the document and read it with the calmly critical attitude of an Academy member toward the subject of romantic literature.

Finally he shook his head a bit ponderously. "You have an excellent idea, Myra, but the letter lacks life and truth. Let me see—" He took a clerkly pencil from his cash-book. "I think we should change it in a number of places." This he proceeded to do with a definite sureness of purpose that showed his grasp of the matter. When he had finished, Miss Hough read the amended copy over his shoulder and blushed for her amateur efforts.

"Wonderful Lady: Last Wednesday night I knew for the first time that no longer had I strength to keep my secret from you. As you stepped so lightly from the theater, the quality of your charm came over me. More mature, it is true, but also more gracious than the scatter-brained witchery of the thoughtless girl we had both seen on the screen.

"Although I know it to be so, it is difficult to believe that the man with you was your son. He seems rather by appearance your brother, or (I am glad it is not so) your husband. I am almost sorry you have such a worthy son, my queen—"

Here Tristram interjected an item of his single branch of learning: "When they get to be around fifty, you want to stop calling them, 'My Sweet' and 'Flower-face,' and go heavy on 'regal majesty' and 'the high beauty of the full-blooming rose.' They can swallow that without winking, if they want to, and they all do."

"Why, Tris, you old snake," gasped Miss Hough. "Where did you get such ideas?"

Mr. Bonney reached into the memorized file of his reading and pulled out the source. "It was in a magazine story that Mother tore up. It was slick—all about the love-life of a grandmother and was called 'The Final Fragrance of the Fading Flowerette.'"

The salesgirl felt dizzily of her straight hair and returned to the letter.

"—I am almost sorry you have such a worthy son, my queen, for I am a jealous man, and should Fate ever let me lay my fortune at your feet (as I wish to do when I summon courage), I could scarcely stand the thought of sharing your affection with another.

"If my prayers annoy you, dear lady, I shall try to control them; yet if there is a little warmth in your heart for my sincere devotion, put a geranium in your front window, and I will have the temerity to write again.

"Good night, good night, my dream of perfect womanhood."

Mr. Bonney considered.

"I think we'd better cut out your last line about 'My soul calls to your soul to meet me in the mystical country of the stars.' Mother," he explained, "gets tired around five o'clock, and the thought of such a long journey might discourage her when her feet hurt."

Myra Hough reached out and patted the author's arm.



"Come on, Myra," he urged, "let's go ride in one of Mother's taxies."

"Tris, I had no idea you were a genius. It's downright wicked for you to be wasting yourself selling yard-goods."

"I feel that too," said Mr. Bonney disconsolately, "but I don't know any way of making a living out of the things that interest me." He pulled his off ear in deeper woe. "And I've got to be making a good living before I'd dare try to impress Mabel."

"Yeh," agreed the privy counselor. "Harp-strings are awfully dear, and I'll bet she broke a lot that time before she got it tuned."

The following evening when Mr. Tristram Bonney returned from another day of unearned wages, his mother supplied him with a supper of canned baked beans and no hot biscuit. And while he ate, she went upstairs to hunt for the manicure scissors which no one had seen in some fifteen years. Sometimes is found in the Indian summer a bit of the spirit that makes the spring.

And the following night there was a scarlet geranium to welcome him home.

"Your father," explained Mrs. Bonney, apparently hopeful that she showed no excitement, "always liked flowers. If he hadn't cared so much about the pleasures of the table, he would really have had quite a lovable nature."

"Is that so?" inquired Tristram vaguely, and went to his room to compose the second of the anonymous letters from the infatuated stranger—and to dwell with greater subtlety and allurement on the joys of marriage for the sunset slope of life, provided no full-grown son disturbs the household peace.

On the fourth day of the whirlwind campaign on her heart, Mrs. Bonney went into the attic and got out some old lace. This she attached to her cuffs and collar and spent the evening looking expectant and self-conscious. And when her son emerged from his room, having done his daily lyrical pearl for mature consumption, she took his hand tenderly.

"Tristram," she cooed as though rehearsing her accent for a higher mission, "I sometimes question whether I do right in begging you to stay by me instead of going out into the world to carve a greater career." The lady employed a vocabulary totally different from any her son had ever heard from her lips. Always before, her commands had been vigorously prefaced with: "You, Tristram, listen to me now. If you say another word about New York, I lay I'll make you sweat. You know that if I didn't feed you, you'd starve."

Tristram wondered whether this would be a good time to tell her that he had been smoking two or three times a week during the last few months. But habit is strong—and he immediately shivered at the nearness of the danger he had almost been lured into. He figured that perhaps he had better have the adoring correspondent employ some few paragraphs on the virtues of tobacco before he made such a radical confession.

"Well," replied Tristram, anxious that no coyness or sham misunderstanding should weaken his chance for freedom, "I guess you're right. If it's satisfactory to you, I'll go to New York on the ten-five tomorrow."

"Don't," she cried, raising a protesting palm, "don't hurry; but I do think that the sooner you give your ability its opportunity the sooner will come success." And she sighed for such unselfish advice, peered at the windowed geranium bloom, and wrote an informing postal card to the local paper, so that the city at large should know that Mr. T. Bonney had gone to New York to accept a responsible position and thus indirectly prove that his lonely mother was now completely unhampered.



Miss Mallard rushed down the platform and into the arms of the stockbroker.

In the morning Tristram stopped at the store to say a last word to Miss Hough.

"Gosh, Myra," he whispered, "it worked like a charm."

"Do you know what you're going to do in New York?" inquired the practical girl.

"No," he admitted. "But tell me, Myra, how shall I keep myself in Mabel's mind?"

Miss Hough knew the physical fact that no life could exist in a vacuum, but she was too kind to share her wisdom.

"The same as with your mother," she recommended. "Write her a good, hot, anonymous letter once in a while, and she'll get in such a state" ("if she can read," she thought) "that when you've made your fortune and come back and tell her you were the writer, she'll jump on your neck." She touched his arm comfortingly. "Don't worry about her waiting, Tris. She'll be waiting and single forever—if you don't let her." Miss Hough said things in a whole-souled, clear-eyed manner that made possible a vicious and unperceived undertow.

With which Tristram picked up his genuine paper-hided yellow cow suitcase and went to the railroad station.

At Springfield a prominent sportsman boarded the train and shared Tristram's seat. Tristram knew he was a sportsman because his scarfpin was a West Highland terrier of chip diamonds, his cuff-links were to the right a Dalmatian's head with spots of deep sapphire and to the left a police dog with eyes and tongue of ruby fire. He had of late evidently not had sufficient sport to keep himself fit, for he was very nervous and persisted in snapping his fingers, and first glowering and then simpering at the window-catch beside Mr. Bonney's arm.

In his simpering he caught Tristram's interested glance, and at once, in the way men have with complete strangers, broached Topic A.

"Have you ever been in love?" he inquired earnestly.

"Always!" returned Tristram at once.

"The same girl?" asked the sportsman eagerly.

Tristram nodded and dreamily recalled the æons since the first moment he had seen Mabel Mallard behind the bars of her harp-strings.

"Since last Thanksgiving," he said.

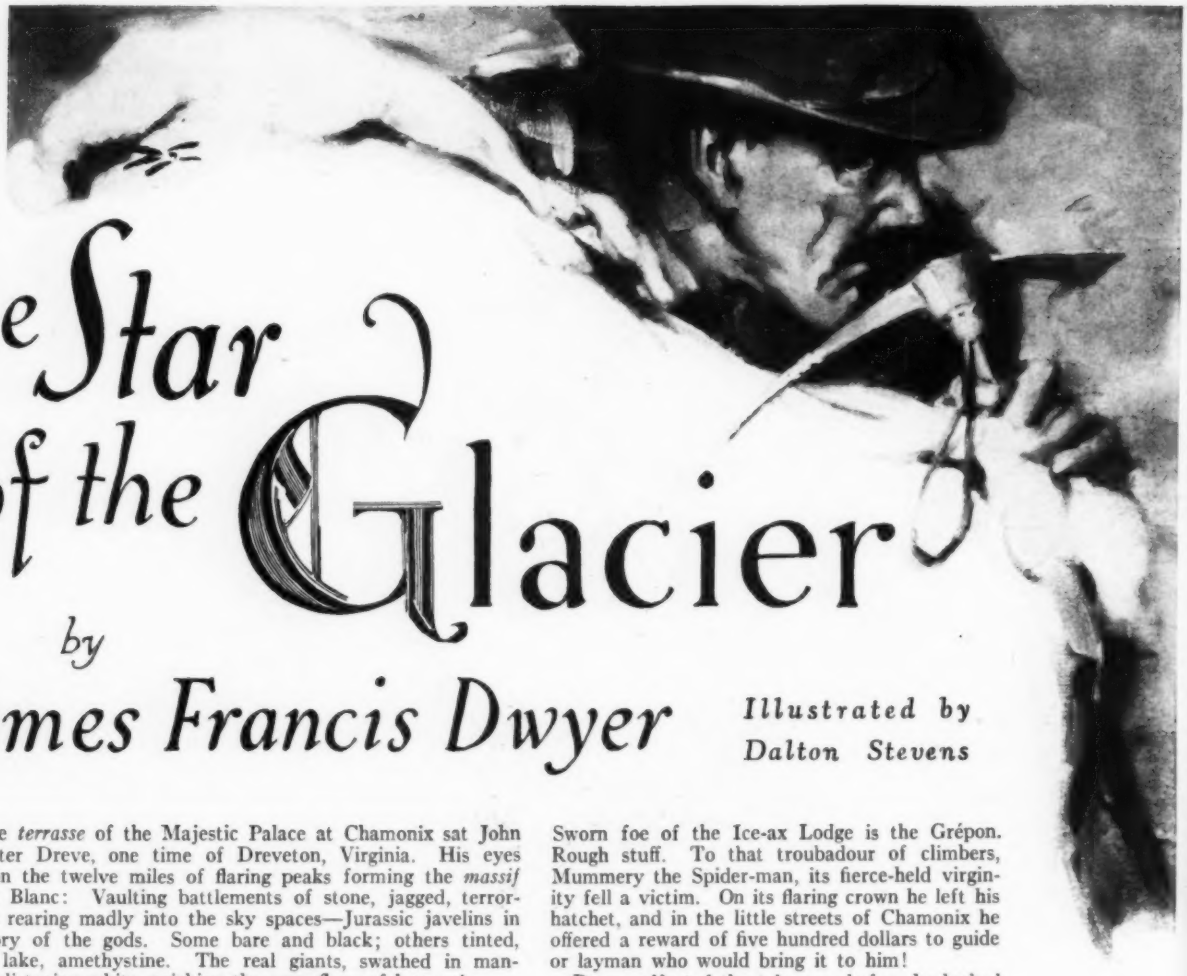
The stranger took out his wallet and produced an indistinct snapshot of a picnic party on some lakeside rocks. The pickerel and salmon trout in the cool watery depths were practically as visible as the features of the lunching rioters.

"That's her—third from the left!" And the passionate traveler looked eagerly into Tristram's face to see the amazement which should aureole it when he noted such beauty.

"Gosh!" sighed Tristram, who knew the code demanded that he should be semi-prostrated by the vision's loveliness. "Are you engaged?"

The sportsman snapped his fingers at the question.

"That's the trouble," he said huskily. "I haven't got the nerve to ask her." He leaned over confidingly and took up the real business of his life. "She's so darned good, and everything. Her mother and father keep saying to me: 'Go ahead, Wilmot; she'll take you quick enough.' *(Continued on page 153)*



The Star of the Glacier

by

James Francis Dwyer

Illustrated by Dalton Stevens

ON the *terrasse* of the Majestic Palace at Chamonix sat John Dexter Dreve, one time of Dreveton, Virginia. His eyes were upon the twelve miles of flaring peaks forming the *massif* of Mont Blanc: Vaulting battlements of stone, jagged, terror-breeding, rearing madly into the sky spaces—Jurassic javelins in the armory of the gods. Some bare and black; others tinted, maroon, lake, amethystine. The real giants, swathed in mantillas of glistening white, pricking the very floor of heaven!

Around Dreve rose the babel of many tongues, boasting tongues. The Great Tepee of the Roof-climbers is Chamonix—the Mother Lodge of the Mountain Maniacs. There they gather from all parts of the world, and brag and brag.

"When I climbed Hochfeiler in the Zillerthal Alps, I thought—" "But the Baltoro Glacier in the Himalayas is the worst that—" "Yes, yes, but you have never seen Nanga Parbat, where Mummery was killed. Now, that *is* a mountain!"

American peaks slipped into the roster of great hills, for Americans are plentiful in the lodges of the ice-ax and rope. Mount Rainier, Mount Shasta and Mount Adams were gossiped over; some one asserted that he had climbed Mount Vancouver and Mount Hubbard in Alaska.

Wisps of harmless gasconade were caught by the wind from the Brevent and carried up to the listening peaks, the terrible peaks that now and then grab a few daring humans and sacrifice them to the gods of the heights. A slip, a frayed rope, a drop of half a mile! Vicious are the gods of the high places. Sometimes they hold the body of the victim, drop it into eternal cold storage: gigantic cracks in slow-moving glaciers. Years and years later the melting glacier gives up the dead, as it gave up the body of Captain Arkwright, perfectly preserved after thirty-one years in the belly of the glacier!

A voice of extraordinary sweetness came to the ears of John Dexter Dreve, a voice that had a color quality: something of the shimmering of opals, something that suggested tinted beeches in the fall. A voice that seemed to wash automatically the much-tongued words of speech and give them a pearly tint that thrilled the listener.

"I wonder," breathed the voice, "if you would kindly adjust this telescope so that I can look at the—at the Grépon?"

It was the big revolving telescope on the terrace of the hotel that the owner of the wonderful voice wished the Virginian to swing in the direction of the Aiguille du Grépon—the dreadful Grépon that hates the mountain-climber, detests him, traps him with cunningly covered crevasses and bombards him with avalanches. Sworn foe of the Ice-ax Lodge is the Grépon. Rough stuff. To that troubadour of climbers, Mummery the Spider-man, its fierce-held virginity fell a victim. On its flaring crown he left his hatchet, and in the little streets of Chamonix he offered a reward of five hundred dollars to guide or layman who would bring it to him!

Dreve adjusted the telescope before he looked at the face of the girl who had sought his help. She was leaning forward, eager to peer into the eye-piece of the instrument, and to the Virginian, the expression on her face was startling—a little terrifying. It was an expression bred of a longing held for years in check. Not a love-longing! No, no! A craving born of fear, of horror, of awful dread!

The beauty of the face was obscured by the incredible hunger of the eyes, obscured by their dreadful desire to see—blotted out by a vision thirst that was frightening.

For a fleeting instant Dreve thought that the great instrument had brought to the eyes of the girl a mountain tragedy such as the terrace-squatters long for. For an instant only. Then he realized that it was the Grépon that held the girl—the soaring Grépon whose bristling rock summits spell defiance. It clutched her. It leeched into her soul! She was a tiny bird before a rearing cobra! Through ten miles of space the appalling peak flung out a poisonous *diablerie* that crushed her face against the telescope!

Dreve was thunderstruck. Something bearing a relation to the happening sprang up before his mental vision. Something that tallied with the fierce hunger of the eyes, with the dread and the horror that filled them. He had watched an American mother stare in just the same manner at a shell-torn trench in the Argonne! A trench from whose bloody lip a splendid crusading son had been hurled into the paradise of the brave!

The girl clung to the instrument oblivious to the presence of others who wished to use it. Once an aggressive Bavarian, with much heel-clicking, managed to attract her attention. In broken English the fellow asked if he might examine Mont Blanc for a moment, and reluctantly the girl gave way.

The Bavarian neglected to swing the instrument back to the Grépon, and again the girl appealed to John Dexter Dreve. As the Virginian sprang to her assistance, he made a discovery. He understood why the colorful voice had thrilled him. It made wings that carried him home! It flung up a vision of a white-



EVERYONE who has seen the great peaks from a hotel terrace at Chamonix, or has himself attempted a climb, will find here all the adventure he then enjoyed—or missed. For the story was written in the hotel where its hero and heroine met.

haired mother in a bower of Cherokee roses! It carried a soft croon that he knew from babyhood—the croon of the South. Memory thrust a few lines from a negro chantey into his mind:

> Miss Sally Farrington hab a voice
> Dat de angels would grab if dey had dere choice.
> It am like sweet honey drippin' off de trees
> An' de chink o' gold on a summer breeze.

The girl had the voice of his mother—the voice of Sally Farrington, the belle of Richmond! A little upset, Dreve returned to his chair and watched her. Never for an instant did the big telescope swing from the Grépon, the terrible Grépon. *La plus dangereuse du Massif!*

The soft evening closed in. The peaks were cloud-swaddled. Stone spears of enormous height were thrust into heavenly wadding. But the girl clung to the telescope. It was only the muffled dinner-bell that dragged her away. . . . .

In his own suite as he dressed for dinner, John Dexter Dreve chatted with Peter, the woolly-headed negro who had followed his master from Dreveton, and into whose simple brain there came, night after night, dreams of the Virginia from which Dreve was an exile.

"Peter," said Dreve as he started for the dining-room, "you have a musical ear. Now, what voice of all the voices you have heard in your lifetime seemed the sweetest?"

"Why, de voice o' yore mother, Mr. Jack," answered Peter.

"Today," said Dreve, "I heard some one speak, and I was reminded of Mother. The voice was so like Mother's voice that it startled me."

"No one has a voice like de voice o'

A terror gripped the guide. "Hurry!" he cried. "We must get to the shelter or we are lost."



Miss Sally," said Peter doggedly. "No one has."

Dreve let the assertion go without contradiction. He descended to the dining-room, and amongst the endless tables sought the girl. She was not there.

The Virginian dallied with the courses, thinking she might arrive. His thoughts were of her as he watched the climbers—social and mountain. What made her so dreadfully interested in the Grépon? What connection had the great peak with her life?

The thought that she might be at the telescope drove him hurriedly from the table, but as he walked toward the terrace, he found her. She was sitting in a small dining-room reserved for children and their governesses.

She caught the eye of the Virginian as he walked by the door, blushed softly and turned quickly to a child sitting beside her. Dreve recognized the youngster. The child had arrived with its parents that afternoon. The girl was evidently a governess, and it was her first day at Chamonix.

Curiosity regarding the girl thrust all other thoughts from the mind of John Dexter Dreve as he strolled that evening through the little streets of Chamonix. Little streets filled with small shops retailing postcards, curios, ice-axes, ropes, iron-shod shoes and crystals—beautiful crystals, great colorful masses found by the *Strahlers,* or crystal-gatherers, who hunt the dangerous slopes in search of quartz-pockets. What the dickens had the Grépon to do with the girl? Why did she stare at it with that strange expression on her face? And the voice? Again came a fragment of the old-time song the Dreveton darkies loved to sing:

> Oh, de nightin'gale hab a mighty fine note,
> But he'd give a dollah fo' Miss Sally's throat.
> Bugles in heaven an' de rustle of de wings
> Of de beautiful angels yo' can hear when she sings.

A moon climbed from behind the *massif* and silvered the great peaks. It gave an unearthly whiteness to the tablecloth of the gods that covered the towering mountains. A queer moon! It looked down on Chamonix—Chamonix with its great hotels, huddled at the foot of the Big Hills: the camp of the mountain-mad who flirt with fate; the little town over which hangs the mantle of tragedy. High up on the terrifying slopes the gods of the heights were building avalanches to unloose upon the unwary climber, greasing the edges of precipices over which the incautious could drop a thousand feet or more, digging bottomless crevasses into which to toss the overbold.

By the little church where many a victim of the Big Hills is laid to his long rest Dreve returned to the hotel. He circled the main entrance and climbed to the terrace. It was deserted except for a single person, a person who sat behind the big telescope, face crushed against the eye-piece!

Curiosity thundered at Dreve. It demanded information. It thrust him forward toward the instrument. Why the devil did the girl stare at the Grépon?

The Virginian hardly recognized his own voice as he spoke to her. "The Grépon still holds your interest?" he said. "It looks splendid in the moonlight."

The white face as it swung toward the Virginian still carried the expression that had amazed Dreve when he had first arranged the telescope for the girl: the same dreadful desire to see, the same vision-thirst in the beautiful eyes.

It faded slowly, ever so slowly. The eyes, drawn away from the clutch of the peak, recognized the Virginian. A rather awkward silence was broken by the colorful voice. A low-keyed whisper fluttered into the stillness. "I am dreadfully interested in the Grépon," came the soft murmur. "My—my father was killed while climbing it."

Later John Dexter Dreve wondered over many things that happened with startling suddenness in the minutes that followed. Wondered in vain. Why had he sat himself down beside the girl? Why had she confided in him? What strange enchantment lay in the voice that told the tale so that it became an amazing story? A tremendous recital that took shape—built itself up into a shadowy verbal pyramid that rose as high as the listening peaks!

"It was her voice," answered the watchful inner self to whom Dreve propounded the question. "It was her extraordinary voice."

He reviewed her story. She had begun by telling him her name—Marjorie Keppell. Her mother's name, it seemed, was Keppell, and she had taken it after her mother had separated from the father who eventually was killed while climbing the Grépon.

"You might have heard of him," whispered the voice. "He was well known in America for other things besides mountain-climbing."

She mentioned the name, and Dreve showed his surprise by a little gasp of amazement. The name was that of a great American, a man of big ideals, a splendid adventurer, an American Ulysses. Friend of Roosevelt, a climber whose name was linked with the conquerors of sky-piercing peaks—linked with Whymper and Conway, with Mummery, Workman and Bruce.



"Mr. Jack!" he screamed. "He's up dere on de edge of a hole a mile deep, an' he can't walk!"

Hurriedly Dreve flicked the pages of memory. He recalled the tragedy. There had been an effort to hush it up. Some family scandal was connected with the mishap. He waited on the words of the girl.

The wonderful voice explained—simply, softly, the whisper running through the stillness of the night like a golden thread through an immense curtain of cream-tinted silk.

"My mother and my father were divorced a year before my father's death," breathed the girl. "The fault was my father's. We remained in a house that he owned at Charleston, and we were there when we received a cablegram from the mayor of Chamonix telling of his death."

Again she halted, and the soft echoes of her voice nibbled like silver mice at the memory-sack of the listening Virginian. He saw Dreveton. Darky stableboys sitting in the hot road straining the dust through their toes! The private track where great-hearted thoroughbreds were trained to carry the Dreve colors to victory! Peter was wrong. The voice was a twin to the voice that formed the silken cords of all his stored memories.

"We were turned out of our home," continued the girl. "A woman—a woman with whom my father had become acquainted—brought forward a will, and we were turned out. All the property that my father possessed became hers. Everything. We—did not know how it happened, but—but—"

Again came the silence. Again the little silver mice gnawed! There was a bowlegged mahogany chair in the long dining-room at Dreveton that General Lee had loved! And over the mantel there were silver spurs worn by Lord Delaware, "Governor and Captain General of Virginia" in the beginning of the seventeenth century! And there was a painting of Beverley Randolph that his mother disliked! Good Lord! He remembered the painting because the girl's voice brought back the soft criticisms his mother made concerning the portrait!

"The woman was not a nice woman." Very low was the voice as it made the accusation. "I mean she was not a lady. She jeered at my mother when we begged for a little time in which to find new quarters. We—we were thrown out. My mother had lived in the house for twenty-five years."

The peaks were listening to the girl's story. It was near midnight, and Chamonix rested in a silence that seemed bred of the mountains; a stillness that came out from them, a choking stillness that filled the valley, filled it to the snow-shrouded heads of the great ones, a silence that lay upon the curdled glaciers, a silence that choked the cow-bells in the pasturages of the cattle-alps.

"Two months ago," murmured the girl, and Dreve had to lean forward, so soft were the uttered words, "my father came to me in a dream! Came to me in a dream!"

The eyes in which Dreve had seen *(Continued on page 128)*

We Live but

Illustrated by Will Foster

The Story So Far:

VALERIE DANGERFIELD had always hitherto received everything from life. Now, when this handsome stranger so intrigued her with the shadow of sadness on his face, she sought to have him also. At a musicale she was introduced to him and learned that his name was Blair Fleming—and met his silly little overdressed wife, and thought she understood that look of tragedy in his eyes. Later Mrs. Fleming invited Valerie to a week-end party at the mountain resort of Arrowhead Lake. And Valerie so contrived it that she should drive Fleming up the dangerous mountain road in her own car the evening after the others had assembled. Halfway up the difficult ascent they were caught in a terrific cloudburst, and barely escaped going over the precipice. All that night they sat side by side in the storm-girt islet of the car. And when daylight and cleared skies woke them from a doze, they found the crippled car immovable, and were forced to trudge up the muddy road toward their destination.

Amy, however, could make little complaint, for Valerie inadvertently and unobserved came upon her foolishly philandering with an Englishman, Jimmy St. John—and realized that Mrs. Fleming was in no position to attack Blair and Valerie for their adventure. . . . . It was the following morning, as the various guests were packing up and saying good-by, that Fleming, passing Valerie, groaned without looking at her: "I love you! I love you!" And afterward Valerie answered him:

"I heard you. It made me very happy. For I love you!"

Later Valerie arranged a meeting with Blair and delivered her ultimatum:

"If you love me enough to get free from your wife somehow, then I'll know you love me enough to deserve my love. I am nobody, but my love is all I've got to give, and I'm not going to pitch it down under any man's feet. You figure out some way to break up your happy home and then come to me, and I'll be waiting."

Blair did his best to present Amy's side of it—she was not to blame for the temperament she had been born with, and the affair must be arranged so as to hurt her as little as possible. And Valerie, counting on Amy's flirtation with St. John, thought it could be managed without too much difficulty. But—Amy had already broken with St. John. So it happened that when Fleming took up the matter with Amy he found her difficult. And when Valerie against his wishes went to see Amy, there ensued a scene curious indeed.

"I warn you," concluded Amy, "that if I divorce my husband, it'll not be one of these funny California divorces with a fake excuse. I'll name you as co-respondent."

"Let me promise you, Mrs. Fleming," retorted Valerie, "that if you name anybody else, I'll kill you."

With that Valerie departed, and Amy tearfully phoned for Blair to come home. He obeyed; and Amy's tearful weakness won from him a promise not to abandon her. When, however, she commenced a furious tirade against Valerie, he stopped her with a rough hand at her throat. *(The story continues in detail:)*

BLAIR looked at his own hand as if it were not a part of him, as if it were a weapon that somebody had slipped into his clutch in a moment of blind rage. And he had used it for the throttling of a woman!

He was sick with self-disgust and with a new terror of himself. Valerie had lifted his heart out of the dull ruts in his daily road. His love for her had seemed to enlarge him to a power for superhuman joy and more than earthly suffering. Yet it had also changed him so profoundly that he could take his wife by the throat! What might he not do as his quarrels with her grew more frequent, and bitterer, as they must?

Of course, he had used his power only in defense of Valerie, but that excuse was not likely to be lacking in the future. It was inevitable that Amy should go on and on abusing Valerie. Amy was the dangerous one. She was as perilous to him as a match to a keg of powder. She was not intelligent, not generous, not exalted in any respect, and never had been, never would be. He must be those things himself.

His long knowledge of the criminal world and the supremacy of America in the realm of murder had taught him that the very kindliest and most honorable men and women could be driven, were incessantly driven, to the most appalling butcheries by friction with inflaming personalities. He was in grave danger of joining that hell-bound procession.

He must compel himself back to sanity and let his reason save him while it could. He must protect Amy from himself and from herself. Cold common sense told him that the only way to do this was to leave her, to recall his pledge. This incredible explosion of an unknown temper in him confirmed his decision, compelled it.

HE washed his hands to be rid of the feel of Amy's neck in his palm. He dashed cold water into his face and spilled it on the back of his head to cool the overheated engines of his soul. This calmed him enough to consider the first step in his new program, which was simply the old one over again. First, he must go to Amy and ask her to forgive him for his flare of temper.

Apology would be no novelty; he had always been apologizing to her, and never so humbly as when she was to blame. An apology had been a cheap price to pay for peace. Amy had usually been slow enough to forgive him when she was wrong. She would never forgive him when he was. But one thing was absolute: this night must end his relations with her.

He laid out his speech in his mind:

"Amy, I am more amazed than you are at what I have done. It shows that I am no longer a trustworthy husband. I can never forgive myself for what I did, and you'll feel safer and happier if I leave you before I do something far worse. I can't ask you to forgive or forget, so it would be better for both of us if—"

He heard the door open back of him. He could feel Amy's eyes upon him. She had come, of course, to tell him that he must go. He forced himself to turn and receive lightning from her eyes.

The look he saw there staggered him worse than a thunderbolt. Amy's eyes were swimming with adoration. Her lips were tremulous with eagerness for words they could not find or frame. At last they spoke in a curious parody of the speech he had prepared for himself:

"Blair," she said, "I can never forgive myself for what I did. I forgot myself and used language that was—well, you were quite right to stop my crazy tongue. But I promise never to be so ugly again, and I beg your forgiveness."

He could only mumble stupidly:

"Oh, that's all right. That's all right. Let's forget it."

Encouraged, she came up close to him, very close to him. She took one of his great hands in her two little ones and shook her head over it, with a rebuke that was an amorous tribute:

"Big old hand didn't know how strong it was, diddums? Nearly broke the ikle neck of bad old Amy, diddenums? But Amy goin' be goodie baby and maybe big old hand be very nice once more, wontums?"

She leaned against him and threw back her head to look up at him with a gaze that might have been gloating triumph and might have been helpless infatuation.

Whether she was teasing him with the perverse childishness of a woman trying to provoke a caged lion to roar and slash, or whether she was herself teased by the luxury of danger and the

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Once

By Rupert Hughes

THE distinguished author of "What Will People Say?" and "The Old Home Town" is here revealed in a new and brilliant novel—the extraordinary story of a ruthless love which progresses toward its climax with all the inexorable power of the classic Greek tragedies.



She took one of his great hands in her two little ones and shook her head over it.

yearning to be either gorgeously caressed or magnificently mauled, perhaps she herself did not know. One thing was certain: now that she understood what a lion she had in the house, she prized him more than ever.

The admiration was odiously untimely.

When she drew his hand up beneath her arm and bent her head and laid her cheek in his palm with Oriental submissiveness, this was torture enough for Blair, who could never endure servility from anyone, least of all a woman. But then she proceeded to make nursery love to him: with exquisitely execrable tactlessness, she began to tweak each finger in turn and go through the old five-finger exercise:

"This ickle pig went to market.

"Iss itty pig stayed at home.

"Iss—"

He snatched his hand away in agony and groaned:

"For God's sake, Amy, this is no time for baby-talk!"

She was hurt and

angry, but her resentment went no farther than a petulant, "Well, I like that!"

"Sit down and listen to me a minute, will you?"

He motioned her to a chair and walked away from her to another. As he sank into it, he found that she was right on his heels. Before he could rise, she had seated herself in his lap with a pouting coquetry. Putting his hands under her elbows, he hoisted her and carried her to the other chair and determinedly placed her on it.



"Ooh, how strong we are!" she cooed, still incapable of believing him untemptable. He gazed at her with perfect calm. He saw her, not as a pretty flirt, or a woman, but only as another soul who must be persuaded to help him make a wise solution of a problem in mutual emancipation. Then he said slowly:

"I'd like to talk to you for once without any bitterness or recrimination or fault-finding on one side or the other. We've got past the point of worrying over who's to blame for anything. All I want to do is to keep from having worse things on my conscience, if I have any. I told you we couldn't get along together any longer. You cried and made me feel like a brute, and I promised that I would stay and we'd do the best we could. As you can see, the best is mighty bad.

"We made our new pledge this morning, and tonight you've already broken out into bad language, and I've come within an ace of wringing your neck. With a beginning like that, one of us will be in the cold ground and the other in jail before the week is out. So I'm going to ask you to release me from the promise I gave you."

He waited for her answer.

Nothing was ever final to Amy. She played with his deadly earnestness:

"And what if I wont release you from your promise?"

"Then I'll break it."

She was sure this was mere bluff, for he had always made a religion of his pledges.

"So that's the kind of a man you are!" she parried.

"That's the kind."

"And I thought you were a man of honor!"

"So did I. I'm trying to be one now."

"And you begin by perjuring yourself and abandoning your wife!"

"It's perjury or murder. And you'll be better off deserted than dead, wont you?"

"What do you mean by such wild talk?"

"Exactly what I say. Through no fault of yours—or hers—I've fallen in love with Miss Dangerfield. Naturally you hate her. You can't say a good word of her. I can't expect you to. But when you slander her—well, you saw what I did tonight. It was automatic. My hand was on your throat before I could stop it. You'll never quit abusing Miss Dangerfield. You'll get more and more violent. So will I. Then there will be a God-awful crash, and—well, that's what we want to prevent while we've got the time. You can't understand a decent divorce in all friendship, but surely you can understand that your life is in danger if you stay with me."

She studied him as if she had seen him before somewhere but could not quite remember him.

"And you've really stopped loving me?"

"I could love you mighty well if you would do the decent thing now and let me go quietly. And I'll prove my love in a hundred ways."

"The decent thing!"

"Is it decent for us to live together when our hearts are not together, when we have stopped loving each other—if ever we did?"

"We—we? Speak for yourself, Blair."

"All right! I speak for myself. I'm a beast. I love another woman. Now, is it decent for you to live with me any longer?"

"Decent, or not, it's a wife's duty to overlook and forgive an erring husband in the hope that he may repent and—"

"Thank you, Amy. When you strike a pose and become affected, it makes it easier for me. It's funny how rarely, in all the years we've lived together, you've been just plain honest and sincere—except, of course, when you've been scared or selfish or greedy."

"Miss Dangerfield is your idea of an honest woman, I suppose," remarked Amy acidly.

"Absolutely. She's frank and straightforward and fearless and—"

"Well, when I get through with that—"

He looked down at his twitching fingers. She stared at them, and her hand flew to her throat in terror. He sighed:



They were halted by a tipsy matron: "My husban'—he's tryin' to make love to somebody's st'nog'pher. Poor boy, he needs exercise."

"You see? We're back there again. Now, once more I ask you, will you release me from my promise, or will you drive me to breaking it and everything else around the house?"

"Isn't it rather cowardly of you to threaten a helpless woman half your size?"

"Isn't it rather cowardly to let a woman half my size bully me all my life? Once for all, Amy, you can find no name to call me or us that will change my plans. Happiness has come my way, and it will never come again. Life's too short to let it pass."

He rose, and she clutched at him in a panic.

"Are you actually planning to walk out of this house and leave me alone in it—without even that Filipino boy to protect me or get me a bite to eat?"

Huge laughter broke from him at this homely note.

"Why, I'd forgotten all about dinner. You haven't had yours, have you?"

"No, and if you leave, I'll have to go out by myself, or stay home and starve to death if I don't die of fright."

"Well, I'm in no such hurry as all that."

"Of course if I'm keeping you from your Miss Danger—"

"She's gone back to Santa Barbara."

"Oh! Then I can have you for one more meal? Do you mind being seen in public with me once more? If you do, I could get us a nice little home dinner for just us two as I used to. How would you like that?"

The mere suggestion reeled off a series of familiar pictures, of hours spent in puttering about the kitchen, running errands for Amy while she concocted a dinner—of setting the table and darting back and forth between kitchen and dining-room, icebox and stove. He foresaw the long meal, with Amy opposite striving to restore the ancient domesticity. After that there would be a picnic of clearing the table, putting things away, washing and wiping dishes and putting them away. Then a whole evening alone in her no longer congenial company—a whole night with her.

He was too cowardly—or not brutal enough—to express his real feelings. The realistic truth was that if he left her, she must go out alone or stay home and perhaps cry herself supperless to sleep.

That seemed a gratuitous heartlessness and a petty one, so he said:

"It's pretty late, and it would be a lot of trouble for you to get dinner. Let's go out somewhere."

The poor blind Amy was vastly encouraged by this return to old habits; she might get him in her power again.

"Oh, say, Blair, I heard today of a new restaurant—very French. Claudine was telling me about it. Everybody's going there. It's the latest craze. Claudine said there were thirty-five automobiles standing outside the other night when she passed. It's awfully Parisian. It's called the 'La Maison Dorée,' or however you pronounce it. Shall we try it?"

"Any place you like."

"Of course, if you'd rather go to the Mo'mart' or the Ambassador or Biltmore or—"

"Any place you like," he said with a stubborn meekness.

"Well, we'll try the La Maison, and if we don't like it we can go somewheres else."

They did not like it, but they lacked the strength to leave it. It was one of those doleful resorts where dismal humanity tries desperately to hoist itself out of the depths of gloom by its own bootstraps and only sinks the deeplier in.

It was one of those dirty little caverns, too dingy for a respectable shop, where the lights are dimmed in the vain effort to conceal the squalor and the dingy napery, where the air is so bad that

good food would taste bad and hence is not attempted—one of those Black Holes of Calcutta disguised by tawdry decorations, where bad manners and jostling are called Bohemian.

Waiters who had lost their jobs in the orderly restaurants for manifest reasons slapped unclean dishes about with unclean hands, and added familiarity to inefficiency. The guests were pitifully lonely souls hunting escape from their woeful homes and pooling their stupidities in one grand stupidity whose dreariness their frantic attempts at hilarity only aggravated.

When Blair and Amy squeezed through the entrance, they were greeted with shouts of welcome by total strangers, in a company-loving misery. They were escorted by an unctuous landlord to one of the inner catacombs. They had to squeeze through a thicket of projecting elbows, heads, chairs and feet.

They were halted in their passage by a tipsy matron who thought she knew them and whom they pretended to know. They beat their brains in vain to recall a name they had never heard. Her bravado had the pathos of a struggle to escape from a life that smothered her:

"I'm out on a hell of a bender—par'n my French!—but I parked all my inhibitions in th' icebox before I left home. Besides, I just put my daugh'r on train for boardin' school—you remem'er Hattie, o'course—very bright child—writes poetry and very li'rary—oh, vurry! My husban' an' I—you remem'er Jim—see 'm over there? He's tryin' to make love to somebody's st'nog'pher. Poor boy, I don' mind! He needs exercise. So do I, but—"

She stood between them and their table and the impatient head waiter. Tears began to rain down her cheeks into her glass of gin-and-water. She forgot what she was crying about as she recognized, or thought she recognized, another couple coming in. Brushing past Amy and Blair, she staggered with laughter down the aisle, but was caught by the arm and swung into an empty wall-seat next to a Silenus whom Blair recognized as one of the most ferocious judges in town. He also had parked his inhibitions.

Blair and Amy squirmed into their chairs and studied the bill of fare. He felt that he could never eat again, but Amy was of an adventurous appetite.

"I just love French cooking," she said blithely, and asked the waiter what he advised.

He tried to avoid taking the blame for what he might have to serve. He had a fascinating accent which Amy assumed to be French. He was really a Greek who had learned the bill-of-fare language in Saloniki, Trieste, Vienna, Munich and New York.

After a long parley and much pointing, Blair and Amy ordered a number of dishes like "*potage St. Germain, volaille, petit pois*" —which turned out to be vulgarly familiar as pea soup, stale chicken roasted to a leather, canned peas, wilted lettuce, drug-store ice-cream and lunch-counter coffee.

The morbid food distressed Blair less than the dreariness of the forced hilarity. Amy regretted only her inability to join the ghoulish glee. Never in her life had she been able to forget herself enough to be genuinely boisterous—except in the company of Jimmy St. John, when both were a little tight. That abandonment of which Blair was capable and which had first won Valerie's admiration for him, had always shocked Amy. She had never failed to rebuke him when he was in public.

Now in her dark hour of approaching widowhood, she studied these strangers who were so eager to laugh that they sought artificial aid and risked their eyesight and perhaps their lives by pouring in illicit alcohol. And she envied them their self-forgetfulness.

Amy understood how much she had wasted in preferring a pretty smirk to shouts of laughter. She watched the women who were cackling and screaming in idiotic unrestraint. The matron who had greeted them first was rocking back and forth and whooping with mirth that had no excuse except its sufficient self.



Amy stared at her wistfully and wailed with grotesque appeal:

"Blair, I wish I could laugh just once more before I die, even if I have to get drunk to do it. Maybe the waiter will bring you something if you ask him."

He shook his head. He felt a deeper sorrow for her than ever before, but he said:

"I wouldn't risk your pretty eyes on the wood alcohol he'd probably bring you."

In an adjoining room through a haze of smoke they could see



Her mother and father were agreed only upon one thing: Valerie's happiness was the important matter. But just what would that be?

the bobbing heads of dancers. The racket of a jazz band was audible above the clatter of dishes and seemed a part of it.

"Then dance with me," she pleaded.

"You know I haven't danced since God knows when."

"Please!" she wheedled. "Please!"

He nodded; she clapped her hands, and leaping to her feet hurried toward the music. While he was delayed by the task of extricating himself from the table and the locked chairs, she encountered a tipsy youth who, in a spirit of general good-fellowship and free love, caught her and tried to drag her to his table for a drink.

Envious as she was of the spirit of revelry, she was frightened by it when it touched her. She hung back; whereupon the youth would have dragged her into his lap, if Blair had not arrived in time to rip the fellow's hands loose and fling them into his face.

They reached the dance-floor, and she wrapped his right arm about her, gripped his left hand and stepped into the jam, which was little more than a battle for space enough to spin in slowly.

He and Amy were banged together, all but macerated in the grinding mill. Elbows stabbed their heads; heels ground their insteps; and it was impossible either to move or to pause.

The musicians (so to speak) were white, for there are fewer negroes in Los Angeles, perhaps, than in any other American city of its size; but the music was neo-African. After a hullabaloo of riotous jazz, the band fell into a dance of the utmost gloom, one of the latest of the innumerable "blues," written in the black spirit by Henry Souvaine to Morrie Ryskind's words. The trap-drummer sang them through his nose and a megaphone, while the dancers adapted their steps to the elegy:

> Why do they always treat me like I was dirt?
> I got the lonesome misery.
> Down in my heart I got the hurtin'est hurt—
> Oh, the Lord, He throws the awfullest woes on me.
> I got those Nobody-wants-me,
> Nobody-likes-me,
> Nobody-loves-me
> Blues.

Feeling that the words fitted her exactly, Amy clung to Blair with a drowning clutch. She stared up at him and said:

"It was sweet of you to save me from that drunken brute. He scared me nearly to death. You don't hate me altogether, do you, Blair?"

He gazed down at her in wretched embarrassment and smiled, but could find no words.

She sighed.

"It will be lonely without you—without anybody."

What could he say to that or to the *(Continued on page 171)*

The Major

By

Owen P. White

Illustrated by Herman Pfeifer



No one knows our Southwestern Border better than Owen White. The first white child born in El Paso, some of his memories of other—if not better—days are recorded in his fascinating book, "Them Was the Days," and latterly in "Trigger Fingers." In this story you meet his friend the Major, a soldier of fortune who never surrendered.

A CONVERTED box-car, a water-tank and a station-agent! That is Ojo Caliente, and as the place is obscurely located ninety miles south of the Rio Grande, in old Mexico, it is no wonder that I swore long and loud as I saw the train that had just deposited me there disappear in a cloud of dust, and looking around, realized that no one was on hand to meet me.

Several weeks in advance I had written my friend Señor Ignacio Salazar y Acosta that I was coming for a hunt, that I would arrive on that particular day; and now—where was he?

"Do you know Ignacio Acosta?" I asked the station-agent, who was curiously eying the name on my kit-bag.

"Yes," he replied, "but if you're expecting him to meet you, I guess you'll be disappointed. He never got your letter. It's still here in the station, because as you and the train-crews are the only humans that have been here in three weeks, I haven't had a chance to send it out to him."

"How far is it to his ranch?"

"About fifty miles, maybe. Across the desert and over there at the foot of those mountains." The agent pointed to the west, where the great peaks of the Sierra Madres loomed up against the sky-line.

"There's nothing I can do, then," I said, "except wait here for twenty-four hours and catch a train back to the border."

"That's all," replied the agent, and then he added, "unless you'd want to go up in these other hills here to the east and visit the Major. He likes to hunt, and if it's any inducement to you, he keeps a lot of mighty good liquor on hand."

"How far is it, and who's the Major?"

"About six miles, right up that trail." The agent indicated a mule-path which skirted a hill and came down almost to the tracks. "But as for the rest of it, I can't give you much information. He's just the Major, that's all. He's been up there eight years; he makes a good living picking silver ore out from the grass roots and shipping it to Chihuahua, and once in a while he goes down there himself—on a spree, I guess. He's a queer one, but I think you'll like him."

As anything was better than sitting idle for twenty-four hours, and as I also had a great curiosity to see a white man who would live eight years alone in such a God-forsaken wilderness, I decided to act upon the agent's suggestion. Leaving my kit-bag behind, swinging my rifle over my shoulder by a strap, and carrying my shotgun, I set out.

It was a hard climb. The trail was steep and rough, and except for an occasional jack-rabbit that jumped out from beneath the shade of a prickly pear and ran away with long, lazy jumps, and a lone blacktail buck that crossed a hundred yards ahead of me, I didn't see a sign of life for an hour and a half.

But when I came to a sharp turn, where the trail cut around the face of the rim-rock, it was suddenly different. Instantly I was greeted by the bark of a dog, and in another ten seconds I was the active center of at least a dozen industrious canines. They were vicious Mexican curs—the kind that make a specialty of the calves of one's legs—and as I kept swinging at them with my shotgun and trying to advance toward a stone cabin about fifty yards ahead, I said to myself: "Well, if this is the kind of a reception committee the Major keeps on hand to welcome his guests, I wonder what sort of an old catamount he is himself."

I soon found out. A man whistled and swore at the dogs;



When he reached the gate I cried out: "Don't surrender, Major!"

they slunk away, still snarling and showing their teeth, and as I went around to the front of the cabin I beheld the Major. And he was a Major!

He was tall, straight and muscular—brown-skinned, brown-eyed and smooth-shaven. He was standing inside a small yard that inclosed the cabin, with his hands gripped over the top of the gate. His fingers were long, slender, bony and sinewy—the kind of fingers that do things; and on the back of his right hand, held in place by strips of adhesive, was a white dressing. I noticed that particularly, because I thought to myself that probably one of his dogs had bitten him. And I was glad of it.

"I'm sorry about the behavior of the dogs," said the Major, "but I have to keep them in a bad humor like that so as to discourage the Mexicans. Come in."

"They are rather vicious," I replied as I followed the Major into the cabin; "but then, I don't suppose they are called on to bite many strangers."

The Major smiled. "Not many," he said. "You and the station-agent, who comes up here once in a while as an accommodation to his thirst, and not as a compliment to me, are the only two white men who've ever been in this house. But how about a long toddy? 'Twouldn't go so bad, would it, after all that climb?"

"Not so bad," I assented, I am afraid with undue emotion. Whereupon, as the Major went about the hospitable office of fixing the drinks, I looked around the cabin. It was as neat and clean as could be. Everything in it was shipshape. The dirt floor was packed down hard and smooth. There were two neatly made bunks, one easy chair and two straight ones, a plain table, a small cook-stove, a cupboard, a shelf of books; and piled against one end of the room were sacks of flour, beans and sugar, and cases of other staples.

I took in these details at a glance and then turned my attention to the Major. He had lifted up a square board from the floor, disclosing a hole beneath, and therefrom had extracted a large bottle of water and a demijohn. "This is my ice-box," he said. "Do you like yours pretty stiff?"

"So-so," was my modest reply, and as the Major proceeded with his mixing operation, in two tin cups, it occurred to me that his hospitality, to a stranger within his gates, was absolutely perfect.

He hadn't asked me a single question; he didn't know who I was, or what my business, and yet there he was preparing to indulge in a ceremony which is generally undertaken only between friends, or at least acquaintances. With that thought in my mind I blurted out: "But look here, Major, you don't know who I am, or a thing about me, and yet you invite me into your home and at once proceed to the mixing of a drink."

"No, and I don't give a damn," he replied. "Why should I? You may be an escaped murderer, or an absconding bank-cashier, or both. Probably you are, one or the other. Mexico's full of that kind, and some that I've met are good clean fellows too; but it's none of my business. I'm just really glad to see you. That's all there is to it. I get lonesome streaks sometimes, and you just happened to arrive on the right day. Next week probably I wouldn't have been as cordial. Here, try this."

It was good, and there was a lot of it. Before the first cup had been disposed of, I had told the Major who I was, and what my place in the world; but it was not until the third had entirely disappeared and a fourth was well under way to destruction that he began to talk about himself.

And when that happened I began to listen. I have never

heard as interesting a tale, or been held really spellbound by so fascinating a narrator. To begin with, the Major spoke with a Southern drawl,—he was a Georgian,—and then as he carried me into the uttermost parts of the world with him he mixed up his own attractive speech with the French of the Congo, the German of the East Indies, the English of India and the Spanish of South and Central America, in a way which showed that his life in those various localities had been close and intimate.

I will not attempt to re-tell the Major's story. No one but the Major himself could ever spin that yarn; but here, in brief, is the kernel of it.

When twenty the Major enlisted in the Confederate Army, and when twenty-five he flatly refused to surrender!

"General Lee surrendered," he said, "but I never did. Getting whipped, you see, is quite a personal matter; and as I, personally, was never whipped, I never could conscientiously surrender."

Instead of laying down his arms and going to work to rebuild the South, the Major told me that he slipped through the Northern lines, made his way to New York, and still feeling that he was a soldier of the Confederacy, sailed away to South America. Down in that region he led a gay and colorful life. He was young and careless, and South America, at that time, was a continent overflowing with belligerent opportunities. He made the most of them. Wars were frequent, and he indulged in a good many. He told me of several and modestly claimed to have instigated two or three of them himself, both for glory and profit. In connection with his last South American enterprise, however, he became entangled in some very hectic and sentimental alliances. His blood, it seems, must have boiled at about the same temperature as that of the tropical maidens, and when several irate dons called upon him in rapid succession, all with shotgun suggestions that he take unto himself a harem, he harkened to a call from the Far East and sailed suddenly for India.

In India the Major likewise loved and likewise fought. In various ways, one of them being in connection with a Parsee heiress, he amassed several fortunes, and in one way, at the gambling-tables, where he must have cut quite a magnificent figure, he lost them all.

From India, after that country had become, as he said, beastly dull through British influence, he went to Africa. There he hunted ivory and lions, became chief of a tribe, had thirteen wives, and after narrowly escaping sacrifice and the family melting pot, he departed hastily for the East Indies. From there he went to Central America, where he became an active participant in several revolutions and rebellions, held many positions of highly uniformed command, acted as diplomatic adviser to annoyed presidents, and even accompanied two of them on their spectacular flights to Europe.



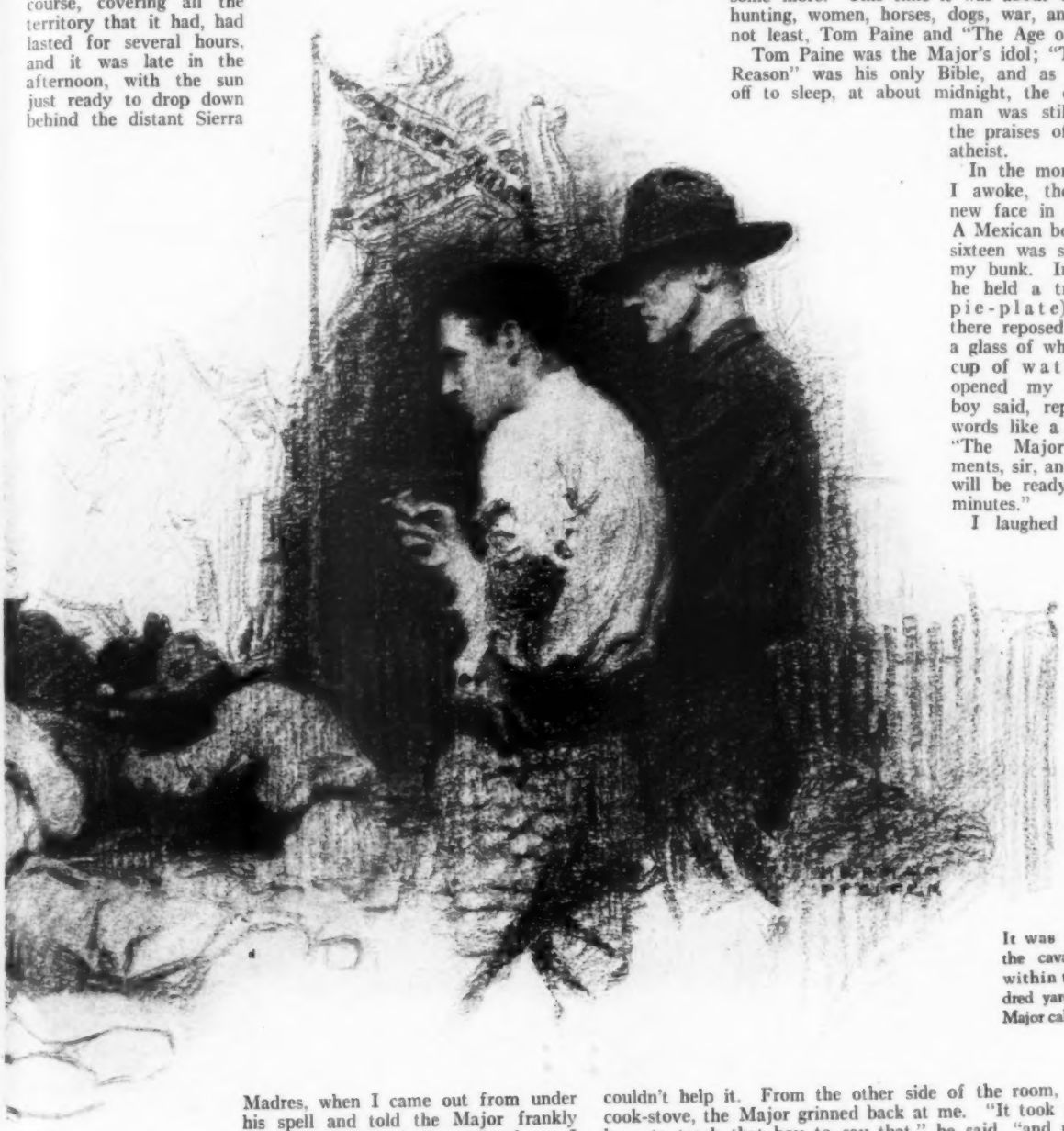
But during all of these years he had never been back to the United States. I asked about that, and he said:

"No. I haven't ever been back, and I'll never go back. But it isn't because I have any present feeling against the United States. It simply isn't my country. My country doesn't exist; it passed away when General Lee surrendered; but as I didn't surrender, I can't go back."

"Why not?" I asked. "The war's over, and if you haven't any feeling against the United States, I don't see why you can't go there as well as anywhere else."

"Because," replied the Major, and he seemed to feel every word of it, "can't you understand that if I were to go back, that I'd consider it my duty to surrender myself as a prisoner of war to the first army officer I met, and I can't do that. I've never surrendered, and I never will. Shall we have another toddy?"

Our conversation, of course, covering all the territory that it had, had lasted for several hours, and it was late in the afternoon, with the sun just ready to drop down behind the distant Sierra Madres, when I came out from under his spell and told the Major frankly that as Acosta had disappointed me, I would like to elect myself as his guest, stay for a week, and do some hunting.



It was not until the cavalcade was within three hundred yards that the Major called: "Fire!"

"Why, certainly," he said, "stay as long as you like. I'll be glad to have you. There'll be plenty of shooting, plenty of drinking, and plenty of conversation. It will be quite a spree for an old hermit like me, who's been up here alone for eight years."

"What made you ever come here?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know exactly. I heard about this place, and the mineral in these hills, and I guess it was because I wanted to be alone for a while and settle down. I like it, though. I've got plenty to do, and I'm making money. But the whole secret of it, I suppose, is that I'd just knocked about the world so much, and seen so much of the failure of certain kinds of ambition, and the fruitlessness of my own particular kind of endeavor, that I wanted to get away from it all and take a real vacation."

"It's been a long one," I replied, "and you sure came to the right place for it."

"I think I did," responded the Major.

After we had cooked and eaten supper, washed and put away the dishes, and gotten out our pipes, we talked some more. This time it was about everything: hunting, women, horses, dogs, war, and last but not least, Tom Paine and "The Age of Reason."

Tom Paine was the Major's idol; "The Age of Reason" was his only Bible, and as I dropped off to sleep, at about midnight, the old gentleman was still chanting the praises of the great atheist.

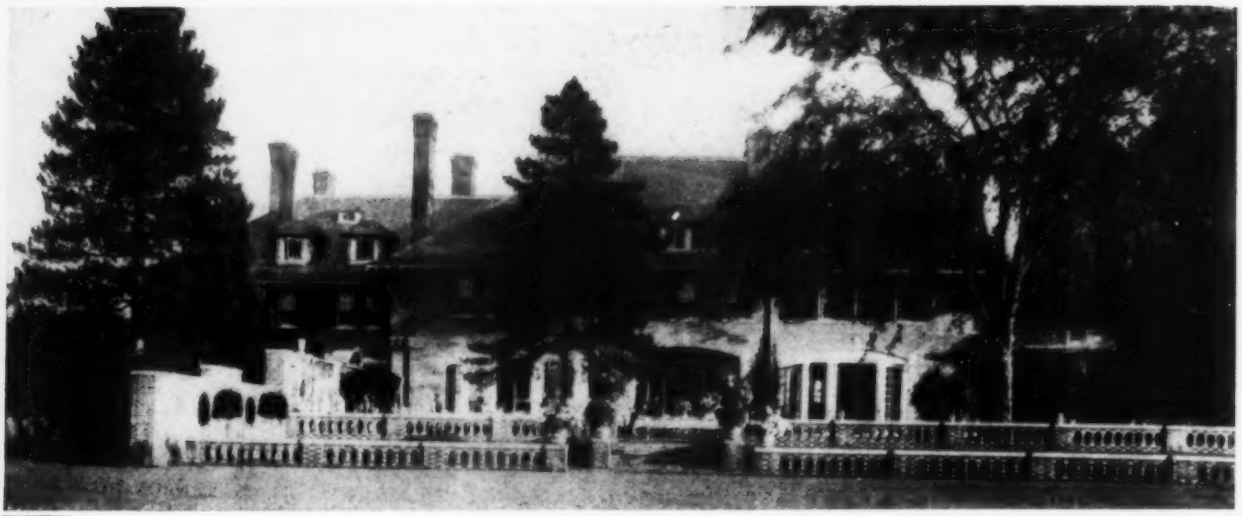
In the morning when I awoke, there was a new face in our midst. A Mexican boy of about sixteen was standing by my bunk. In his hand he held a tray (a tin pie-plate) on which there reposed in dignity a glass of whisky and a cup of water. As I opened my eyes, the boy said, repeating the words like a parrot: "The Major's compliments, sir, and breakfast will be ready in fifteen minutes."

I laughed aloud. I couldn't help it. From the other side of the room, across the cook-stove, the Major grinned back at me. "It took me half an hour to teach that boy to say that," he said, "and now if you care to bathe, Antonio is at your service. Antonio, conduct the Señor to the bathroom."

I swallowed the whisky, jumped out of my bunk and followed the boy. He led me out into the bright sunlight of the open yard, told me to strip, poured two or three buckets of cold water over me and rubbed me down briskly with a rough towel.

For the duration of my visit Antonio was doomed to be my personal "bodyservant," and the eye-opener that he had served at my bedside was, as you might say, a glimpse direct into the youthful life of the Major himself.

Up to that time I had not asked the Major his name. During the preceding day he had not mentioned it himself, and I, from a sense of delicacy perhaps, had made *(Continued on page 122)*



World Photo

Mrs. Harriman's Mt. Kisco home

The New Woman in the New World

By Mrs. J. Borden Harriman

One of America's most distinguished women in society and social welfare, out of her broad and deep experience, begins a series of articles of great importance and significance in these days of social change.

Foreword about Mrs. Harriman

FEW women living, perhaps, are better equipped to give an adequate appraisal of modern youth and its problems than Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, who, in this issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, begins a series of articles of illuminating value and social importance. She brings to her study of the younger generation an experience and point of view that are unusual.

A débutante in the days when Mrs. William Astor reigned over New York society, when Mr. Ward McAllister's "Four Hundred" was the list of social eligibles, and when the "Knickerbocker dudes" would dash in from Long Island to balls at Delmonico's, dressing in closed carriages on the way, Mrs. Harriman developed from a society hostess into an ardent worker in the suffrage movement, and became one of the most active and influential women in national politics. She may justly be said to have been the first to proclaim Woodrow Wilson as a forthcoming President of the United States.

As the only woman member of President Wilson's Federal Industrial Relations Commission, Mrs. Harriman for two years investigated the causes of labor unrest. In examining the problems of capital and labor, Mrs. Harriman gained an exceptional insight into all the cross-sections of economic conditions, associating with leaders in all walks of life, from John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford, to Samuel Gompers and "Mother" Jones. A woman of gentle birth and culture, her sympathy has always been with the oppressed and downtrodden—to such a degree that many of her society friends accuse her of having become "radical." As chairman of the Gompers Committee on Women in Industry of the Council of National Defense—one of the most important executive positions held by any woman during the war—Mrs. Harriman was a powerful factor in the crucial affairs of the war and enjoyed the full confidence and friendship of President Wilson. In fact, she was intimately associated with all the highest Government officials, was a friend and confidante of Colonel House, and coöperated closely with Samuel Gompers, for whom she went on a mission to England to report on welfare work in munition factories. While in France she made a tour of inspection of the hospitals at the front, and entered the zone of fighting where few women were allowed. She saw the actual conflict at first hand, and brought back to the President a report on conditions which impressed him deeply.

On her two wartime trips abroad Mrs. Harriman met the highest officials of the Allied governments, army generals and prominent citizens. Her closest friends and associates include the names of nearly all the great of the modern world—Clemenceau, Lloyd-George, General Pershing, Field Marshal Lord French, Winston Churchill, Lord Reading, Ambassador Jusserand, M. Tardieu, M. Viviani, Lord Balfour, Maréchal Joffre, Sir Cecil Spring Rice, Ambassador Page, Theodore Roosevelt, Brand Whitlock, Professor Henri Bergson, M. Venizelos, Sir William Wiseman, Lord Northcliffe, the Grand Duke Alexander, Professor Masaryk, Boris Bakmeteff, General Dawes, Judge Brandeis, Mrs. Pankhurst, Colonel Batcharova of the Russian Women's Battalion of Death. In



Photo © by
Underwood and Underwood

MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN,

who here begins a notable series of articles in which, with sympathy, tolerance and understanding, she interprets and appraises the status of women young and older in America today.

August, 1918, Mrs. Harriman went to Paris at the request of Henry P. Davison, executive head of the American Red Cross, to take charge of the five hundred women motor-corps drivers, and was prominent in Paris during the Peace Conference.

Truly amazing is Mrs. Harriman's breadth of interests. Her childhood was one of wealth and culture. Brought up in a day when women were practically "locked in," when girls were not permitted to go out unchaperoned, when innocence was tantamount to ignorance, when many girls married without knowing what the conjugal relationship meant, and when any woman who sought a career outside of marriage was put in a class with Carrie Nation and Dr. Mary Walker, she lived to take an active part in the modern emancipation of her sex, and now brings her unusual experience and knowledge of past conditions to bear upon the phenomenon of the "flapper." To a degree that few women of her time have attained, she achieved her own social freedom and economic independence. She is a woman who has gone to the school of life, so to speak. And her consideration of the problems of youth today is made with a unique detachment, a rare knowledge of life, with liberality and great breadth of view.

Mrs. Harriman's ancestors were English. A grandmother was the daughter of Dr. Phillips, for forty years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, at Twelfth Street and Fifth Avenue. A grandfather was the neighbor and close friend of Washington Irving. As a girl she attended Miss Lockwood's classes in J. Pierpont Morgan's house, on Thirty-sixth Street, New York, and among her schoolmates were Mr. Morgan's daughters Anne and Juliet, Ruth Morgan (now chairman of the Committee on International Coöperation to Prevent War) and Flora Bigelow, daughter of John Bigelow, ambassador to France. Mrs. Harriman made her début in a day when it was fashionable for women to wear stays and the "monstrosity known as a bustle," when they waltzed to "The Blue Danube" and polka-ed, and the nearest approach to jazz was a barn-dance. She was married in 1889 to J. Borden Harriman, a cousin of E. H. Harriman, the empire railroad builder. One of her husband's sisters is Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr.

By reason of her position and her active interests, what Mrs. Harriman will have to say about modern youth will be read with profound interest. To her appraisal of the subject she brings the deep human sympathy and understanding which has marked her efforts for industrial and social reform and the betterment of the laboring classes, the poor and downtrodden. As one friend of Mrs. Harriman's says, she "has had a box seat at the America of her times." The first of these articles by her follows.

—*The Editors.*

Is Youth Seeking Freedom or License?

AMONG my friends as a girl—at a time when the mothers and grandmothers of today were making their début into society or getting married—Mildred Madden, as I shall call her, was in many ways typical of her generation. Mildred could not be called ugly, but she had no real beauty. She had possibilities, but as she appeared, as she dressed, she was negative, uninteresting. I remember her in striking contrast with the younger generation of today who, with their bobbed hair, their freedom of expression, their marvelous opportunities in current and original fashions, and their liberty in the use of rouge and cosmetics, can make of themselves—however ordinary their physical gifts—almost artistic creations.

Mildred knew nothing of the artifices of feminine enhancement. She never used rouge, of course. None of us ever did. Nor would we have dared! Rouge was associated with women of the stage—who in those benighted days were regarded by some as perhaps *déclassées*—and also as the shameless badge of a shameless profession. Mildred had been taught, like most of us, that beauty is of character, and what we must seek was enhancement not of the body but of the soul. With a few, in some ways, both body and soul perhaps suffered! At any rate, some of us through fear, ignorance or neglect, failed to make the most of ourselves, at least in physical attractiveness. And in this Mildred was outstanding. To have yielded to the ordinary feminine instincts of vanity would have been the commission of a capital sin. To have emphasized our natural charms by an adroit accentuation of the red curve of our lips or an artificial blush of the cheeks or a penciling of our brows and lashes, would have been to set ourselves straight for perdition. Hell was then a fearful reality in all right-living families, and a constant dampener upon the ardors of youth, although now quite extinct in most sophisticated circles. Consequently what natural allure of youth and sex my friend had —whatever her possibilities and charms of personality—were hid as under a bushel by fear and an amazing ignorance.

Mildred was a good girl. Goodness was then often tantamount to ignorance. She was an astonishingly unsophisticated girl. She didn't attract boys. She didn't know how to attract. At parties she was neglected for more outstanding beauties, almost a wallflower. With her pallid complexion, her neutral lips, her unadorned hair, her shyness and reticence, she emphasized her plainness by her lack of taste in dress. And even at its best in those days—long skirts hiding the ankles, hourglass figures, balloonlike sleeves, disfiguring bustles and pancake hats—a girl's dress was not calculated to accentuate any beauty of lines. At its worst, it was grotesque.

Mildred once told me, rather wistfully, she knew she had no attraction for the opposite sex. She was very pathetic. For, with the rest of us—and with all girls of the past and tomorrow—she had her yearnings for gayety and romance. She craved attention. She was hungry for affection. She was waiting, totally ignorant of the ways of inviting attention and inciting interest, of all the arts of coquetry—a romantic pacifist—for suitors to appear. She had been brought up, as all the girls of her generation were, to regard marriage as the end and aim of a female existence, complete, fulfilling and final in itself, the one way out of the restrictions hedging her in, the only channel for a measure of freedom and self-expression. Matrimony was the ultimate goal of woman.

She dreamed of love and marriage. But she didn't know what marriage meant. She had been told absolutely nothing about the facts of life or the relationship of wedlock. And, like her, many of the girls I knew were kept in total ignorance of the basic facts of human existence—of anything "disagreeable." Mildred believed that everybody was good and that all men meant every word they said. She had vague ideas about love, which her instincts demanded, and of a lover who should combine the qualities of a denatured Romeo and the heroes of the sugar-coated fiction of the day. In her idyllic romancings, love, of course, never went beyond a kiss, and so far as the origins of life were concerned—a deeply shrouded mystery—I suppose, like many, she speculated as to whether babies were brought by the mythical stork, a doctor, or were found in wells or under cabbage-heads. Incredible! It seems so today when psycho-analysis, eugenics, Freud and Havelock Ellis are as common property as crossword puzzles, and young people now read everything and discuss anything with a wisdom far beyond that of their grandmothers, and talk with a candor and callousness that often verges on vulgarity.

After waiting for some years Mildred was eventually married. As I have said, she was altogether unprepared for marriage, as she was unequipped with any of the defenses against life. She had dreams—alluring as prismatic bubbles, but like bubbles with no material knowledge inside. Her family was wealthy, but as there were a number of children they were anxious she should be married off—suitably. Gilbert was suitable. Of a family of position, he was a properly conservative young man, of irreproachable morals. A promising young broker, he was serious, interested in his career, and ambitious to increase his talents tenfold or more. He wanted a wife who would be devoted to him, give him children and find her world within her home, as much a fixture in his domestic machinery as the drawing-room furniture. Old-fashioned, perhaps his were the accepted ideals of a generation back, when any woman who ventured into a career in the professions, arts and sciences was put into the class of Mrs. Carrie Nation and Dr. Mary Walker.

Gilbert, I am sure, sincerely cared for Mildred. It couldn't have been her prospective fortune that lured him, for his own family was rich. I'm sure, too, he didn't love Mildred in any romantic and dramatic way. He had probably only vaguely heard

From its founding, for a number of years, Mrs. Harriman was president of the Colony Club, the foremost woman's club in the world. An associate founder was Mrs. Payne Whitney, whose portrait appears below.



At a dinner of the Colony Club (its building appears at the left) Mrs. Harriman first proposed the Presidency of Woodrow Wilson. Below is a portrait of Mrs. Henry Clews, associated with her in establishing the Club.



Photo © by Underwood and Underwood



Photo at top by International Newsreel

Photo by Underwood and Underwood

Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, who was likewise an associate of Mrs. Harriman in founding the Colony Club.



Photo © by Underwood and Underwood

of Don Juan, and if so would have disapproved of him as an unmentionable rake, and if he'd ever read the raptures of Shelley's "Epipsychidion" he would have stamped it as balderdash. He cared for Mildred in the highly moral and decorous fashion of the time. He was a hundred-per-cent citizen who believed big business was the backbone of a country's strength, and the home the foundation of the future. He wanted to settle down. Of course, he didn't go in for what the present generation is pleased to call "petting;" he didn't have to carry a flask, and if he had seen his fiancée doing anything approaching the Charleston he would have thought her mad. Desiring a wife who would be the proverbial "left rib" and no more, he doubtless admired in the shy, reticent, obedient girl the very qualities which made her unalluring to other boys looking for casual flirtations.

By everybody who knew the couple the alliance was considered fortunate and ideally congenial. Their wedding, in a fashionable Fifth Avenue church, was one of the outstanding social events of the winter. Demure and subdued in her bridal veil, Mildred's face was expectantly radiant. By all outward appearances she was happy.

I met Mildred a few years after her marriage, at a club in Westchester, where Gilbert played golf. He played golf each Saturday afternoon as regularly, as seriously and as cheerlessly as he ate his meals and went to business. Mildred had had two children. Gilbert had inherited a considerable part of his father's fortune and had launched into big deals in Wall Street. They lived in a fine modern house on upper Fifth Avenue. I expected to find an incipiently mature, snugly well-placed and complacently happy woman. To my surprise Mildred's face had sharpened while her body had grown plump; she seemed to have grown even more careless of her appearance and wore her clothes dowdily. Unhappiness, ennui and disgust were told in her expression before she told me her story. Her husband bored her. Worse than that, she couldn't stand him—he filled her with actual aversion. The first man who had paid attentions to her, she had been grateful and in her ignorance and all her pent-up youth had idealized him. Unlike the cynical girls of today who know all about men, she made of him something of a hero. Her experience of marriage, unprepared and uninstructed as she was, had been one of cruel disillusionment—unromantic and unbeautiful. She had expected the love-making of the poems of Tennyson, the idyllic raptures of a Keats or Shelley. She was wakened to prosaic reality in the embrace of a *Babbitt* who viewed life through the windows of Wall Street. And against the man who embodied the shattering of all her dreams she felt all the resentment of frustration. Hers was the common tragedy of romance built upon



Photo © by Brown Brothers

When Mrs. Harriman was a girl, the young people of fashionable New York society found the greatest social pleasure in cotillons. Here is a rehearsal of the young people of that day for a fashionable charity affair.

ignorance, of a time when girls were too sheltered, and lacked such knowledge and acquaintance with men as would enable them to choose with eyes wide open, a time when men believed in locking women in. Her marriage was a failure. And what could she do? Of course, she did not think of divorce. Women of our class didn't—to get a divorce was at the time to disgrace oneself and perhaps become a social pariah. Mildred was rebelliously resigned, and fretfully unhappy.

In the course of the next fifteen years I met Mildred occasionally. She always complained of her husband. He was "unsympathetic," "bad tempered," "cruel." I could hardly imagine that phlegmatic, well-meaning if unpicturesque and unromantic man being cruel. But something was wrong in the marriage machinery.

Some years afterward—in fact, after eighteen years of married life and after there had been more children—I heard Mildred had gone to Europe. She remained abroad for two years. Upon her return I ran into her unexpectedly in New York. If she hadn't come gushingly up to me, I shouldn't have recognized her as the same woman.

"Why, hello," she effervesced, with an enthusiasm new in that drab and self-effacing woman. "Don't you know me?"

I drew back in amazement. She was charmingly dressed. Her previously stout figure had been attenuated into svelte and attractive lines. Her neutral hair had been dyed and, while not bobbed, was perfectly marcelled. Her fundamentally good features were brought out by a rouging of her cheeks, a shading of her eyelids and penciling of her brows and lashes, and a marked—too marked, I thought—accentuation of her lips. It was a rejuvenation. It was startling. And not nearly so amazing as her physical exterior was the change in her spirits. Once subdued, colorless, negative, she was now effusive, gushing and even frivolous. At forty she looked thirty, and she acted like a girl of twenty—an incarnation of the modern "vamp."

What had happened?

She asked me to tea that afternoon. "Yes, I'm changed, I know. I never lived. But now I'm going to live. I never had any youth. Now I'm going to have some youth. I never had any attention, or knew pleasure, or took a fling. Watch me—now I'm going to take a fling. I believed a woman's only duty was to her husband and children. She had to blot out her personality and her life in devotion to a man's home and interests. Men had all the freedom. They had all the fun. I never knew anything. And in what I expected in my ignorance I had the cruelest disappointment of my life. I have made myself a domestic slave, a moral drudge. But that's over! I'm going to realize myself as a human being—I'm going to live my life! You live only once anyway—"

In Paris she had met the most "delightful people." Very sophisticated Europeans, I gathered—quite unlike anyone she had known before. They took her up and took her out, and she began to enjoy herself. She saw "life"—as she had never seen it. The women took her to modistes. She bought smart clothes. They took her to coiffeurs, who imparted to her *passé* hair a more than youthful brightness. They took her to beauty specialists. She dieted and exercised and dropped off a lot of weight. She learned how to make up And when she found men took notice of her,

she gained a new interest in herself. Why shouldn't she have attention? Everyone told her that it was quite the thing for an unhappily married woman thus to console herself. There were so-and-so and so-and-so. An Englishwoman had told her quite casually that she was quite aware that in Europe many children presumably of the same family all had different fathers. In a certain *milieu* in the old world, where marriages were sometimes arranged, all the husband could expect from his wife was to give him one son to bear his title or fortune; the rest of her life was her own to live as she chose. Most men had mistresses. Why should Mildred bury herself in an unhappy marriage? With her large fortune, what couldn't she have?

If the change in the woman's appearance was startling, if in her belated revolt against repression she overdid things in clothes and make-up, the course upon which she embarked upon her return home was no less than shocking. She became the center of gossip. She alienated many of her friends by her behavior. She had a series of flirtations. What she should have had in her early life, and what she had known nothing about, she undertook to get late in life. She believed she was being independent. And if she had naïvely believed everything men told her in her youth, she no less believed the flatteries of the philanderers her wealth attracted to her now. Although I believe she had loved her husband before marriage, due to the shock her ignorance entailed, her sex side had never wakened in marriage. And now it awoke at a dangerous period and she threw discretion to the winds. As the years went on, her intrigues became more flagrant. She took to attaching young men, very young men, and to them wrote passionate poetry and the wildest love-letters. When a young beau dropped her to marry a younger woman, she promptly picked up with somebody else. Her husband, shocked, helpless, was obliged to separate from her and lived at his club—eventually, of course, consoling himself with another and yet another woman. Mildred became more and more reckless, and made a fool of herself generally. She was her own worst enemy, sowing her wild oats in the autumn of her life and with a wildness outdoing many of the so-called "flappers" of the day.

Mildred's oldest daughter, whom I encountered in New York after the armistice, was in the vanguard of the younger set and certainly one of the most extreme. Certain people said—what else could you expect?—Mabel would probably take after her mother. Mabel was among the first girls to bob her hair; she wore knee-high skirts, went in for all the more exaggerated styles, speeded a car and became the terror of motorists on the highroads. I was told she could be seen almost any night in the night-clubs; she picked up with people out of her own sphere, and had a series of indiscriminate flirtations. She was considered "fast."



Photo by Underwood and Underwood

Nowadays, with the old-time social barriers swept away, young people from every stratum of society meet on the common ground that the night-clubs of New York offer. Perhaps the young people of Mrs. Harriman's girlhood would have liked this better if they'd known about it.

Then, to the surprise of everybody, Mabel suddenly married a nice boy of her own class. Of course, everyone expected the marriage to go on the rocks. On the contrary, she settled down, and when I saw her a few months ago found she was still wildly in love with her husband. No, she didn't go out much any more. She had two children. She was marvelously happy. And she spoke with frank impersonal saneness about herself. She had had her "fling" and was content to settle down. Her curiosity had been satisfied, and she had found the emptiness of living just for a good time. She had no illusions about men, and consequently had never been fooled. Many had made love to her, without touching her heart. And through knowing so many, having had so many flirtations, she was able to recognize her real mate when she met him. Marriage had not been obligatory, a means of escape from repression; she had been free to choose. And she married the boy she liked.

"I'm glad I've sown my wild oats," she laughed. "I don't regret a thing. Because it all gave me an appreciation of home life. From all I know, I believe the family unit is the standard of society. I've had two darling babies and I intend to have more. I know I was wild, but I enjoyed the advantages of the freedom girls have today. If I hadn't had the pick of so many men, I'd probably have married the wrong one. If I hadn't had so many silly but innocent flirtations and come to realize the insincerity of the flatteries and love-making of frivolous men, I probably shouldn't have appreciated an honest affection when it came. I may have been foolish at times, but I profited from my experience. I doubt if anything can tempt me now."

Mabel was smartly dressed, but she had discarded her exaggerated make-up and she looked much prettier. Her boisterousness was subdued. She was obviously contented. As with her mother before her, here was another metamorphosis, but how different! I couldn't help mentally speculating as to the significance of it all—contrasting the reformed "flapper" of today with her unreformed mother of a previous generation.

BEFORE me as I write I see these two women, each one as a girl somewhat representative of her times: the mother who had been a model of all the virtues of self-repression, obedience and conformity to conventions in an age when girls were sheltered and admired for their innocence, self-denial, modesty and quiet behavior; the daughter, before her marriage, typical of the manners, morals and behavior of the more extreme "emancipated" youth of today. And the moral?

Let me say at once one cannot justly generalize in making any sweeping statement either about the admired generation of feminine conservatism or the much criticized youth of the present. Neither of the contrasting instances which I have cited is typical of all young women in the generation from which Mildred sprang, or of the flourishing present in which her daughter was a conspicuous example of the things that are rousing many serious people to alarmed concern. The point I wish to make may be brought out by several pertinent questions: Were the conditions under which the mothers and grandmothers of the girls of today were brought up in every way safer and more desirable, and did they generally make for the better morals and happiness of women, than conditions which today allow the young such a latitude of freedom? By reason of their training, with an observance of all rigid proprieties, were the women of a former generation better prepared for marriage and the responsibilities of motherhood?

In contrast with that safer and saner epoch, are the "flappers" and their less flamboyant sisters—with their bobbed hair, painted lips, their throwing of decorum to the winds, their revolt from old domestic standards and religious ideals—jazzing along a primrose path to inevitable disaster? Does the life of modern youth tend to a shunning of the responsibilities of marriage, a breakdown of character and all serious purpose in life, with an end that must be destructive to civilization? Is there nothing redeeming and hopeful to be found in this revolt of modern youth? Is the youth of today going to the dogs?

That is what many people, aghast at what we see everywhere about us and in all conditions of life, have been led to believe, and they are not the most pessimistic, either. It is a condition which calls for most judicious thought and impartial consideration—a consideration which, if it is to be of value, must probe beneath the surface, seeking the roots of what has come about and tracing the results.

No one can deny that society is passing through a crisis. Old standards have been cast aside and it is questionable what new standards are being raised. And as it is upon woman more than man, if biology is to be believed, that the future of society and the race depends, it might seem that the fate of the world hangs in the scales, with much that is precious which civilization gained in the past perilously at stake.

Since the war something akin to a social revolution has happened. Never before has society in America—and throughout the world, for that matter—been in such a state of flux as it is now. After the upheaval of the war came a reaction, social and domestic, whose most outstanding and alarming phase has been the revolt of the young. The world has seen nothing quite like it since the Roman revels. There is a paganness about it, an unmoral rather than immoral intemperance and lack of restraint, that recalls the conditions of Greece, Rome and Alexandria before their decline. Various sociologists attribute it to various causes, from biologic to economic, but the majority of those who have given the subject thought, I think, ascribe it to the war. The war was inevitably a slaughter of youth, and not of the old and infirm, for war operates as the antithesis of the conception of the survival of the fittest, and only the unfit are rejected from participation in its ravages.

A SENSE that life amounts to nothing in the last analysis was undoubtedly given birth during the war as a result of the vast human slaughter, to an end that many could not comprehend. In Paris I was often shocked by the appalling dissipation of men who would never have drunk to excess or picked up with disreputable women at home. "What's the odds?" they would say. "I'm probably going to die anyway, so while I live I'm going to take a fling." Among the girls who went over for war-relief work—most of whom were sincere in their wanting to help and who did magnificent work—there were some who seemed regardless of censure in their unconventional behavior. Girls who had been brought up according to the most rigid traditions made no pretense of concealing their love-affairs. When I remarked a breaking-down of all their standards of conduct, what was their excuse? "Well, he'll probably be killed, and it's the least I can do to make him happy. Nothing matters now."

Youth, emerging from the period of the war, seems unconsciously imbued with something of this reckless philosophy. Why restrictions? If there's nothing to life, let's get all the fun out of it! Try everything once! Go the limit! Where did the old generation arrive with all their high standards of self-sacrifice and restraint? Where did they get us to? If the war was for freedom, let us be free—many interpreting freedom as license. But whatever the cause, the youth of today is different. And—as women were formerly most restricted and subject to men, who were always allowed a liberal and forgivable laxity in morals and conduct—this difference is especially marked in feminine youth.

To a woman such as myself—who can view it from the perspective of one whose girlhood was in an age of rigid conservatism, who was brought up in strict accordance to old standards, and who as a woman took part in the fight for political franchise and the emancipation of women from man-made codes and restrictions—this change that has come about, with the pendulum swinging to an extreme that was never anticipated, is of engrossing significance.

What forces brought it about? What does it imply? What will be the outcome in the future?

Does it forecast a decadence of society and downfall of our present civilization? Is youth simply flinging wild oats to the winds without recking of consequences? Or is it, instinctively and without defined purpose, starting a new race for some higher and undreamed-of goal? May it not be that what we see—even the intemperances of conduct which horrify so many and which have brought thunders of condemnation from the pessimistically righteous—is part of an unconscious evolutionary process out of whose ferment and restless upset new, freer and better standards will rise? A truer democracy and saner freedom, in which a new era will dawn for women to the ultimate good of the world?

WERE we to consider only the dark side of the picture, the more blatant and shocking examples of youth run amok, what should we see? Those who are most shamelessly conspicuous and make the most noise, of course. Young people, hardly more than children, indulging in a license of conduct of which their elders would have been ashamed a generation ago. An element among college girls giving wild parties, and college and even high-school boys doing the "smart thing" in carrying flasks. And even among the so-called better classes an incessant course of cocktails the accompaniment of social conviviality. Girls of the working classes going to questionable dance- *(Continued on page 162)*



"Very pretty," she approved. "What does it mean?" "In war and love—invincible," he said.

Hands Across the Sea

By Samuel Spewack

Illustrated by Austin Jewell

These tales of modern Europe spring from Mr. Spewack's experiences from Petrograd to Paris, during his long association with a great American paper as one of its foreign correspondents. And he has never written a more poignant "five-minute" story than this.

"SURELY," considered Count Letonoff, "there must be somewhere in America a rich, a generous woman who will give me a room and food, and perhaps some wine, and let me die in peace. I am tired.

"Also," he added as an afterthought, "I would like a motorcar for drives in the country."

"Just what," I asked, "would you give her in return?"

He blinked his loose blue eyes, and raised his bulbous little nose with aristocratic hauteur.

"My title, naturally! Isn't that more than sufficient?"

On second thought I agreed it might be.

Count Letonoff was fifty-seven. Even in Moscow, when he was younger, he had seemed to be the apotheosis of futility, and then he had been moderately wealthy, with several large estates in the Ukraine and a barbarically luxurious mansion in Petrograd. He was one of the first in the Ukraine to buy an automobile, when the peasants still deemed the gas vehicle an instrument of Satan. This, I think, was the only daring act of his life.

Then he had lost all his money, and we met again in Berlin. I liked him. I confess it. But then, I like Russians. At the moment of our conversation he was beginning to worry me. He had become far too great a drain on my purse, and my affection was wearing thin. The Count had acquired a habit of going to my hotel room and ordering the costliest Rhine wines *en gros*, for his capacity was enormous. In addition to this, he managed to keep himself well supplied with such linen as I possessed, cigarettes, shoes and hats. Only my suits and books were safe. The suits did not fit him. And he never read books.

The Count had somewhere a hall bedroom, but most of the time he stole up to my room and slept on the couch. Ordinarily I would not mind this. But the Count kept late hours, and he

always woke me to tell me something profoundly trivial and uninteresting. I got into the habit of throwing the telephone-book at him, which he dodged expertly. He was inclined to regard me as a well-meaning but vulgar American, and forgave me my sins.

We were at lunch when he confided his dream to me. That night I was roused from deep sleep by the Count—a breathless, animated count. Dimly I realized that something unusual had happened, and did not reach for the telephone-book. The Count was genuinely excited.

"I've found her," he shouted in my ear.

"Go to sleep," I mumbled.

"I've found her, I tell you," he shouted still more loudly. "She's charming—rich, cultured, not beautiful, but charming. We're to have lunch tomorrow. You must come with us."

"Can't you find some one else to pay the bill?" I demanded drowsily.

"Even if you don't lend me the money to pay, I shall still invite you," cried the Count with warm affection.

I was now fully awake, and curious.

"Where did you meet her?"

Not that I expected a truthful answer. The Count never told the truth, because the truth bored him.

"At the British Embassy tea."

"That's funny," I commented. "I was at the Embassy this morning. I didn't know Lord Slaren was giving a tea."

"All right, then, it wasn't at the British Embassy. It was at the French Embassy. What difference does it make? Come and meet her tomorrow."

I did. Her name was Mrs. Sloan. We shook hands, and we both smiled, I somewhat embarrassed, Mrs. Sloan mechanically. You could see she smiled without effort and without meaning. I was rather surprised to find her unpainted and placid; for I had conceived title-hunters as rouged, and blatant. There was nothing obvious about Mrs. Sloan, except, perhaps, her eyes, which were hard, blue and acquisitive. I had seen women like her running husbands, clubs, churches, cities and sometimes even nations.

She was a widow, and apparently wealthy; and she had traveled from one Americanized hotel to another. She would soon return home, having exhausted a conventional tour of the principal capitals of Europe. All this I put together from the first ten minutes of strained conversation while the waiters were carting in the *hors-d'œuvres*.

THE COUNT was silent until the wine came. Then, having gulped two glasses in quick succession, he produced from his pocket some soiled blue writing-paper with the crest of the Letonoffs.

"I wanted to show you," exclaimed the Count, "our family crest!"

Mrs. Sloan picked up the paper carefully and examined it with her clear, hard blue eyes.

"Very pretty," she approved. "What does it mean?"

"In war and love—invincible," he said softly.

"In war—" Mrs. Sloan repeated, "invincible!" She nodded her head. "That is very interesting. Very." She looked at me as if challenging contradiction.

Now Count Letonoff took from the same pocket a bundle of photographs.

"I know these will interest you—my Ukrainian castle before the Bolsheviki ruined it. It was built in the eighteenth century, but we have modern plumbing. I personally supervised the installation. This is my Jersey cow. It won the international prize at the agricultural fair in 1907. This—is my motorcar. You know, I was the first man in the Ukraine to buy a motorcar. The peasants fell on their knees and prayed when they saw me drive."

The Count cackled. Mrs. Sloan smiled.

"And now the same peasants own my estate!"

Mrs. Sloan sighed and picked up the photographs and scrutinized each one. Count Letonoff kept on talking, in his whispering alcoholic voice.

"But the Letonoffs will get their estates back. We have never been defeated. In war and love—invincible! It is one of the oldest families in Russia. Ivan the Terrible sought to stamp out our line. He tortured my ancestors. He burned their homes. But the Letonoffs survived. . . . .

"I cannot bear jazz," said the Count later, as the orchestra burst upon us.

"I detest it," said Mrs. Sloan, "but I do like dancing."

"Who doesn't?" demanded the Count. "I was always very fond of modern dancing. I am a great lover of the ballet."

"I think your Pavlowa is simply wonderful," said Mrs. Sloan. "Of course she's ours, too."

There was a pause.

"I think," said the Count dogmatically, "Charles Dickens was the greatest American writer."

"Yes," said Mrs. Sloan, hesitating, "he certainly was."

The luncheon came to an end. Count Letonoff called for the bill.

"I shall sign it," he told the waiter, and forestalled all queries by putting my room-number under his signature.

I WAS out of town for several days. When I returned, I found the Count stretched upon the couch.

"Congratulate me," he shouted, without rising. "I shall have board and food and a motorcar. Tell me, is this Rosstown a nice city?"

I told him of the beauties of Rosstown-on-the-Hudson.

"Ah, she is wonderful, magnificent!" he exclaimed. "A woman of strength, of character." He laughed slightly. "You Americans are funny. I asked her for her Christian name when she accepted me, and do you know what she said?"

I looked down at his lazy, joyous face.

"She said: 'Call me Countess.'"

In my office the next morning my secretary told me that Mrs. Sloan wished to speak to me. I rose to greet her. She smiled her fixed smile.

I wondered whether I should congratulate her. The Count lied so often, I really did not know.

"I came," she exclaimed after an uncomfortable pause,—uncomfortable for me, although she was quite self-possessed,—"I came to ask you a personal question." Her voice dropped confidentially. "You see, I know so little of Europe, especially Russia. You know Russia quite well, don't you?"

I nodded modestly.

"You knew the Count in Russia?"

I nodded again.

"Tell me—I know you'll understand—there's no doubt about his title, is there? I mean—it's absolutely genuine? You see, there have been so many doubtful titles in America. You understand, don't you?"

I did. I assured her his title was genuine enough—the only genuine thing about the Count, I was tempted to add.

She smiled.

"You know about our engagement, of course?"

"Oh, yes," I said, trying to smile too.

"We'll be married in Rosstown. It's too bad you can't come there as the Count's best man. But I know what I'll do. The president of the Chamber of Commerce,—you know, a big man,—I'll get him to be the best man."

She paused. She was struggling with a gigantic idea.

"I want the marriage to be big, don't you know, a big thing. Because, after all, it's a union of American and European aristocracy, isn't it?" She smiled. "That's what the Count said. He said we shall be another link in the chain of hands across the sea." She smiled again. "By the way—you're acquainted with the newspaper correspondents here, aren't you?"

I nodded. I had learned to know them too well at the weekly poker massacres.

"It would be so nice if they printed something of our engagement, so that it would be copied in Rosstown. Could you arrange that?"

"Yes," I said, "I think so."

"And please be sure," she smiled, "and have them put some of the family history into the story. You know the Count's grandfather was the third cousin by marriage of Alexander III, so that I'm really by marriage a relative of the Romanoffs. That is, I shall be." She smiled—and left.

"Have them write much about the engagement," implored the Count later. "She wants it. After all, when the Letonoffs marry, it is a big event, is it not?"

I said nothing. The Count shook his head mournfully, off again on an excursion into self-pity.

"I am marrying to die. Should a Letonoff die in the streets? But it is not," he caught himself up, "a marriage of convenience alone. I am bringing aristocracy to America, where they have only money. I am bringing my wife culture, breeding, refinement. I am giving her an honored title. Ring for the waiter, and we shall have a bottle of wine. I shall pay."

I gasped.



The second Countess Letonoff patted her shoulder and said: "Come, let us talk together. Shall we go in that room?"

"She is a magnificent woman. She knew I was poor. She said: 'Take this money. You need it.'"

With the money of the magnificent Mrs. Sloan, the Count bought himself a new wardrobe, a resplendent wardrobe. He walked about now in an elegant morning coat made by the English tailors on Unter den Linden, and he returned to me, with contemptuous thanks, a few of my own things he had suffered himself to wear.

I saw them off on the Ostend express. They sailed from Southampton.

Chronologically, the next I heard of the wedding of European and American aristocracy was a letter from the Count's former landlady.

The landlady wrote me that Count Letonoff had neglected to pay his bill, and would I, and so forth. It was especially painful to her, because the Count had led her to believe his interest in his landlady was not casual.

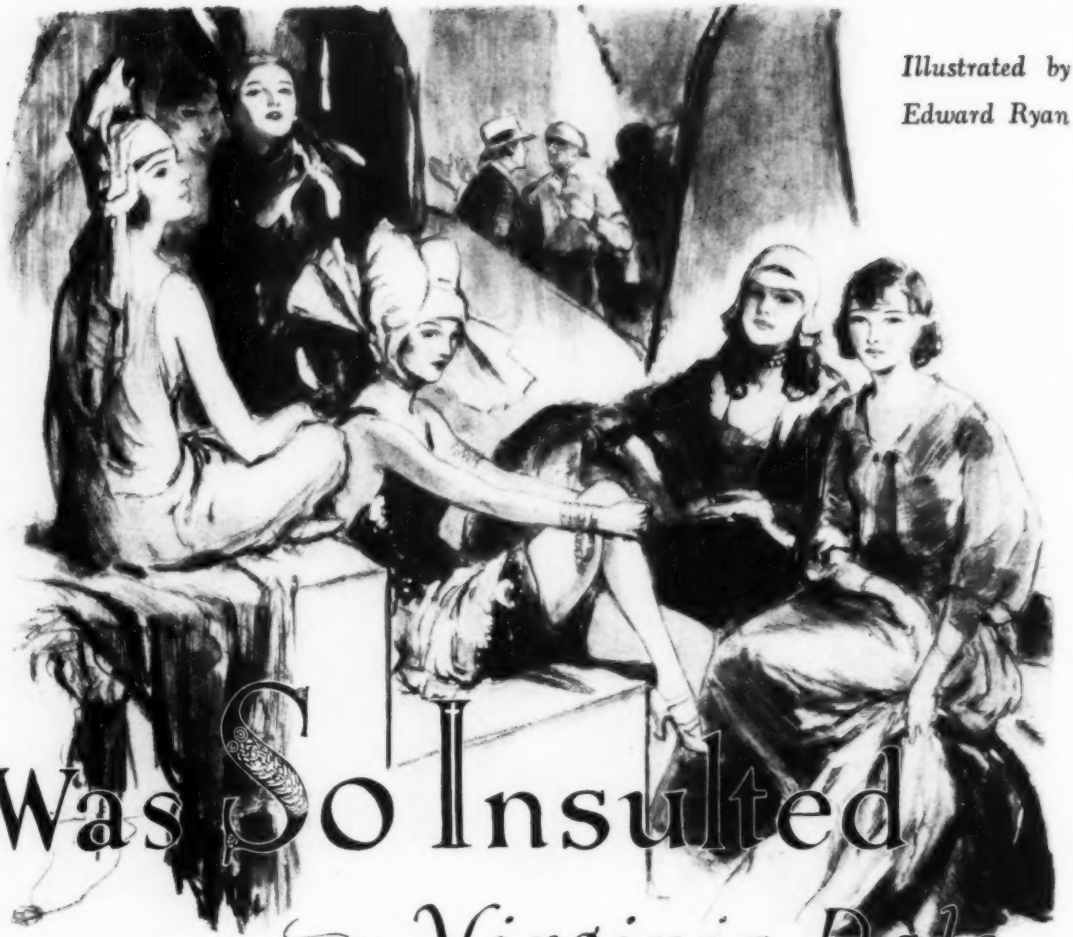
Then the Countess wrote me. She inclosed a clipping from the local paper, a full column and a half, headlined: "ROSSTOWN THRILLED—RUSSIAN ARISTOCRAT WEDS WEALTHY WIDOW."

And the subhead was: "HANDS ACROSS SEA, SAYS COUNT."

There followed an effulgent description of the ceremony, the wedding breakfast and reception. The Count issued a short statement declaring his satisfaction, as the reporter put it, at the union of European and American aristocracy. His estates in the Ukraine, said the Count, were not unlike some of the estates he had seen in the neighborhood of Rosstown.

The end of the story reported that the Count had given the Countess a motorcar as a wedding gift.

Weeks later other clippings arrived. *(Continued on page 161)*



Illustrated by Edward Ryan

We have not started work yet, but we slave girls make up every day so we get our money just the same.

I Was So Insulted

By Virginia Dale

MISS DALE'S *dumb Dora of the celluloids seems very likely to have a rebirth on the screen, if the interest various film producers have shown in her Diary offers any real indication. Another batch of extracts from "Dear Diary" will appear in an early issue.*

JAN. 5: Now that the holidays are over and everything, I am thankful to say the studioes are working again. I have made a New Year's resolution that this will be a bigger and better year than last year, and that is the way the studioes seem to feel too. Everyone is talking about bigger and better pictures, which proves that "great minds run in the same canals," as the saying is.

I am rooming now with Estella DeVere, which cuts down rent, and she is pleasant company though not my type. Of course a girl like me has to put up with a lot of things anyway, and so I thought for the sake of the rent I might as well put up with Estella too. She is a comedy type, but she thinks she is as good a vamp type as Nita Naldi at her best, which makes me smile. Only I do not tell her she is wrong as what is the use? She is not the kind of a girl which would believe anyone unless it is a complement.

I am thankful that I am not like that. She tried to tell me I was not a vamp type myself. "Why do you not go over to the Harry Langdon set?" she asked me. But I merely said nothing as of course I know which type I am. If everyone in the movie "game" told me I wasn't, I would still know. I am like that. So anyone can see that I have a lot to put up with Estella.

Estella seems to have men on the brain, which is another thing I am glad to say I am not. She has the Hollywood idea that a girl must have a man with influents for a friend. So she is always being insulted. She seems to go out every evening with a different man and she then always comes home after having been insulted.

Of course I know that a girl which has the idea she must have a man friend with influents is not the kind of a girl my mother would of wanted me to room with. But my mother does not know how it is in California. I have told Estella how wrong she is but she says that "innosense may be bliss but it is not exciteing." She has a diamond bracelet she calls her "service stripe." I do not know why.

Must write to Avery.

Jan. 7: Well it certainly does look as though the New Year was going to be a great year for me. I went over to the Horace Fife studioes today and wasn't I put right into the great picture "Allah is Great" right away! Everyone knows that this is one of the "bigger and better" pictures, though Mr. Fife is very modest about it all. I was near him today and heard him say to some one it would just be another epic, which goes to show that really big men are very modest after all. This is to be a much bigger picture than "The Ten Commandments" and Margaret Flowers has written one of her famous flapper plots for "Great is Allah," and Miss Flowers is so famous for her flapper plots that everyone will know which part is hers and which is mere history. No expense is to be spared to make this epic the wonder of the motion-picture age.

It is well known that Mr. Fife was very anxious to get Tom Mix to play Allah as he is just the type. But Mr. Mix's contract wouldn't let him. So Mr. Fife got Hi Waller, who is a well-known Western actor too. And he is just the type. They are go-

ing to begin "shooting" in a few days. "Shooting" is what we "proffessionals" call photografing. Monday I am to go to the "set" and be explained things to. I am an ancent slave girl, which shows that I knew my type was a vamp type for I have always heard that the biggest vamps in history were really slaves.

Now I think I will write to Avery.

Estella came home insulted again last night.

Jan. 10: Whomever thinks that the movies are not a good influents are terribly wrong and such reports that they are not merely shows how evil minds can make mistakes. Working in "Great is Allah" is going to be almost as religius as going to church. Well, I wish everyone in Hollywood could work in this "bigger and better epic" for it would certainly do them good and would probably change the hole infant industry.

They were going to start working this morning and before a camera was turned Mr. Fife explained how anyone would be discharged which did not take his work seriously and that anyone which said even one s w e a r word would be put off the lot. And Mr. Fife had a Jewish rabby and a preist and a Methodust minister and a Christian sience reader or either a man which gives absent treatments, all there on the lot, and they all made a speech and it was all very, very wonderful. Us slave girls all almost cried it was so very wonderful. One of the girls said she had always wanted to be a missionery and that when this picture was finished she would be darned if she did not go and be one.

Hi Waller got up and said how grateful he was to have the chance to act in a picture like this, and how he knew now that all his Western thrillers was just a perperration to this great opportunity to be in an epic and give his best to his public. He said he would of considered it an honor to of even been a begger in such a wonderful picture. Tomorrow the scenerio is going to be read by Mr. Fife and Miss Flowers to us. On the top of all this I must remark about Estella. Well Estella came in last night and she had been insulted again. She had been out with the assistunt camera man to the assistunt to one of the biggest director's camera man in the business, she said. She would not say who, which makes me think perhaps he was not so important after all. But anyways she was insulted.

I was so upset I did not write to Avery but surely must tonight.



When I tried to talk to this assistant, he would not listen, but handed me a slip.

Jan. 11: A lot of excitement on the "set" today, which is what we proffesionals call the studioes. Miss Flowers read us some of the scenario while the musicians played "Aillie, Allie" and "Mother McCrea" and other sacred music, and then it came out that Hi Waller's shadow was the only thing about him which was going to be shot. So he got very mad and said his public would never stand for that as they expected more of him than a mere shadow, and anyway any picture that did not show his profile might just as well be censored. So he and Mr. Fife had quite a fight. I mean with words, though Mr. Waller dared Mr. Fife to hit him as he said his face was insurred anyway. But Mr. Fife said he would not be annoyed using his fist on a mere actor. So they both swore, but as long as the picture had not been started I suppose this swearing does not count. So anyway Hi Waller is out of this bigger and better epic and I do not know who will play the lead, and I think it will be hard to find anyone who will, because actors are not the kind of men to be happy with only their shadows showing when everyone else has close-ups.

Estella was out last night with a gag-man, which is what I would consider beneath me. What is a gag-man amount to? He simply sits on the set and thinks up funny situations and I consider life to serious to have a man make his living like that. Estella merely introdused me to him as I happened to go down on the porch about the time she came home. He is quite good looking, but if Estella wants to be a vamp I cannot see what influents a gag-man can have. But if I was in her place it would not hurt her to make up a foursome with me some night instead of letting me sit here alone all the time. Just because I do not make myself common with men and run after them like she does, of course I have not been able to get aquainted like her. But I would not want to run around with the common men she does so I am just as glad she does not insist on me going to her parties as it would make it unpleasant when I would have to refuse. We being roommates.

Anyway, there is always Avery, and even if Avery is in Escanaba, it is nice for a girl to know she is engaged when her roommate is not. Of course I do not think I will ever marry Avery now that I have my career. But being engaged is always a good experience, and it is good for him to, as it may keep him from making a fool of himself with some small town girl. When I am a star I suppose he will always remember that we were engaged, and of course I will be always glad to see him at my palasial residence. I am not the kind of a girl which forgets old friends for "old times' sake," as the saying is. Must surely write to him tonight.

JAN. 12: We have not started work yet but we slave girls make up every day so we get our money just the same whether we do or whether we don't which is one nice thing about pictures. Mr. Fife was very busy today trying out a sort of moving platform which is run with electriccity. The set for "Great is Allah" is so large it would simply wear him out if he had to walk around directing, so he has his chair on the moving platform and his megaphone and sits on it. I heard his assistunt, who is a very good looking man, say that it was one of the greatest improvements in the movie "game." He said there had not been such an improvement since Mr. Griffith invented the cut-back.

It is always interesting to hear such an interesting man as this assistunt talk, and if I wanted to be the kind of a girl which Estella is, it would be easy I suppose to get a date with him. But I would never put myself forward. Some of the girls are always making excuses to ask this assistunt director questions, but in the two days I have been on the set I have not asked him more than a dozen questions. Today when I asked him whether I should wear five bracelets or six he said "could I think of anything else I would like to know," which shows that if a girl is a lady a gentleman will be the same.

Mr. Fife seems to be doing his best to keep people from swearing like he said, but it is very hard on him, as of course he cannot be hireing a new company every day. So now when a property man swears he says he is just talking things over with God which seems to make everything all right, and the atmosphere is very religious with everyone almost praying all the time.

Now I believe I will write to Avery.

Later: Estella came in just as I was going to write to Avery. She had been insulted again.

Jan. 13: Made up for "Great Is Allah" again today. Still waiting. It seems that one thing we are waiting for is Edmund Crow's beard to grow. Mr. Crow is one of the profits. Anyway, no one has been found yet to act the shadow.

I could not help thinking almost all day about Estella and how she is always being insulted. Of course I am very happy I am not the kind of a girl men like to insult, but I suppose it is a broadening experience. Estella said this morning that if only the good are happy that acounts for the sad looks most people have. I do not always quite understand Estella. I am sure she is a good woman in spite of everything as she always comes home after being insulted. I am sure I could tell if she was not, for as my mother always says it shows in their faces if one is not a Good Woman. And Estella has not the face of even a good vamp type let alone a Bad Woman.

Must certainly write to Avery.

JAN. 14: I am sure I do not know what they are going to do with this bigger and better epic, as it seems impossible to find any man in Hollywood which will act Allah's shadow. So we have started on Margaret Flowers' flapper plot, and all us slave girls are now in a cabaret scene in modern clothes. I do not think anyone could blame me for being rather tired of cabaret scenes, as when I stop and think it seems that is all I have been doing since I joined the "movies." I should think some of the censor bordes would make them stop having so many as such scenes are not good for the young or people in small towns like Escanaba. I have stopped writing Mamma that I am working in cabaret scenes as I am afraid she might get to wonder if I am under the influents of some director which insists I do nothing else and I am not the kind of a girl which wants to ever cause her mother a moment's worry. And that makes me think. I must certainly write to Avery tonight for after all I am engaged to him.

Estella is out again with a gag-man and if she does not come home pretty soon I will be afraid that she has not been insulted this time.

Jan. 16: Went to church today. There is something about merely working in "Great is Allah" even in a cabaret scene which seems to have a good influents. I heard that Estella's gag-man went to a church over in the Wilshire district and I thought it would be a good thing to go there and let him see that I was not the kind of a girl like Estella but went to church like any good woman should. I happened to be standing near the door after most of the people had gone, and if he did not come out! I hadn't thought he had seen me, but of course he had of, and I had to smile when he made believe he was surprised to see me. Ah, well, men are just grown-up boys after all, as the saying is. He came back with me and kept asking where was Estella. I told him she had gone for a joy ride while I went to church, as that was the differance between us and I did not seem to remember at the time that she had said she would be back by one o'clock, as I have to much on my mind to be bothered about her affares. So this gag-man, who is quite nice after you know him, and I cannot imagine what he sees in Estella, sat in the parlor with me for about an hour. When I told Estella about it all when I finially got upstairs, she seemed quite put out. Was it my fault he did not go? E. is very narrow minded. I am sure she would do anything to get a boy friend away from her girl friend. That is the kind which she is. So I have decided that when this gag-man comes to see me the next time I will simply not mention it to E.

JAN. 17: I certainly do think this assistunt to Mr. Fife is as disagreable a man as there is. I was not brought up in Escanaba with such as him. Today when I asked him could I leave the "set" for a minute, he said "Yes, they would try and get along," and when I came back they had started "shooting" and I could not get back to my place. And I could not do anything but wait, and when I tried to talk to this lowely assistant, he would not listen but handed me a slip for the day and told me that now they had seen they could get along without me, there was no use of me coming back!

So I am out of "Great is Allah," and I cannot say I am sorry for I can see that it is going to be a very cheap and insigniffigant epic, and anyway they will never find an actor which will be willing to have his shadow shot.

So I came home. Estella was not here as I expected, so I sort of cried. It is so hard for a good girl to get along in the movie "game." If I had of given this assistent the slightest of encourgement when he kept trying to talk to me all this time, I would never of been fired.

I do not know where Estella is tonight, but I suppose with that gag-man which showed me attention but which she is trying to vamp away from me. Well, I guess I will write to Avery and go to bed.

(Continued on page 104)



"Ah, bedad, "he shouted, "wont I have a night of it!"

Out of the Bog

By Arthur Mason

Illustrated by David Hendrickson

A few choice and kindred souls have heard Arthur Mason tell his tales of Ballywoodin, the bog-land home of his childhood; but never has he written one down till now. Here is the tale of Gerry Mullen and the wee captain, and what came of their exchange of magic lore.

"BAD luck to all of yez," said Gerry Mullen, cobblestone maker and mender of roads. "Ye'll have it, too, for firing me this day from the job I've had for twenty years! It's not meself that'll be bothering at all, at all. Haven't I me thatched house to live in, and me bit of cabbage in the garden, and a duck or two to eat whenever I do be wanting them?"

"Off wit' ye now, Gerry Mullen," said the road-commissioner with a wave of his hand. "Short measure on yer cobblestones—ye're after beating the county."

"You're a liar!" cried Gerry, the long apron lip of him trembling in anger. "Me yardstick is just three feet by me boots!"

"Off wit' ye, I say! There's more I could tell ye, too. Isn't it whispered around that ye don't go to Mass, and the parishioners, young and old, say that it's ne'er a drop of holy water ye carry wit' ye at all, at all. And besides, let me tell ye, it's come to me ears, Gerry Mullen," —the road-commissioner lowered his voice,—"ye're in league wit' the Divil and some of his nymphs! Look at Pat Burke over yonder digging turf in the bog—him the fine man that he is, and the heart of him withered this morning! Well ye know what happened to him. Was it for nothing his sow et all her young pigs last night? It's *you* that was working forninst his house yesterday afternoon. It's the evil eye of *you*, Gerry Mullen, that lit on poor Pat's sow. Ah, and there's more that I could tell ye—isn't there, men?"

"Ah, wurra there is!" came the chorus.

"We're saying to ye it's better you'd be leaving these parts. There's a law against the likes of you."

"Bad luck to yez again!" shouted Gerry over his shoulder as he turned away. "It's staying, I am, in the land I was born in, if I never spade a foot of turf. And it's saying I am, three times bad luck to yez!"

Gerry trudged his way homeward. He could hear doors slamming against him as he passed by, and his old cronies carefully shunned him.

"Ah," said Gerry to himself, "it's much thinking I'll have to be doing. It's a terrible state I'm in entirely. Not a friend do I be having; the whole county's against me. As I'm living, and I know I am by the scrunch of me boots, it was Pat Burke that stole me cobblestones to make me measure short. Sure, an' I'm helpless to do a thing. Maybe it's leaving I'll have to be doing after all. No work, and me cabbage wont stay green, and the squawks of me ducks will soon be silenced."

That evening, when the September sun pulled the night after him, Gerry Mullen stood leaning against his half-leaf door looking out on the patch of sea. A full moon was being floated to the surface. He could hear the frogs' lonesome croaks and the lap of the water below. As the moon took form and skipped from the sea, Gerry grew fidgety under her stare.

"Is it here that I am when there's work to be done, with me thoughts clabbering round things that mean nothing at all? Or is it leaving these parts I'll be doing?"

He looked afar, down toward a narrow strip of water sheltered by a big rock. "No, I'll not be leaving till I get me orders from *there*. I may as well be going and see what's doing tonight." He lit his pipe, hasped his door, and sauntered down to the big rock.

There he sat for a bit, squinting over the strip of water. After a while he thought he heard music in the distance. He listened, and the pipe grew cold in his mouth. "Faith, and there must be a jubilee on with the wee men tonight!" He got down on his knees to look over the water. Sure, there they were, the wee men's ships, wit' their lugger sails.

Nearer and louder came the music. Gerry grew pliant as a sapling. "Be heavens, isn't it a jig they do be playing on their bagpipes?"

He rose to his feet and jumped onto the rock, his hobnailed brogans rattling a rhythmic beat. When the music came to an end, Gerry hailed the ships of the wee men.

"Ahoy, out there!" he called. "It's a word with the captain I want."

"Is it trouble you're in again, Gerry Mullen?"

"Aye, the Divil's trouble this time."

"I'll be with you as soon as I get me ships anchored."

Gerry sat down on the rock and waited. Presently he spotted the wee cap of the captain, and then the captain himself waded out of the water and made for him.

"You never come," he said, "but you want something."

"Indeed, and it's in some need of you I am, this night," replied Gerry.

The wee man climbed the rock and jumped up on Gerry's shoulder.

"What's gone wrong with ye now?" he whispered in Gerry's ear.

"I'm about to be driven away from the place I was born in," answered Gerry with a sad lilt to his voice.

Then he told the wee man about the stolen cobblestones, the loss of his job and the enmity of the parishioners.

"What am I to do? Is it have me go ye would?" asked Gerry.

"Hold on," said the captain, plucking at the hairs in Gerry's ears. "I can fix that for you. But first we'll strike a bargain. I want your advice."

"Faith, and ye can have it, too, and it's good advice I'll be giving ye. Behave yourself now, captain. Leave me ears alone. Here, jump down on me knee where I can look in the eyes of ye."

"I'll get you a better job than the one you lost," said the wee captain. "But here's what you'll have to do for me. The arrows from me bows don't go swift enough, these days. What I want is more speed to them."

"Sure, an' that's easy," said Gerry, patting the wee captain on his red cap.

"First give me the facts how to get speed in me arrows," said the captain, wriggling himself into a comfortable knot. "If I'm convinced your advice is sound, Gerry Mullen, you're a made man for the rest of your life. It's not leaving these parts you'll be doing, but bossing them all in the county."

"Ah," said Gerry, hugging the wee captain, "the heart of me is growing as big as a Swede turnip. Now, Captain, here's where ye do be getting flight in your arrows. There, get astride me leg and keep your ears open. Are ye listening?"

"I am, Gerry Mullen."

"Well then: tomorrow morning cut a skein out of the morning mist."

"That's easy," said the captain. "Go on."

"Then ye'll take a cockleshell and scoop it full of current off a swordfish's nose. Boil the skein of mist and the current of water together. Mind ye, here's where the trick comes in. Are ye listening?"

"I am that," said the captain, who was on his feet now with his ear close to Gerry's lips.

"Don't start the fire under them until the last cock-crow in the evening, and be sure to let the fire out with the first cock-crow in the morning."

"Then what will I do?" asked the wee captain.

"Don't interrupt me," said Gerry. "I've never seen ye so wild as ye are this night. Stand still, man, and take in me words. After ye've put the fire out, steep the arrows in the pot. Keep them there until ye see the comb of the sun."

"Will that give them the speed I'm after, Gerry Mullen?"

"Ah, man, they'll travel halfway around the world for ye."

"I believe it," said the wee captain, getting astride of Gerry's knee again.

"I'll be after listening to ye now, Captain. How are ye going to put me right with the parish and the county?"

"That's easy, Gerry Mullen, as easy as the speed to me arrows."

"I'll light me pipe," said Gerry. "I can listen better with the haze of smoke in me eyes."

"Have you ever heard of Legginagoppic big bog?"

"I have," answered Gerry, "and me father before me. It's the talk of generations. There isn't a man in all Ireland that'd dare dig a spade of turf of it."



"You're a liar!" cried Gerry. "Me yardstick is just three feet by me boots!"



"I'm here," said the priest, "to take you to task.
You're in league, it's said, with the Divil himself."

The wee captain laughed as he took off his cap.

"Hold it for me," said he to Gerry. "I'm getting a bit warm. The moon is so full tonight."

"Ah, to be sure."

"In that bog," went on the captain, "I have a horde of banshees bottled up."

"Ah, be heavens, that accounts for it, Captain. But what has that got to do with me and the county?"

"Listen, Gerry Mullen. I'll lend them to ye for a night."

There was a long silence. Gerry's brain went a-whirling. What would he do with a horde of banshees? He commenced to pull on his pipe. The smoke flew out of his pipe as if it was coming out of a funnel. Then a spark lit up his mind, and he saw the many uses he would be having for the banshees. The clay pipe dropped out of his mouth as he grabbed the wee captain by the scruff of the neck and jumped to his feet. As he waltzed around on top of the rock, roars of laughter pealed out of him. The boisterous noise of him scared the cranes and sandsnipes for miles around. At last he cooled down a bit. He stood the wee captain in the palm of his hand and looked into his eyes. Small they were, but Gerry's just then could pierce the eye of a winkle.

"There's one question I want to ask ye," said Gerry.

"Out with it," said the captain, "but first give me my red cap."

"Here, stick it on your head. It isn't me that's going to bring your death of cold on ye. Here's me question, Captain. Am I going to boss the whole horde of banshees?"

"You are," answered the captain, straightening up to his full height. "They'll be yours for one night."

Again waves of laughter slithered out of Gerry.

"Ah, bedad," he shouted, "wont I have a night of it!"

"You'll be respected," assured the captain. "There'll be a fine position waiting for ye, too."

"When can I have them, Captain?" asked Gerry eagerly. "Sure, not tonight, with it half gone already."

"Ten o'clock tomorrow night," said the captain. "I'll turn them loose for ye."

"Hold on a bit, Captain. Let us sit down. I've a bit of figuring to do. You'll see the sense of me having them banshees distributed where they'll do the most good."

"There's something in that," agreed the wee man.

"There's another question I wants to ask ye, Captain. Are your banshees strong on the moaning?"

"They are. And why wouldn't they be? There hasn't been a wail out of them since the night of the Big Wind."

"More power to them," said Gerry. "Now, are ye listening?"

"I am."

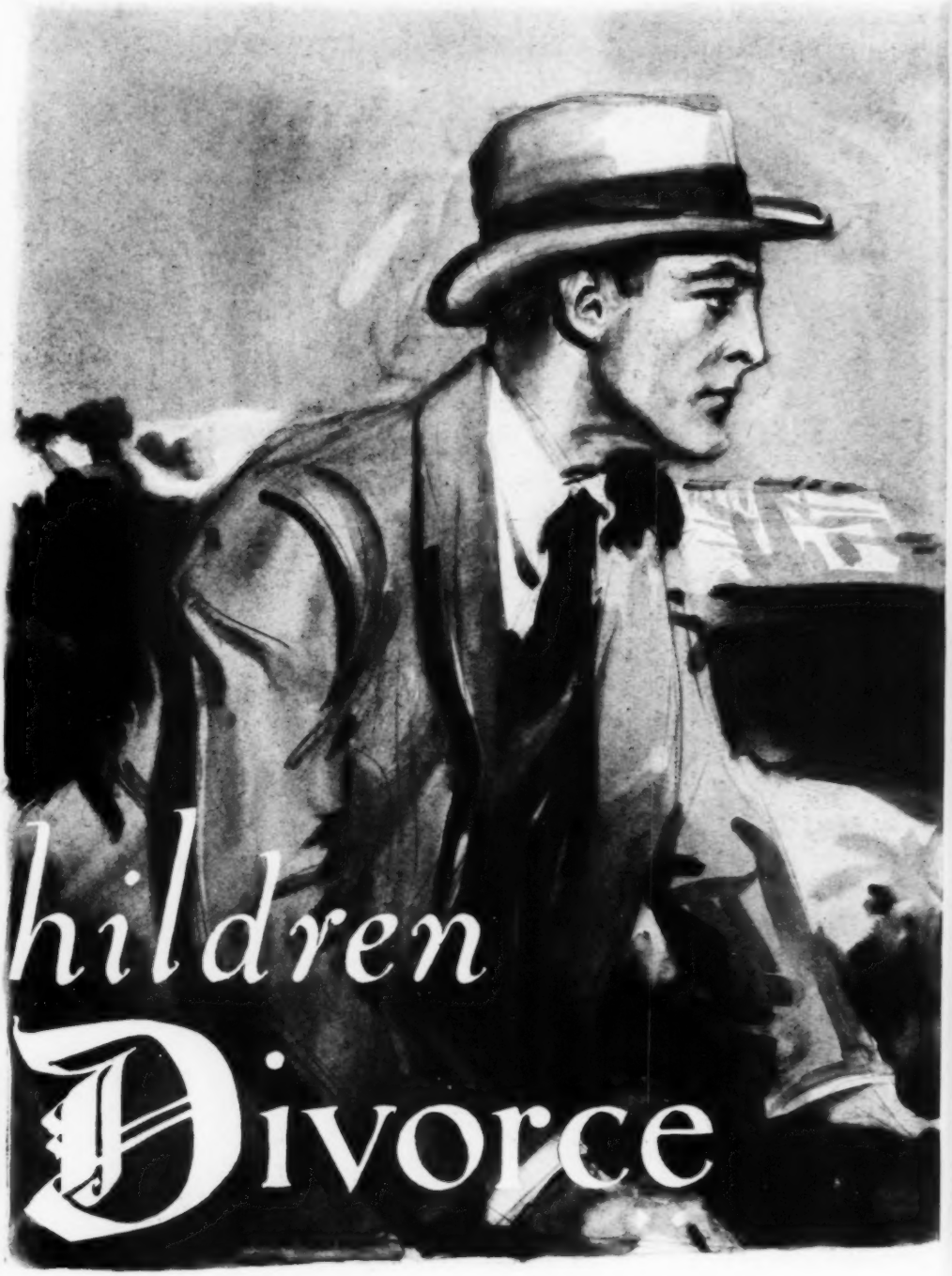
"Well, then, send a bunch of them to Pat Burke's house; strong on the moan I want them to be."

"Go on," said the captain.

"Send a crowd of them to the road-master's. He has a big garden. Are ye listening?"

"I am," replied the wee captain. *(Continued on page 159)*

WITHIN thirty days of the publication here of Mr. Johnson's novel—quite his most important achievement since "The Salamander"—those who have not read the story in these pages will be reading it in book form; sixty days hence, moreover, it will be released all over the world as one of the greatest of all social films—one of the largest amounts on record having been paid for the film rights.



Children of Divorce

By Owen Johnson

The Story So Far:

MARRIAGE was something very real, very vital, to Jean Waddington, something about which she must make no mistake. For she had suffered much from those who had looked upon marriage as something casual, who had made mistakes: her father and mother. They had been divorced, Jean's father and mother, when she was a little girl, and each had remarried; and as neither was minded to give her up to the other, she had been brought up in a convent in Italy.

At fourteen Jean had come back to America, and on the boat she had met and liked Ted Larrabee—big, good-humored, sincere and serious-minded then. And Ted too was a child of divorce, for Colonel Larrabee's political enemies had "framed him" with a chorus-girl scandal, and his mother had seized the excuse.

Jean went first to her father—and found her stepmother impossible. And her own mother, now Mrs. Chastaine, had no desire to have her style in flirtation cramped by the presence of an all-but-grown-up daughter. So Jean finished her education in boarding-schools well away from her parents.

It was long before she saw Ted Larrabee again, for the war intervened and he enlisted at once with the Canadian forces. And he had come home a different Ted, eager for relaxation, his serious young ambitions to be a great engineer forgotten. When he proposed to Jean, she put him off: she must make no mistake in *her* marriage. Other suitors, moreover, especially the attorney Daggett, were usually in evidence. And then—Jean's father died, leaving almost his entire great fortune to her.

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Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

"I have no right to ask anything, but—oh, Ted dear, be careful for my sake —protect my name too."

Ted helped her nobly through the trying days of her father's illness and death, but when it was all over, he drew away, spent his time with gay companions like Charley Lancaster and Kitty Flanders. Pride held him from appearing as a fortune-hunter; and the responsibilities of wealth preoccupied Jean. Finally, when Jean tried to reawaken his old ambitions, they misunderstood each other, and a break came.

Ted went his way, which was the way of bad company. Sometime later Jean came to feel that she had been too hasty and that Larrabee was the only man for her. She wrote him to come to her; but when he finally appeared, it was to confess that after a drunken party, on a dare, he had married Kitty Flanders. Already he repented—protested he would have the marriage annulled. But Jean despite her own grief insisted that he keep his bargain. . . . .

In search of distraction, Jean went to Paris a year later to visit her cousin the Countess Kittery. And presently that unique personage Miss Fingall, a sort of professional sub-rosa matchmaker, saw the possibilities of promoting an alliance between the wealthy Jean Waddington and the so-noble young Prince de Sfax.

It seemed, in a way, an equitable arrangement: the Prince would contribute his really high position, and Jean her great wealth. His heart was wholly given to his mistress Mme. Laleu, but he must sacrifice himself for his family; Jean's heart was wholly Ted Larrabee's, but Ted was married to Kitty. And when Jean learned that a child was

coming to Kitty, she made her decision—to marry the Prince.

The wedding took place in due season, with appropriate pomp and ceremony. But—that night Mme. Laleu committed suicide; and the Prince, forsaking his bride without explanation, hurried to the hospital bedside of his dying mistress. Thereafter Jean and her husband lived apart, though they both scrupulously "kept up appearances."

Kitty's child was born, and Jean nursed her through her all but fatal illness—to be rewarded later by an open flirtation between Kitty and the Prince de Sfax at Monte Carlo. *(The story continues in detail:)*

Chapter Forty-four

THE villa, which they had taken from a former Russian grand duke, was set high on the slope of La Californie—a hundred acres of footpaths winding under stunted pines, exotic palms, olive trees and golden mimosas, so ingeniously planted that from the terrace only the glistening calm of the Mediterranean and the dreamy distant capes could be perceived. When Jean descended at noon, Bettina was already wandering among the orange trees, a distant flash of white under a violet parasol. The day was serene; above was a faultless blue expanse that brought a lethal calm to tired bodies and overwrought nerves. She called a footman.

"Tell Monsieur le Prince we are lunching at La Bocca. We shall be leaving shortly, in fifteen minutes."

Her husband's apartments were separate from hers in a further wing. He had his own car and chauffeur, came and went as he desired. Occasionally they met at the same houses, not often. In all of this there was nothing to provoke comment on the Riviera. Outwardly their relations remained scrupulously correct. Those who bear distinguished names are in a sense actors before a constant audience and acquire a dramatic sense of the public value of their words and gestures. She had kept loyally to her rôle. Until the last weeks her husband had never publicly done anything to proclaim their estrangement. That he had gone recklessly and tempestuously into dissipation, she knew, but up to the advent of Kitty his name had never been linked with a woman of her own world. How far had it gone? How far was Kitty interested? She was of course incapable of feeling jealousy, but she did not disguise the offense to her pride. The time had come, she felt, for an explanation.

"I have kept you waiting, madame? My humble apologies."

"You have not kept me. But I am glad for this chance to have a word with you."

She studied him a moment, noting the change that had taken place in the year. He was now more the polished courtier than the abrupt and military figure she had known. An added charm, yes; but there was in his eyes a curiosity that had been absent in the frank and candid look, a challenge, and an impertinence in his new bearing toward women. He looked tired, restless.

"How late did you stay?" she asked.

"We closed the shop—six o'clock."

"Good luck?"

"Yes, as usual."

"And Mrs. Larrabee?"

"Your friend"—he paused a fraction of a second, stressing the word—"was not so fortunate. Charming woman, but too impulsive for a gambler."

The butler and a footman placed a table and began to arrange it for the morning *apéritifs*.

Jean waited until they had withdrawn.

"You loaned her the money?"

"As you directed."

"Vico," she said without raising her voice, "I hope you understood the significance of my action last night."



"I should like to know," she said, "to what extent you have been supplying Kitty with money."

"It is impossible not to admire the way you impose your decisions."

He bowed, cold, courteous, hostile.

Jean continued, in even tones:

"What you do with women of a certain class is perfectly indifferent to me. I do object, however, when you choose publicly to display yourself with a woman of my own set—a friend."

He looked at her with curiosity, wondering what emotion was dominant. She caught the look and made an impatient gesture.

"It is not a question of jealousy. It is a question of the consideration I have a right to exact from you."

He shrugged.

"May I remind you, madame, that our relationship has considerably altered since our amicable convention?" he countered coldly.

"Monsieur, I am surprised that you should refer to that," rejoined Jean.

Back of the studied politeness there was an abiding antagonism in the tone of each. She glanced down the avenue and saw Bettina's violet parasol approaching. "If I were to appeal to your generosity, I might remind you that I once did everything to protect the name you bear. I do not intend that you should publicly be disbursing the money you receive from me to a woman who was once my friend."

She turned away, afraid of the emotion surging up in her.

"One moment, madame."

He met her eyes with a flash of anger.

"I am quite aware, madame, what part the husband of the lady, who happens to attract me, played in your life."

"If you knew him personally, monsieur," she said coldly, "you would realize that there is more danger in the situation than I have indicated."

"A threat?"

"A second warning, monsieur."

"A rather serious conversation for so early in the day, isn't it?" he said, smiling. "Well, our guests are arriving, and we must return to our social attitude. Later I shall ask you the privilege of continuing this conversation. There are one or two things which I desire to add to it."

The reference to Larrabee left Jean uneasy. Had Kitty been telling tales? Probably. It would be like her. What had possessed her to hold Ted up as a threat to her husband? An unreasoning moment of anger—a grave mistake. The very thing to drive an obstinate, reckless nature like Vico's to further adventuring! Vico was not a coward. She knew that. The one saving element in the situation was that Larrabee was away.

They were among the late arrivals at the Flanders villa set deep in a tangle of great palms, orange trees, artificial basins and carpets of blue-green elephant grass. Mr. Flanders was in front welcoming his guests. Each time Jean saw him, it brought back her childhood at the Santissima Annunciata and the first meeting with the snub-nosed tightly pig-tailed little urchin that was Kitty. He looked more than ever like a giant magpie, his legs thinner and more concave, the same long yellow face with heavy dyed eyebrows, that had confronted her in the visitors' parlor and blinked to hide his emotions while the pastel lady prattled out the last necessary lies. The pastel lady had gone. The third Mrs. Flanders, the former slightly tarnished Comtesse de Berny-Pavane, heavily perfumed, powdered and rouged, waddled effusively down to greet the guests of honor.



Jean saw at once what the assemblage was: expatriated Americans with a smattering of cosmopolitan society—titled Englishwomen parading their lovers, a steel magnate with a new young wife, a Russian duke with the dancer he had married morganatically, young Americans idling, middle-aged American women amusing themselves in the absence of their husbands, an opera-singer with her third millionaire, one or two great ladies who were diverting themselves with a glimpse at this human zoo, free to snub their hosts later in Paris or London. She passed, creating always a stir, craning of heads, whisperings of the old scandal, pointed out, indifferently aware of the wake of gossip she left behind. At such moments it was a bulwark to be the Princess Jean de Sfax. She was slowly making her way through nodded greetings, chattered recognitions, smiles and handshakes to the outer rooms, when a deep voice behind her, intentionally raised, said:

"Yes, motored down from Paris this morning."

It was Ted, sending her a warning that he was present, to put her on her guard against a too sudden confrontation! She had need of it. The faces before her blurred; there was a singing in her ears. The sensation she experienced was so acute, so instantaneous, so overwhelming, that her whole existence, her power to move, to think, to breathe, seemed abruptly suspended. A hand was in hers, Bettina's.

"The gardens are so inviting, let's take a peep at the sea." She yielded to her pressure, followed her, found herself, began to talk inanities. . . . .

Mr. Flanders was offering her a cocktail. She took it hastily, grateful for the sudden touch of artificial courage.

"Why, he wears a toupee," she thought, and as he passed solemnly, already a bit fuddled, she continued gayly: "Bettina, it must be a toupee! Isn't he wonderful, like something out of—out of—"

"Dickens?"

"Yes, that's it, Dickens, or—or Mother Goose, one of the blackbirds that came out of the pie. It was Mother Goose, wasn't it?"

They passed on to the lawn.

"What a really gorgeous view it is! I like to imagine it in the glorious days of Rome, with lovely ladies in togas moving against a perfect blue."

Bettina rambled on while Jean nodded, smiled, thinking only: "I mustn't let anyone see!"

Such an overwhelming feeling of happiness possessed her at the knowledge that he was near, that she was terrified by the realization of the yearning in her.

A DOZEN red and white tents were spread under blue-green foliage, twenty liveried automatons at attention. From a hidden bosquet the latest American jazz band in favor was sending its discordant, syncopated riot of music to whip up the laughter of the ready crowd.

"I haven't seen Kitty yet. We must pay our respects," Jean said suddenly. "I thought I saw Ted as we came through. Could it have been?"

"Yes. He is here."

Bettina gave her a quick approving glance and followed her into the throng.

"Jean, you darling!"

Kitty rustling up in a brilliant *robe de style:* green, red and yellow, artfully blended, sinuously designed by Poiret, creator of modes for the great courtesans in public and in private.

Comedy of effusive embraces.

"Who do you think is here? Ted!"

"Really? Where?"

Another comedy: Kitty dramatizing herself as a mother. Appearance of a Breton *nou-nou* with a glimpse of pink cheeks and staring eyes, enveloped in pink silks, laces. Kitty embracing her child rapturously, displaying it with pride. Madonna and child *à la* Poiret!

"Look at it! Did you ever see anything so precious, such bootiful eyes? Yes, it is a pretty baby—the prettiest baby in the world!" She bent over the child, shaking her finger playfully at it, inciting it to smile, but the child turned away, clinging to its nurse. Kitty, too clever to proclaim the indifference, explained: "She doesn't know what to make of it all—so many noisy people. Celia—pretty name. I wanted to name her after you, but Ted wouldn't let me."

Jean flushed, bent over quickly to the baby, who after a moment of staring, smiled and caught her finger in a chubby hand.

"My dear, how perfectly wonderful! She never goes to strangers!" cried Kitty.

Jean did not hear her. She was looking, with a sharp pain in her heart, into the little face, thinking hungrily:

"It might have been mine, mine and his!"

What a difference one little incomprehensible existence had made in four destinies! The strength of that little tyrant hand clinging to her, determining her whole life by the mere fact of its coming into the world.

"Quite enough, Marie. Take her back."

Staccato, harsh command. Something had pricked Kitty on the raw. But the next moment she was down on her knees with rapturous exclamations, gathering up in maternal arms a little Pomeranian. Jean's lips grew stern. She turned away, resentment and a dull ache in her heart. She had sacrificed, Ted had sacrificed, everything for this—and of what avail the sacrifice? Then she saw Ted looking down at his daughter.

SHE never forgot that look. It revealed to her something unsuspected in him, something saddened, revolted, something of a longing denied, tortured, enchained to a new destiny. The next moment their glances met. He hesitated, moved toward her somberly.

"Jean?"

"What a surprise, Ted!" she said lightly. "Thought you were miles away."

"Motored down—I am staying at the Carleton."

She looked up quickly. It was like Ted to give her a cue instantly. Separate residences? What did his visit portend, then?

"The baby is a dear," she murmured mechanically.

"Yes—God help her!"

"Oh, but Kitty—" She stopped. Of what avail a falsehood between them?

"You saw too." He paused, returned into his shell, said correctly: "I have never met your husband. Will you present me to him?"

She gave him a frightened look. How much did he know? The thought of her being the one to bring them together was repellent to her. Still, what could she do? Just one more of the social comedies she never could avoid playing.

"If you wish."

She signaled to Vico, murmured something rapid and confused, a sudden weakness in her knees. They looked each other steadily in the eyes, bowed, shook hands.

Had Ted heard the gossip about Kitty and Vico? She decided at once that was impossible. His was not a nature capable of pretending. If he knew, there would be no comedy played for the crowd. Yet even as she watched the two, a beginning of uneasiness stirred in her. She knew the intensity of their temperaments, the hidden combustible forces beneath the surface. If Ted resented the public linking of Vico's name with his wife's, the clash would be inevitable and terrifying. But did he care what Kitty did? They had come to a separation—that much she realized from his announcement. Were they in process of divorce? Something had passed between them, or was about to pass. She realized that in the feverish gayety of Kitty. Kitty was uneasy, apprehensive perhaps. Even as this realization came to her, Kitty bore down on them and carried off Vico, with exaggerated gayety.

"Prince, two fascinating ladies insist on meeting you. Jean, do take Ted in charge and make him behave socially. I've put you together at the table by the fountain. Everyone find their places, please."

THEIR table was next to Kitty's. Jean noticed with interest that Vico had been relegated to the background, and that Count Borgo sat at her left—also that Kitty had arranged the seating so that she could keep Ted under her eyes.

"Do you like this sort of thing?"

She smiled.

"Not much."

"Ever get homesick?" he said suddenly.

She looked down, moved a fork, hesitated, said frankly:

"Yes, Ted."

"I too. I loathe the crowd, the same everywhere: backwash of America, shoddy Americans, *déclassé* Americans. Americans buying their way into a tarnished society, American dollars bolstering up a shaky title. . . . . I beg your pardon. I didn't mean—stupid of me."

"Well, it's true," she said thoughtfully. "We never really belong. That's the truth."



"Mr. Larrabee, Jean is leaving her husband tomorrow for good. She would want you to know it."

"Then you've not gotten out of it what you expected?" And he turned, looked directly in her eyes.

"Don't ask me such things, Ted." She half put up one hand as though to fend him off, made an effort and asked: "Are you really going to Asia Minor?"

"Yes, thank God."

"Soon?"

"As soon as I get things settled with Kitty." He paused, looked at her. "Aren't you interested to know what that may mean?"

"I haven't exactly the right, have I?"

He drew back, wounded. His neighbor, the vivacious Lady Courtenay, who had been waiting eagerly, claimed him. Jean had a moment of isolation, greedily, gratefully enjoyed. Just to be near him, to know he was still in the world, to hear his voice, and feel the strong vibrations of his vivid and direct personality, was such ecstasy to her empty heart that she would have liked to close her eyes and dream on in passive silence. . . . .

Across the stone balustrades, gay with flowers, the languorous sheen of the blue Mediterranean. Above, an azure dome innocent of clouds, with lazy pines silhouetted. Breath of mimosa in the air. A young girl's voice:

"Like a child's idea of fairyland, isn't it?"

Tranquillity of the ages, undisturbed by the rise and fall of empires; *dolce far niente*, where Cæsar and emperor, antiquity and the renaissance, had dreamed their languid dreams. A region to forget and drift indolently out of life. So vast, so pervading, that nothing could trouble the silence of its purity.

Rise of voices, shrill laughter at some choice bit of scandal or a whispered story. Furtive intrigues; the young lover of an old woman stealing a look at the young wife of an old man, eyes meeting, eyes eloquent, defiant, understanding; reputations being hashed up: and against this tangled background of passion, lusts, covetousness, jealousies, hatreds, new lives at a breaking tension, new lives in sudden conflict, rebelling, hatred accumulated, ready for an explosion. . . . .

Jean felt this so keenly, with such a sense of an impending crisis, that she could not control her thoughts to the exigencies of small-talk.

The light touch of her sleeve against Ted's rough coat filled her being with content. In this crowd of sentimental comedians he alone was real, real because he was capable of a great love—had proved it. The first look in his eyes, the first sound of his voice, had told her that he had not changed. Nothing in her had changed, ever would change. Would she see him again? Would this glimpse be all to carry down the empty years? If he stayed, if he insisted on seeing her? Did she any longer wish to resist?



Kitty came rushing up. "Ted!" She came close, clutching his coat

"Princess, you are far away, dear Princess Lointaine!" said a voice at her other side.

She came back hastily, caught herself, invented a fib to cover up her confusion.

"The spell of the Riviera. I was somewhere suspended between the blue of the sky and the blue of the sea. My humble apologies, Baron, but you were very engrossed, you know."

Beginning of banalities, compliments on a courtier's lips, a comedian's eyes lighting up with the instinctive assumption of a rôle, a world-worn old man playing the part of a *jeune premier*. Same advances, same replies, one hundredth performance!

"What a practiced diner-out you are, Baron!" she remarked teasingly.

"How so?"

"When you can't think of anything to say to a woman, you make love to her."

"Princess!"

"I'm not reproving you. Excellent method. Please practice on me."

What trivialities! How did she find the facility to draw the mask of comedy between what was in her weary heart and the world?

Would Ted never turn to her?

He did not speak to her again until, the luncheon over, they had risen amid a confusion of chairs and babbled ends of conversation.

"Jinny."

Something in her eyes leaped to his in such a revealing flash that momentarily he was disconcerted.

"Jinny," he said in a low voice, "I want to see you. I must talk to you. When?"

"Tomorrow at five."

Chapter Forty-five

"I'M going to do a queer thing," said Bettina that evening after a little hesitation. "I'm going to ask if I can stay a little longer."

"My dear, nothing will make me happier!"



frantically. "For God's sake, do you know what you are doing?"

Jean started to take her rapturously in her arms, stopped, looked at her seriously.

"Oh! You think you ought to be near me, don't you? That is it?"

Bettina looked at her gravely.

"It is the first time I have seen you happy."

"Do I show it too much?"

"It is evident."

"Yes, I suppose so."

She turned away.

"I am in a dreadful tangle."

"Yes, things are coming to a head, rapidly."

The idea surprised Jean.

"You think so?"

"That is why I want to stay."

"I see."

She sat down and began to think. Her maid came in. She gave orders for the toilet of the evening and dismissed her.

"Bettina, does Kitty care about her child?"

The Countess Kittery began to laugh.

"Don't be absurd, Jean. You don't mean to say that comedy fooled you?"

"No, it didn't. She doesn't care. She doesn't! Ted feels that way too!"

"Jean, you must realize what's going on! Anyone could see. She's playing for her divorce. She is going to make him pay dear for his child. That's all."

"You think it's a question of divorce now?"

"Don't you?"

"I think so."

Bettina came to her, laid a hand on her shoulder. "Jean, don't do or say anything to prevent it. You haven't the right."

"Why?"

"There's too much danger in the air."

"Do you think Ted has heard anything?"

"Definite? No. Are you going to see him?"

"Yes, I am."

Bettina made no comment. She walked to the window, looked out. A moment later she returned, stood looking down.

"This may surprise you, dear: I'm glad you are."

Contrary to her custom Jean went, after dinner, down to the Casino. It was a gala night, the floor crowded, every table taken. She danced, refusing no invitation. But neither Kitty nor Ted nor her husband were to be seen. At midnight, to Bettina's surprise, she expressed a desire to visit the gambling-salons. The tables were filling up. She made a tour of the rooms, her eyes restlessly seeking in the gaudy crowd, restlessly and fruitlessly. A little later Vico came in, perceived her with a start of surprise, and came to the table where they had started to play. He bowed ceremoniously to Bettina, whom he did not like, punctiliously to his wife.

"So you have really caught the fever?" he said, ensconcing himself at her side. "I wouldn't have thought it."

Polite, but with a little resentful curiosity in his glance. She had felt a new antagonism since Larrabee's arrival. At such moments the correctness of his outer manner was almost intolerable.

"The Courtenays came down for the dancing. I've promised Bettina to stick it out until two."

"I dined with the Grand Duke. Do you mind if I play next to you until the big table is open?"

"Please."

"In luck?"

She glanced indifferently at the pile of chips and bills before her.

"Yes, I think so. And Kitty? Isn't she coming?"

"How should I know?" He smiled in provocation. "And her husband?" he retorted.

"I have no knowledge of Mr. Larrabee's movements."

"Is it possible? I had half expected to find him here."

She flushed under the implication in the rise of his eyebrows. For the first time in public, he had departed from his set attitude of correct indifference.

"Is that why you are here?"

He reflected a moment, smiled, shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I would have covered the situation by my presence! You taught me how so admirably!"

Some one broke in with a greeting, giving her time to recover her equanimity. She began to play, winning again. The Prince rose, excusing himself for the public.

"I shall be rather late, I am afraid; will you excuse my not taking you home?"

"Certainly. Good luck."

"Thank you for your good wishes."

She played a half-hour more, watching the arriving throng in vain, sought Bettina's glance and cashed in her checks, suddenly bored. She drove home, dispirited and nervous.

"You are right, Bettina," she said suddenly. "Things are coming to a head."

The implied criticism in her husband's remarks, the possessive assumption in his manner, had aroused a spirit of independence. Once or twice she had thought with apprehension of Ted's coming; now she awaited it with defiance. One thing she would not tolerate from Vico: any interference with her liberty of action.

JEAN slept badly and rose late, her mind in a whirl of new emotions. She could not free her imagination from the thought of Kitty's child. What future was there for it? If the divorce was decided upon, who would take it? Kitty? But what a childhood that would be—dragged around from one hotel to another, always in the way, growing up to a precocious knowledge of ugly things! Kitty had found the life she craved. She was too clever openly to put herself beyond the pale. She would cling to a last shred of respectability, establish some defensive social attitude, an amusing, tolerated personality in this transplanted America which tolerated everything. But the child? And if the child went to Ted?

When she had put this question to herself, she remained a long inert moment staring at the floor. What would happen then? An empty home—or what? Supposing the natural thing happened, that later another woman should come into Ted's life? The thought hurt her so, that she sprang up and began to walk feverishly. The thought of that other woman tortured her!

Ted came as the sunset was beginning to flush the clouds piling up their Olympian splendor over the jagged promontory.

He took her hand. She closed her eyes, drew her hand away reluctantly.

"We are going to have tea here on the terrace until it gets chilly," she said. "If you condescend to such things as tea, Ted."

"Tea—oh yes, that's all right."

She saw he was confused by Bettina's presence, and reassured him with a look. A perfunctory moment; then, Bettina going down into the garden, they were alone.

"What a glorious sunset!" she said, rising. "I'll show you my favorite view. Take your coat and hat. It gets chilly all of a sudden. I have my wrap. You know, you are thinner in the face, but it is becoming to you."

She led the way down a flight of terra cotta steps, past rock gardens where cactus and century-plants bloomed, and great masses of passion flowers laid their purple shadows amid exotic plants. "Here," she said.

THEY were in a little terraced space, the villa shut out by tangled evergreens. Far below over the foliage a clear view of the bay and the Mediterranean beyond.

"On clear days you can see Corsica over there. That long low point is Antibes." She stood with her arm extended. "I come here often to read and dream."

"Dream?"

"Of galleys, sea-rovers," she said hastily. "The Saracens used to ravage the coast, you know. That's the reason for all the little castles you see up against the hills. It's such an old world—Greece, Rome, Venice. Did you ever see such clouds, piled up like mountains of silver?" She stopped, moved a little away from his troubling proximity. "Ted, tell me about yourself—I do want to know."

"You've heard nothing?"

"Rumors."

"I don't know that I want to tell you, Jean," he said in a low voice, and as he saw her put her hand quickly to her throat, he added: "I've come to the point where I've got to make my own decisions, you know."

"And you're afraid I may influence you?"

"I'm afraid that's it."

Her impulse was to turn to him, to lay her hand on his arm, to know the shaggy feel of his coat, but she controlled herself.

"Oh, Ted, I have made such awful mistakes!"

"Yes, Jinny."

He said it so gravely, with such conviction, that although he was but answering her thought, she looked up at him in dismay.

"That is true, Jinny," he said, meeting her eyes. "You have been wrong, terribly wrong."

"You have a right to feel very bitter," she said faintly.

He shook his head.

"No, dear. There has been only one love in my life. My feeling for you has been loyal and unquestioning." His voice was so gentle that every fiber in her body thrilled with the return of exquisite certainty. "But you have sacrificed me, Jinny, for a sentimental point of view: your own obsession against divorce."

"Oh, yes, I have hurt you! I know it."

Her eyes grew misty.

"We are going to divorce." He said it hastily. "I came here to settle the details."

"If I told you you are right?"

"You mean it?"

"Yes."

"I thought the question of the child—"

"Especially on account of the child. Keep her, Ted, whatever happens."

He crossed his arms, drew a long breath.

"I'm going to have her, don't worry."

"She'll consent?"

"For money—yes."

"Ted!"

"I'm offering her half a million to give me Celia and give up my name. The governor, bless him, is back of me. I don't want her dragging my name through the scum of Europe. Look here—tell me the truth: I've heard nothing but dirty gossip ever since I got here. Is there anything between Kitty and—and your husband?"

"Ted, I'm sure there's not."

"Is she his mistress?" he said sternly.

"I'm sure she's not."

"Well, I'm not so sure. She'd do it to hurt us both. We had a rotten scene in Paris about you. What about these gambling stories? She's been losing heavily, hasn't she?"

"I don't know."

"You do know, Jean. Has your husband been supplying her with money as they say?"

"He's loaned her some, but I told him to."

"Jinny, you're hiding something from me."

In terror she lied: "I'm not." *(Continued on page 142)*

Illustrated by
Harry Lees

As has often been said, no man writing in America can pack more of human experience and a deeper revelation of human character in the length of a newspaper column than Ben Hecht when he sets out to tell a story within that compass. Here and now he has done it again.



The back-stage sneered at the sight of Sweetheart and his new victim.

"Phony"

By

Ben Hecht

IN the newspapers, which must always be careful of libel-suits, Gabe Sanders figured as a Man About Town—a personage to be included in all lists of personages attending Big Fights, Important Premières and Reception Committees representing His Honor the Mayor.

The back-stage of Broadway, which doesn't have to be careful of anything but its cues, had a gaudier name for Mr. Sanders. It called him Sweetheart. Spoken back-stage, this word contains a wealth of criticism.

There is a popular superstition that Broadway is lined with diamond-flashing ogres who prowl that thoroughfare in quest of sweetness, purity and innocence to devour. Curiously, this inflamed notion thrives chiefly in the bosoms of hinterland Isaiahs who have never seen Broadway, and in the bosoms of wise-cracking and cynical sybarites who have never seen anything but Broadway. And this is very likely because distance lends enchantment—or at least lurid coloring—not only to sin but to sweetness, purity and innocence no less. Just as the "sticks" are always ready to supply full-length and remarkable portraits of a Beelzebub they have never seen, so the back-stage of Broadway approaches the legend from the other direction. It does not shudder over the devil, but it will weep over the full-length and remarkable portraits of the Little Lost Sister, the Goldilocks whom the Big City is always despoiling of all-that-makes-life-worth-while.

It is the prevalence of this double myth that makes it difficult to tell the unadorned story of Gabe Sanders. Strangers in town, to whom Gabe was always being pointed out, were quick to identify him as a henchman of Satan. He looked the part, for was he not glittering with precious stones, redolent of perfumes and swimming in an aura of champagne, flashing shoulders, noisy laughter and obsequious head-waiters? And in the same manner the back-stage was equally quick to identify any strange, pretty face seen at his side as a Victim—another sacrifice to the insatiable and unscrupulous appetite of Sweetheart Sanders.

The truth was neither one thing nor the other. Sanders was a product of his day, his surroundings and perhaps his opportunities. He loved life, not as a philosopher but as a sensualist. He loved to fling money away, to surround himself with a continuous carnival, and women were the major part of his woozy dreams. He was not a mean man, nor even an unkind one. Like most inordinate sensualists, he was merely somewhat callous to things not a part of his life. And for this reason the back-stage of Broadway grew to deride and finally to abominate Gabe Sanders. He was too much of a realist. He refused

to admit, even under the influence of innumerable bottles of wine, that the women about him were any better than he, that there was any other side to their natures than the grasping, greedy, sensual side they must turn to him—in order to be admired by him.

At forty-five Gabe Sanders began to be aware of an attitude toward him, and a great revulsion overcame him toward his little world. He had squandered a fortune, brought life and gayety into the lives of hundreds—and what was his reward? Women openly sneered at him. Men showed him no respect. His little parties, which had once been a rallying point of Broadway's giddiest and fanciest, had degenerated into dull drinking-bouts.

It was around this time that Ruby Walker appeared in his life. In what manner the appearance was managed nobody quite knew. The news began to be bruited about that Sweetheart had a new girl—a shy and innocent little thing who was studying vocal. Mr. Sanders' little world waxed indignant. As if he hadn't lured enough girls to their ruin! As if enough sweetness and purity had not been sacrificed to his rapacity!

Sweetheart heard and grinned. In his heart he felt he had put one over on his little world—which had been so quick to consign him to the title of Has-been. They thought he was through, eh? And that he couldn't pick off something fresh and blooming as in his yesterdays? "Read 'em and weep," said Sweetheart, and he paraded Ruby Walker through the night-clubs, premières, and Important Gatherings.

How sweet, pure and innocent Ruby was before she fell into the clutches of Mr. Sanders is a difficult conjecture. Suffice that she looked, and what is more important acted, as if she had just stepped out of a village choir. She was demure, sincere, beautiful and unspoiled to behold, and Mr. Sanders found himself growing interested. And for the first time in his career Mr. Sanders began to look on a woman as something other than a trophy. Perhaps it was his advancing age, or it may have been merely reaction—reaction against the little gaudy world that was repudiating him and to which he had contributed so much.

At any rate an emotion burrowed through the puffy flesh and case-hardened soul of Broadway's Sweetheart. What excited Mr. Sanders most was Ruby's attitude toward him. She treated him as if he were a human being—in fact, as if he were a gentleman. She was kind and grateful, and after Mr. Sanders had secured her a part—an important singing part in one of the Street's girly shows—she still remained as she had been. This was not in the cards as Mr. Sanders knew them.

It was then that Mr. Sanders began to wish he had all his money back—all the bushels of gold he had thrown away so capriciously upon fools and ingrates. He would have liked to shower Ruby Walker with gifts, to have appeared each evening at her apartment with new evidences of his love. But Broadway's back-stage had eaten through its Sweetheart's granaries. He started in valiantly juggling the remains of his capital on Wall street. The breaks were bad.

ON the night that Ruby Walker told him she intended going to Paris to finish her musical training Mr. Sanders made up his mind. It was obvious what was happening—to him. She was walking out on him because— Well, Sweetheart arrived the next night with a diamond brooch. It had set him back fifteen dollars. He presented it in a Cartier's purple-lined, gold-edged jewel-box. It was the first phony he had ever palmed off—and to have to palm it off on Ruby! He winced inside. He would have liked to tell her. But deep in his heart Mr. Sanders knew that all women were the same—and that there was only one way of keeping them.

Three days later it was a flashing diamond pendant that Mr. Sanders uncovered for Ruby. This had set him back another twenty dollars. And so it went on for two more months. The back-stage sneered and grew wroth at the sight of Sweetheart and his new victim—the victim now laden with gems, the price of her sweetness, innocence and purity flaunting itself in the eyes of this little world—said the back-stage.

And then Mr. Sanders experienced a shock. Ruby was actually preparing for Paris. She had saved up enough money out of what he had given her and what she had earned. And she was taking herself off. She spoke one night to Mr. Sanders of her career and of how grateful she was for all he had done for her, and two days later he accompanied her to Pier Number Thirty-one and eventually the boat moved away.

Mr. Sanders didn't quite know what his genuine emotions were when he returned to his apartment. Prominent in his thoughts was the fact that he couldn't pay the rent due next week.

THIS, in a sense, was the end of Gabe Sanders. Broadway's ogres come and go. And Gabe Sanders startled nobody by vanishing. A year later found him still telephoning ex-cronies in quest of employment. Two years found him a bit less optimistic and playing the bucket shops. Four years, and he was gone—at least beyond the vision of even the lowliest who had known him in his heyday.

He had, however, managed to keep his head slightly above the last limbo of disaster, which is the Bowery flop. A job taking tickets at the door of an East Side vaudeville and burlesque house—taking tickets and doing odd jobs around the premises when the janitor was off on a spree—this job netted him a sufficient income for a hall bedroom, two cafeteria meals a day and a change of linen every month.

Here Gabe Sanders, turning fifty, worked, lived and pondered upon the whims of fortune. Alone in his barren little room he bethought him of the ingratitude of man and woman. Not a hand had reached out to him; not one of those greedy hands which he had loaded with jewels had come to him with even so much as a how-do-you-do! But in the bitterness of his heart there was some philosophy. Ingratitude, forgetfulness—these were part of the game. They lay in the cards. It was Ruby of whom he had expected something else.

He thought of her as he lay shivering through winter nights under cotton blankets. She was singing in London—fêted, successful, rich. And he had given her her start, not cynically as with the others, but honestly, adoringly. Tears filled the rheumy eyes of Broadway's ex-sweetheart, and his soul flooding with self-pity decided that the world was like this—that they were all alike, that there was no use in thinking of or regretting the past. It had been and gone. They had called him Sweetheart, fleeced him, sneered at him and thrown him away. An ogre indeed!

BUT Gabe Sanders hadn't yet become the philosopher he was to become. Not until one night in the sixth year of his oblivion did the real meaning of life come to Mr. Sanders.

On this night Gabe Sanders, who was now known as old man Gabe around the frowsy burlesque house where he functioned, on this night old man Gabe came into his chilly little room and found a package and a letter lying on his unmade bed. The housekeeper had put them there.

Gabe read his name on the letter, and a weakness filled his heart. *"Mr. Gabriel G. Sanders,"* it was written. With fumbling fingers Mr. Gabriel G. Sanders opened this letter and read:

"Dear Gabe:

"I was shocked to death to hear the other day of your numerous misfortunes. Believe me, it never occurrred to me in all these years that anything like that could have happened to you. I've been so selfishly busy singing and getting ahead and singing some more. I wonder if you can forgive me and believe that I am not as selfish and ungrateful as it seems I have been. I have often thought of you and remembered all the nice things you did for me, when I needed them most. There is no use going into that, of course. We change, all of us, and what has been, has been. But please, Gabe, forgive me for what must have struck you as terrible ingratitude, and please accept the little box and its contents. I suppose I shouldn't just have mailed it as I did. But I have grown rather irresponsible since you knew me—and somehow I feel certain it will reach you all right. With kindest wishes and memories, I remain,

"Ruby Walker."

Gabe Sanders read the letter until he could no longer see its writing through his tears. Then he tremblingly opened the "little box." It was full of other little boxes, purple-lined and gold-edged little boxes, and in them glittered the paste brooch, the paste pendant, the handful of paste diamonds which long ago he had bestowed upon the one woman he had ever loved. And at the bottom of the package was a card on which was scribbled the words:

"Gabe, please don't feel embarrassed about accepting these—they are really yours. —R."

And it was on this night that old man Gabe became a philosopher. Shivering on the edge of his bed, staring at the heap of worthless little pieces of glass and paste in his hands, neither anger nor chagrin overcame him.

"Phony," he whispered, over and over again. "Phony—"

And somehow, mysteriously, in a way he couldn't explain, it seemed to Gabe Sanders that he had been paid back in kind, though Ruby would never know.

JOHN V. A. WEAVER

Thousands have read Mr. Weaver's illuminating poems in the vernacular—poems in Americanese, as he calls them. Few, however, are familiar with his prose fiction. For an early issue he has written a sketch you will read in five minutes and remember five years—a sketch as lovely as its title, which is,

"MOONLIGHT ALL THE WAY"

PURÉE OF SNOW-WHITE CELERY!

Blended with golden country butter and delicate seasoning. A treat

IN CHOOSING your soups from day to day, Campbell's Celery Soup is certain to appeal to you as an ideal family dish. . . . It is the rich, smooth puree of selected celery—crisp, snow-white and inviting. Like all that goes to the making of the famous Campbell's Soups, this celery must meet the most rigid standards for finest quality.

Such celery as you would be proud to pass about your own table. With it are blended golden, fresh country butter and the most delicate and appetizing of seasoning, "touched in" by the deft hands of Campbell's French chefs. The result is such a soup as you like to linger over—so perfect is its flavor, so satisfying is its generous vegetable nourishment.



Now here's the sign of feeling fine,
Gay and spry and snappy.
With soup inside you hit your stride—
It keeps you strong and happy.

And if this Celery Soup is a treat to your appetite—as it surely is—think of the extra enjoyment you get eating it as a Cream of Celery Soup! For the family this provides wholesome food in even greater store. And when you entertain, it is the happiest of selections for your luncheon or dinner party. Unless you have prepared it with Campbell's, you've no idea how easily and quickly it is done, according to the simple directions on the label.

To mothers especially we wish to give this message. . . . In such a carefully made vegetable puree as Campbell's Celery Soup, the valuable mineral salts abound. They are necessary to the proper growth of your children. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE MORAL REVOLT

(Continued from page 51)

the right way to solve your difficulties. But that is past now; there is a little third party involved here, and three people need my help."

"I could have got out of it for fifty dollars," he observed, "by taking Sarah to a doctor I know about, but I just couldn't think of persuading her to do anything like that, though we discussed it just as soon as she was sure, for she said she knew we'd both be ruined."

"I'm glad of that," I said heartily. "You're a brick, my boy, and so is Sarah, to face your difficulties in the only decent way. You'll come out all right."

Then I married them; and I arranged the dates on the license and certificate as I had promised. This covered up their violation of the conventions, and served the legal purpose for which licenses and certificates are intended.

I AM aware that this will be shocking news to many persons who already disapprove of me as an encourager of immorality; but if these blessed young people are to be pulled out of their scrapes, and if illegitimate babies are to be protected from our silly social taboos, this is sometimes the only way such situations can well be met.

The point for the protection of helpless little children is unanswerable, whatever might be argued against helping the parents. Personally I believe in helping both the child and its parents, and starting them off with a clean slate; but obviously helping the child means helping its parents. Help refused to the parents is help refused to their child. It is, in fact, a direct blow at the child—a blow which the laws of Colorado mercifully provide against. Another legal factor, also existing, so far, only in Colorado, which enters into this situation and warrants the protecting and aiding of parents in such cases, is the Redemption of Offenders Act, concerning which I shall have something to say later.

Never shall I forget the happiness of that girl and the smiling satisfaction of her husband. They joyfully came to see me after that many times. Later I had a talk with Sarah's mother, who, like all such mothers I have dealt with, proved ready enough to back up her daughter as soon as the first shock was over—and how often have I acted as an "absorber" to that shock!

Following the marriage, and sharing our confidences with Sarah's mother, it was decided that the boy and girl should for a time continue as usual in their respective homes—the marriage remaining a secret. But later with approaching maternity and the hope that it would soften her father, it would be announced that Sarah and Jack had eloped, and the Reverend Mr. Nichols was to be overwhelmed with the glad tidings. During this time the reverend gentleman had been away on one of his soul-saving crusades in mountain and plains towns where there was mining or boring for oil.

By the time he returned, Sarah's condition did not escape her father, and his attitude was not at all reassuring. It filled Sarah and her mother with the dread they were hoping to avoid, even though they were armed with all the conventional credentials that ordinarily called for the conventional forgiveness and that should justify his "Bless you, my children." Instead of anything so consoling, the Reverend Nichols acted badly. He scowled about the house for a few hours and then began to ask questions which threw Sarah into a panic of fear. Mrs. Nichols attempted her rescue and tried to explain matters. That brought out the fact of the marriage, that he was assured had taken place secretly, several months previously. It also brought out the declaration of Sarah's approaching motherhood—volunteered by Sarah in her hope that it would soften him toward her. Instead he went into a rage.

He marched furiously up and down the room, and demanded to know who had infringed upon his parental authority and married his daughter without his consent.

Sarah told me later that to protect me, she had intended to tell him that she had lied to me about her age, and passed herself off for eighteen, but in her panic forgot it. She told him I had made the marriage, and explained that she and Jack had taken this course because they knew both families would oppose the match. "And so, Father, when Jack and I couldn't stand it any longer, we went to Judge Lindsey and got married."

"What right did he have to marry you?" he thundered. "Didn't he know you were my daughter? Why, you're nothing but a child. Your looks show it. Didn't he know it?"

"Oh, yes," she cried, "but he married us just the same."

And then the fat was in the fire. That afternoon, while I was out, the Reverend Mr. Nichols came tearing into my chambers. He paced up and down, demanding: "Where is the Judge?"

When he found I was out, he began speaking his mind.

This Juvenile Court business, he said, was going entirely too far. He had heard we had done things that were simply scandalous, and now he had the evidence of it in his own family; and I would have to account to him for my conduct. He was in such a rage that one of the women officers told me later she at first thought of calling in an officer to subdue him. He waited around for some time, and as I did not show up, finally went away, saying he would return.

The next day Sarah came to see me, much disturbed. She told me of her interview with her father. When she had told him of her expectancy he accused her of having had to get married, and of having committed "the supreme sin—the supreme sin," and other nonsense that to his way of thinking seemed axiomatic.

"Don't you tell him anything about the 'supreme sin,'" I warned. "You tell him you ran away and got married because you wanted to, and that I married you."

"I did," she said. "And I showed him the marriage certificate; and of course, thanks to you, Judge, if he looks up the license, that will correspond to it. But I'm awfully afraid of him; and if he ever did find out, he might do something dreadful. Just now he's restrained by that certificate. The dates are all right and my baby will be born just as it should be." She paused. "Judge, I wonder if I hadn't better tell you the truth about my father. He hasn't a bit of right to be indignant about me, and my sins are really none of his business. You know, Mother hasn't gotten along with him very well for a long time. He is ugly to her most of the time, and doesn't treat her right. He is always sneering and finding fault with her housekeeping. They have had separate rooms for a long time.

"One time when he was out soul-saving he met a girl who came to the meeting, brought there by somebody. He got interested in her soul. He wanted to save her. And he used to talk to her, looking into her eyes, and holding her hand and stroking it. He took a fatherly attitude toward her, and I am sure he didn't himself realize what was going on inside of him, and that he'd have been horrified if he had known.

"He told Mother this girl had a beautiful soul, and that he was going to get her out of the clutches of certain influences in the town where he met her, and that he wanted to bring her home to live with us for a while.

"Mother, who never opposed him in anything, said, 'All right,' of course, and Mary came. That was her name—Mary. She was a funny kind of girl. She got all worked up by Father's talking and praying over her, and she said she was a Magdalene, and that she was terribly worried about the men whom she had helped lose their souls and that she wondered if she couldn't recover and save *their* souls as well as her own. And then she and Father would pray. Sometimes they prayed down in the living-room, right before all of us. It made me feel ashamed. And sometimes they prayed in her room on their knees by her bed—with the door open; and you could hear Father praying all over the house, and Mary sobbing.

"All this time he was awfully cross to Mother, but she put up with it and said nothing. I tried to treat Mary decently even though the whole business made me sick. I began to hate the thing he called religion.

"One night Mother was away. She had gone to nurse her sister, who was sick. It was a hot, sultry night in summer. I got up to go to the bathroom for a drink of water, and not wanting to disturb Father, I went carefully along the hall on tiptoe. As I passed Father's door, I saw he was not in his room. Then I came to Mary's room. The moon was shining bright—and—oh, Judge—Father was there. I didn't want to tell you, Judge, but— Well, I stopped stock still. I could hardly believe that it was actually Father. Well, I guess it was the shock of it; at any rate I made a noise, and Father turned his head and saw me. I ran back to my room and shut the door, and sat on the edge of my bed shivering, though the night was stifling hot.

"PRETTY soon came a knock, and Father came in. Down the hall I could hear Mary, laughing just like a fiend, or a demon, or a mad person—I don't know which. And Father himself acted as if he were mad. He knelt down by the bed and began to pray for forgiveness. He asked God if he should not kill himself. Would that make up for his sin? No, he couldn't do that, for then he'd go right to hell! His eyes had a wild light in them; and I was so sorry for him that I just put my arms around him and talked to him and tried to quiet him. All the time I could hear Mary laughing.

"Father said he was going to kill himself; that he might as well, now that he had killed his soul. He said he had been sinning with Mary in his heart for a long time; and that he couldn't keep his thoughts down; and that he hadn't been himself; and that all the praying he had been doing just seemed to bring him closer and closer to Mary. 'Am I myself?' he asked, looking at me like a maniac. 'Am I your father? Don't you think I'm some one else? Your father couldn't do such a thing! Who am I?'

"Well, I felt that I must quiet him somehow. And I told him not to worry, and that I'd never tell Mother.

"And he said, very pitifully: 'Oh, Sarah, you will never tell her?'

"'Father,' I said, 'there is no sense in your taking on this way. You are always telling how the Lord forgives other sinners, and surely He will forgive you.'

"At last I got him quieted down, and back to his room. But all that night I heard him stirring about the house, and pacing the floor. Mary had shut her door, and there was no more from her. I didn't have any ill will toward her. I don't think she expected any such conduct from Father. The next morning she walked out of the house with her satchel, and I've never seen her since.

"I had to lie to Mother to account for her departure, because Father acted so funny when she asked questions. I took all the

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this soap leads all others in popularity for the care of the skin



That last lingering look in the mirror—does it show a skin clear, smooth, radiant with fresh beauty?

YOUNG society girls of eleven American cities, asked what soap they use for their skin, replied overwhelmingly, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

From luxurious, jazz-loving New York to straight-laced Philadelphia—from Boston, aristocratic and highbrow, to lovely, romantic Baltimore, Nashville, New Orleans—the answer was the same.

In New York, Woodbury's is nearly three times as popular among society debutantes as any other toilet soap.

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A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

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Send for the new large-size trial set!

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For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1707 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

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blame, explaining that I had lost patience with Mary, and that she had left in a huff at me, and that I thought it a good riddance.

"But Judge, I'll never forget the way that girl laughed that night. I sort of got the feeling that she was—well—disillusioned, you know. I guess she'd thought Father wasn't like other men. He had been awfully strict with himself, I suppose; and he must have had it boiling around inside of him, and the temptation was too much for him. I've done a lot of thinking about it and that's the way I figure it. You see, something had to break, either his temper and his nerves, or else his morals. Mostly it'd been temper and nerves. I've talked about it with Jack a good deal, and he thinks that was the way of it, and that Father wasn't really to blame.

"But with all that having happened, wouldn't you think I ought to be able to go to him in a matter like this affair with Jack and tell him the truth? The fact is he's so used to being a hypocrite about sex that he believes his own lies. It's strange my situation hasn't reminded him of Mary and of the consideration I showed him—but it doesn't seem to."

"Remind him yourself," I said. "That's the solution of your problem, Sarah. Talk to him privately. Tell him you have heard all about the exhibition he made of himself in this court, and about the threats he made; and then say to him: 'Father, surely I'm not the only sinner in our family; and you always preach that the Lord forgives sinners. You say I must have done wrong or something to have had the Judge marry me, though you know perfectly well that he marries scores and scores of people, and it means nothing at all when one does get married by him. Now let me tell you this: He married me. Here is the certificate, and you can go and look at the license, and you will find the dates correspond, and that I'll have my baby when I should have it and not before. I haven't any more to say about it than that, Father, and I don't think you should. Father, do you remember Mary?'

"Now," I finished, "you just recall that to him, and remind him how you stood by him, and how he got over his 'sin,' as I suppose he calls the thing that happened to him; and make an appeal to his generosity and his common sense on that basis. Do it without threats or any hint of holding a club over his head. Don't make him feel that his secret is not safe with you whatever he does; and don't frighten him or hurt him, or make him feel that you reproach or judge him. Let him create his own attitude of mind out of the materials at hand. Remember that he is as much a helpless victim of superstition as you are—though in a different way."

JUST a few days later Sarah came back, wildly happy. "Father has changed altogether," she announced the instant we were alone. "He said to me: 'Don't ever mention Mary to me again. The thought of her makes me sick at heart, and ashamed. But I see what a trap it was, Sarah. I just didn't know what I was getting into when I tried to deal with Mary. As for you, I feel differently. I've had a chance to think. I see the Judge has helped you in the only way he could. You and Jack can do whatever you like so far as I am concerned. But please forget about Mary.'

"'Father,' I said, 'I know God has forgiven you if you have sinned; and I think that if I have committed any sin, He will forgive me. I am sorry I displeased you. And now, you are going to be nicer and kinder to Mother than you have been, aren't you?'

"'I didn't mean to be anything else,' he said. 'I guess it's been nervousness. But I'll do better.'

"And Judge, he is trying, I think. He isn't really unkind at heart; but there must have been something out of order inside of him—don't you think so? It showed itself in that affair with Mary. And oh, Judge, I'm so sorry for him; because after my experience with Jack, I know what it all means. Only our case is different, because Jack and I are not reproaching ourselves. We had decided that since we love each other we had a right to be all we chose to each other; and that so long as we didn't have a baby, it was nobody's business but our own. But Father has always believed and taught that it *was* everybody's business, whether there was a baby or not. The trouble with us was that we didn't take the right means not to have a baby. But now I'm glad we didn't, and I'm so happy that I got onto the street-car this morning singing to myself; and the conductor heard me and laughed—and I laughed too. Why, Judge, I wouldn't give my baby up for anything. Even now, before it's born, I don't see how I ever lived without it. A thing so wonderful can't be wrong."

"No, Sarah," I answered, "it isn't wrong—but you went at it the wrong way as decreed by society, my dear child. It might have been terribly unfortunate if there had been no one to come to who understood you, and dealt with you as I did, or had there been no way to provide for your baby. That would have been the case in most States. In Colorado, you see, we have several ways of doing that. For instance, I have more applications from people who want to adopt babies than there are babies to adopt. But in most States little is provided for looking after the interests of such children; and society, instead of blaming its own stupidity, blames the mothers, and brands the children as illegitimate and thus encourages child murder. There is no such thing, Sarah, as an illegitimate child. All States will some day so decide. By helping you and Jack in this matter I have made possible the creation of a good, socially productive, socially valuable home. Yet my enemies insist that the work I am doing encourages immorality and 'strikes at the very foundations of the home.' What do *you* think about it, Sarah?"

AND now, on the basis of the facts I have just related, let us return to a consideration of chastity, and what it is *not*. In the Nichols home they followed the prescription recommended by my correspondent who was brought up in a God-fearing home where sex was not much discussed, and where they set a sentinel at the door of their thoughts; a typical American home, in other words, where they tell you, if you ask them, that they still believe in chastity and haven't much use for people who don't.

They call it chastity, because in this country that is largely what chastity is. We have succeeded remarkably well in creating this purity veneer, this lid clamped-down over whatever devil's broth may be simmering underneath, under an unguessable, pent power of steam. It is easier to create that kind of surface chastity than it is to create a real chastity, sweet and sound and happy to the core.

For a real chastity is a state of mind, a way, not of forgoing love, but of evaluating it. Such chastity is not easily to be had. It is a product of culture and freedom; and it is not necessarily in agreement with our prevailing sex traditions. As judged by those traditions it may even appear unchaste. For mere conformity to a prescribed code, *real* chastity substitutes moral responsibility, common sense, good judgment, and a sincere desire to respect other people's rights. It would base sex conduct on ethics, not on a compulsory morality which has never heard of ethics and which cares nothing for what is genuine in conduct.

Unfortunately we Americans are creatures of law. We decide nothing for ourselves. We have a law for almost everything. That is why we lack the poise which is necessary for the free conduct of our personal affairs without anarchy and license. We are as unreliable, and as unstable, in matters of sex freedom as was the Reverend Joseph Nichols when he was confronted by a real temptation —or as was the missionary in "Rain." That's the natural result of carrying your arm, or your mental nature, in a sling of sheltering tradition.

Our conventions prescribe a technical chastity, and are satisfied with that; and the consequence is that we don't recognize genuine chastity when we see it, unless it happens to have the conventional earmarks. Lacking those it simply isn't chastity—whether it be chaste in reality or not. Thus it happens that I am continually coming into contact with instances of sex conduct which, while beyond the pale of conventional respectability, are nevertheless genuinely chaste.

We make of chastity a physical rather than a spiritual condition. A physical chastity is all that society or the church demands as the condition of respectability. It doesn't matter how rotten you may be inside. You may be saturated with a sex obsession for twenty-four hours of a day; you may harbor constantly the thoughts that wither and destroy; you may be possessed by devils of repression that are wrecking you, body and soul. But be sure you retain your mask intact! Contrive to be a whited sepulcher and you can get by, no matter how rotten you may be inside. You will be respectable; society will recognize and receive you; "pure" women will not draw their skirts aside as you pass; and you on your part will socially recognize and receive all who maintain *their* masks intact. This, not the wild and ill-advised rebellions against convention that are done in the open, is what is the matter with us. It is this internal lack of straight thinking and wholesome feeling that wrecks us. Virtue is a happy condition, but there is nothing virtuous about this. It is as unwholesome as any other kind of moral leprosy.

I AM not saying that a technical, conventional chastity has no place. I am merely saying that we have made that kind of chastity into an overrated virtue, on which we insist in season and out. We lug it in by the ears even when it is clearly out of place, and preposterously unsuited to the existing circumstances. We use no reason or common sense in dealing with this thing. Chastity is not a specified, ready-made variety of conduct; it is a state of mind and heart. By the same token unchastity is a condition of the mind and heart, not a mere departure from some prescribed line of sex conduct. Sex relations in marriage, for instance, may be, and often are, unchaste—in the absence of love—though technically they are always "chaste."

What I have frequently discovered about "chaste" people is that continence has not necessarily had the effect of ennobling or purifying their characters, as it is supposed to do, but that it has, on the contrary, often resulted in diseased attitudes of mind toward sex, and in obsessions, to such a degree that such persons

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read sex into everything, and have it always present in their consciousness. They read their prurience into everything.

Such persons are unchaste, however consistently they may cling to a technical chastity, or however they may, if unmarried, remain continent; for continence and chastity are not the same thing. The minds of such persons are too often a hotbed, a breeding ground, of exaggerated, base, even perverted desire. Sex perversions and obsessions spring from such states of mind—chastity, never!

In other words, our conventional conception of chastity as mere continence is a lie; it is a morbid substitute for a sex life which ought to be clean-cut, happy and healthy—a wholesome condition of the mind and heart, with plenty of room in it for clean desire, cleanly expressing itself. Real goodness does not make people unhappy, though we have a puritanical notion that it does, and that if it doesn't, it can't be goodness. Real chastity, likewise, does not make people unhappy; it makes them happy. Such chastity is the sanity of sex; it is not the death, extinction or needless and stupid repression of sex. It is a reasonable expression of sex; and its legitimate bounds are far wider, in my opinion, than anything provided for in our present marriage conventions.

Of course this means that it does have bounds; and I think those bounds are readily definable, though they vary with individuals and with the circumstances. What determines those bounds is the educated conscience and common sense of the individual. I am unable to see that the fact that some persons lack conscience and common sense alters the situation. Society develops such qualities by having the opportunity to exercise them. To get anywhere with human affairs, you have to trust people—and educate them, of course.

I have already expressed my dissent from the doctrines of free love; but I am equally clear that I must express dissent from the opposite extreme of continence prescribed by our present sex code. I think the companionate marriage, which I have already fully discussed, would be a reasonable compromise with our present conventions and with our present want of education and self-control in these matters of sex conduct. If such a code were once established, further freedom in this direction might become practicable without injury to society and without any departure from sound ethics.

In a theoretically perfect condition of society, restraints of any kind would not be needed, because everybody would do right, and everybody would follow his own desires only to the point where gratification of such desires would work no injury on others. But such a state as that is so far in the indefinite future that we may restrict ourselves here to pointing it out as a philosophical ideal. In the meantime we can work toward it, and are working toward it; and that is the reason for this revolt and these changes that are taking place in our sex code today.

It is a terrible fate that has come upon mankind that the things it pronounces good and virtuous should so often be evil. And there are few evils more malignant than the stupid fraud, the conventional veneer, to which we wrongfully and almost blasphemously give the name of chastity.

THERE is nothing new about all this. I am continually startled by the evidences that come to me that thousands of persons are groping their way, both by instinct and by efforts to think things out, toward some sounder and more sincere and adequate principle of sex conduct than they have found in received tradition. That this is the case among the younger generation is evident; that it is equally true of the older generation is also evident, though not openly so. The older generation is merely more discreet about putting itself on record.

I have in mind a man whose name is well known in Denver, and who, in his profession, is nationally known. He is a churchman and highly respected by the clergy that have no conception of his real thoughts. He could not "afford" to give expression publicly to what I am here permitted to record for him. He told me that he had radically altered his conception of what he wanted his daughter to think and feel about sex, and that he had told her so.

"I would prefer for her to have whatever sex experience she has, in marriage," he said, "—not because I'm concerned about the morality of it, but because I consider it safer, in view of the way society treats people who break with the conventions. But if she were to remain unmarried, I should consider it a capital misfortune if she should let that interfere with her right, as a woman, to live out her sex life.

"My wife and I grew up with the old-fashioned notions, and when Isabel began to feel the pull of this younger-generation stuff, we went right up in the air. But being confronted with the situation, we set ourselves to think it through.

"You know the old argument: Chastity is the chief of all the social virtues because the virility of a nation depends on the chastity of its women. Chastity, according to this way of reasoning, is a form of loyalty to the race, and is obligatory for that reason. Few persons have any doubt, I suppose, that unchastity strikes at the foundations of the home, and therefore at the very roots of national and racial life.

"Well, in a sense all that is undoubtedly true; but it depends on how you define chastity. We've made a catchword of it, and it needs to be made definite. I have known some wonderful women, for instance—and I know you have—who were not continent, and not conventionally pure, but who were capable of producing virile and wonderful progeny. They made good wives and mothers. There was nothing degenerate about them. And from what you tell me of the girls who come to you, it would be nonsense to lump them as degenerates, weaklings, morons or even 'bad.'"

I laughed. "One of the most brilliant girls I ever dealt with," I told him, "took high honors in sociology in one of our greatest State universities. She had just borne an 'illegitimate' child when she entered the class in sociology, and one of the first things she did was to listen to a lecture by a learned professor who assured the class that the mothers of illegitimate children were nearly all defectives, subnormal mentally and physically. Most of the girls I deal with who 'go wrong' are above the average in beauty, brains and intelligence. They seldom, if ever, get into difficulties or get into the courts. It is the 'defective' type who mostly get into court procedures. This is, in part, responsible for her teacher's ignorance. But go on with your story."

He nodded. "High-spirited, wild as a young hawk, overflowing with life, mature for her years—that's my daughter.

"Well, this is the way I look at it: In the first place, there's a chemistry of sex, a chemistry of love, if you will. That's something that wasn't known in the old days, but we are hearing much about it recently.

"Now, evidently, a factor like that simply *is*. You can't do away with it by denying it or bottling it up or laying it to original sin. It can no more be ignored than any other fact in nature. It must be recognized and utilized sanely. But in that case where do these doctrines about the benefits and beauties of continence come in? If it means anything, it means that continence is not natural, and that this is why something instinctive within us fights it.

"I have talked to a lot of old-time doctors, conservative medical men, about this, and most of them officially take the stand that continence is beneficial, or at least harmless. I don't see them practicing their own theories, however. They are like other men; and when you find a man, doctor or layman, who has been absolutely continent before marriage, you've found a rare bird. I'll wager it would be something like one-tenth of one per cent, or somewhere near it.

"NOW," he added, "I figure it about like this: The best way to keep sex from getting possession of youngsters is to keep them busy; of course the same thing applies to their elders too. Get them interested in other things and use up as much of this flood of sex energy as possible that way. That's what I tell my daughter.

"'Sublimation,' the psycho-analysts call it. My girl is in a school I have picked with that in mind. She has plenty to do, and she's interested in doing it. If I had a boy, I'd keep him busy the same way. That is one of the most important uses of athletics for boys and girls. Keep them busy, and you've found a way to utilize the sex hormones in ways that are natural, beneficial and productive. A lot of the girls and boys who come to you in trouble have not had that kind of guidance, and they've had time to get into mischief. Isn't that so?"

"It is," I agreed.

"Now, that takes care of a major part of the problem, doesn't it?"

"But not all of it."

"No—by no means. That's where these sublimationists miss their step. They think you can sublimate the whole business. As I figure it, there is so much hormone that no matter how you keep these kids on the jump, there's always a surplus of sex energy left over—not only in adolescence but in later life. That's why I think this talk about sublimation as a means to absolute continence is fallacious.

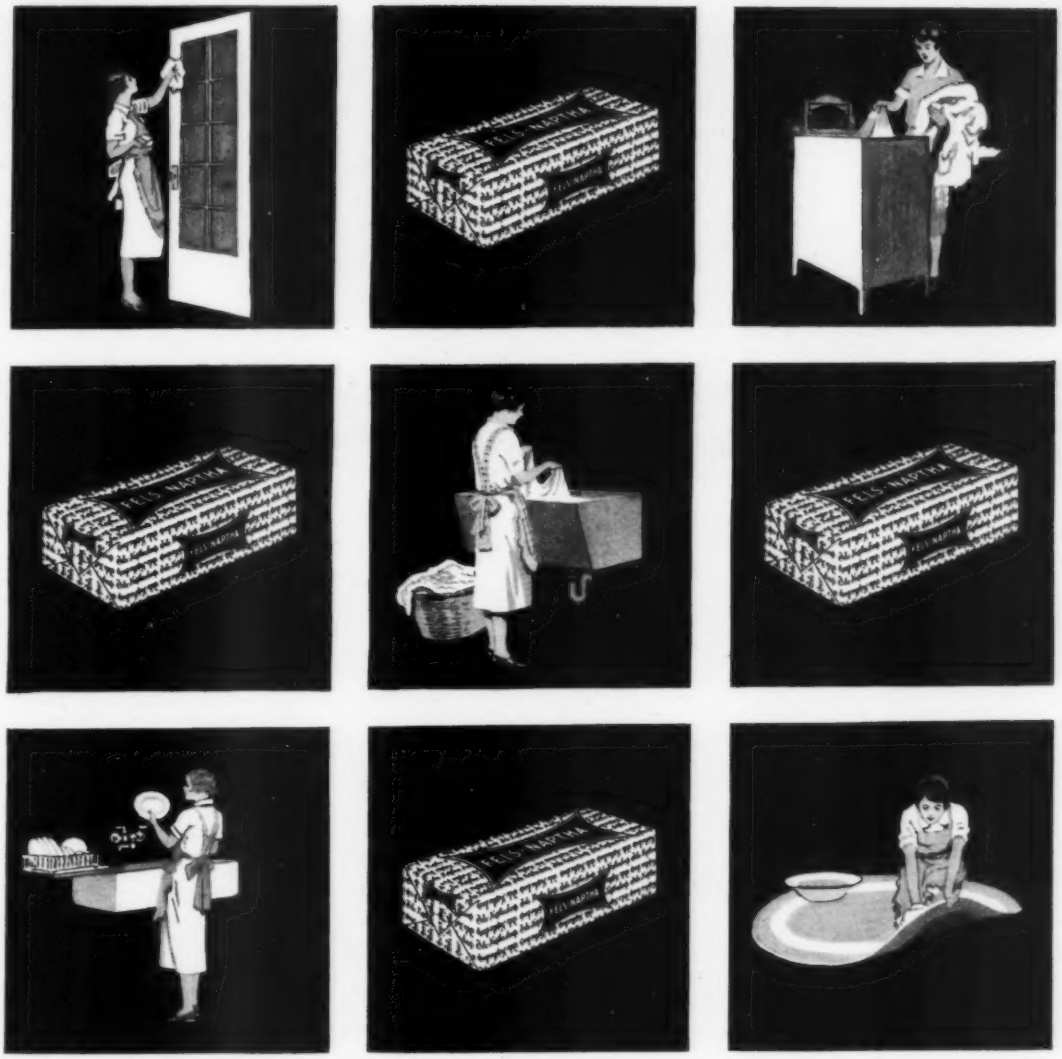
"I know women who have never married, and who ought to—who need marriage badly. They have the notion that they have sublimated all the sex they've got in feminist careers. But I've concluded with respect to such people that they either haven't got much, or else that there is an unused surplus of bottled-up sex inside of them that more than accounts for their nerves and their peculiarities. In addition, of course, they miss the companionship, the human elements, of marriage; and they lose heavily by that.

"More than that, I've concluded that many of these people who think they have sublimated their sex impulses into something they call 'higher' have really translated them into dangerous disorders and a general inability to live, think and feel right. The psycho-analysts call that 'introversion,' I believe.

"The question, then, as I see it, is what's to be done with that portion of sex energy which can't be sublimated. It seems to me that other things being equal, people can't very well be benefited by its repression, and they may be harmed if such repression be carried too far. I don't think that commands to self-control by any means meet

"THE MANICURE MYSTERY"

Elsa Barker has written up another of the cases in crime detection that have made of Detective Dexter Drake one of the most amazing characters in contemporary fiction. It will appear under the above title in an early issue.



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this issue. Most of us have too much self-control rather than too little. We are past masters in the art of sitting on ourselves, bottling ourselves up, and playing the virtuous and chaste hypocrite, no matter what our thoughts and desires may be.

"For my part, I agree with those who hold that sex repression is and always has been, one of the causes of war. Society has been a witches' caldron of sex-fantasy, secret wishes, frustrated hopes and twisted instinct. War becomes a kind of sublimation for all this. Deny love normal expression, and you transmute it into hatred. It is not for nothing that sex is identified in our speech with love, so that we use the word love to indicate the activity of sex. Think of the kindness, and the good will, and the sense of harmony with life that would come upon men and women if they could be at peace with sex and with society at one and the same time, on a saner and more workable basis of chastity than the one the past has confined us to. I don't mean that it would bring a millennium; but I do mean that it would make the kindly virtues come easier than they do, and that the forces released by such a change would not be savage forces, but the reverse. It goes without saying, of course, that any sudden plunge into such a change would be dangerous. We are not yet educated for it. It would have to be a slow growth, a natural change, such as seems to be taking place in response to changed conditions of living."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that you have laid all these cards on the table in dealing with your daughter?"

"Yes. I've done it partly with the help of books, I confess. It is hard to break through old reserves. But she and her parents have finally learned to talk about these things."

"Most persons," I observed, "would think you were running a grave risk to trust the judgment of an adolescent that far."

"Those are the counsels of fear," he said. "This takes faith. No one knows that better than you."

"I wish more people could see it," I replied.

"More *are* seeing it," he rejoined.

I WAS SO INSULTED

(Continued from page 82)

Jan. 18: Did not get any work today after going to the Super-Zenith and the Ultra-Pinnicle and the Superior-Acme. Of course while I was wasteing my time with that cheap "Allah" all the good parts were taken. That is pot luck, as the saying is.

Estella is out again, and she did not come home insulted again last night so I cannot imagine who she is with. I am sure it cannot be a man with influents. Ever since that gag-man showed he liked me she has been very cool and does not tell me things like she used to. Of course I am very glad for she used to boar me, my dear. I wonder who she can be with. I have just half a mind to take a walk and write to Avery when I get back.

LATER: Estella is in bed. How sorry I feel for poor dear Estella! I know at last what she had to put up with from that gag-man and how a man can live and insult girls like what he does I do not know. I am glad Estella and I have both found him out in time, and when it is morning and Estella is awake, I will do all in my power to be friends with her again, as us girls should never let a man, especially a gag-man, come between us.

I went out for a walk like I said, and as it seemed lighter toward the gag-man's hotel, I went that way, as my mother would be worried if she knew I was walking alone in dark streets. Well, when I saw I had happened to walk right to the front of this gag-man's hotel, I thought it would be a good thing to telephone up and see if Estella was with him, and then I would walk home with her and save her from being insulted for once.

But I could tell over the telephone that he was alone. He pertended like he did not know who I was and asked me to come up, and I thought that if I could find out what kind of a man he really was, that Estella would be glad, and anyway he had certainly given me to understand he would be very happy to have me come. So I went up.

I suppose the hotel people thought "here was another girl selling herself for stardom's sake," not knowing that a mere gag-man cannot make stars. And anyway I am not the kind of a girl which would of done such a thing.

Well this gag-man kept on acting like he was surprised that it was me, but I went in and closed the door, and he got right up and opened it, saying, "Anyone can catch a close-up and welcome to everything that goes on here tonight"—which may be his idea of a gag but is not even gentlemanly to me. I suppose I should of known then what kind of a person he was, but I have always had a trusting nature, and when one is born like that it is hard to get away from one.

Well, I always believe in doing my best for a girl friend and so I kept on thinking how it was my duty to find out all I could about this gag-man for Estella's sake. He was sitting on a sort of sofa kind of behind the door, and as my chair was right square in front of the door I thought I had better change as I would not like anyone in Hollywod to think I was assosiating even for a good purpose with a gag-man. So I went over to the sofa and sat down, but there did not seem to be as much room as I had expected so I had to sort of sit closer to him than I had expected. So I did it against my will.

He kept on saying nothing. He would not even answer what I said hardly. I kept on thinking, "Well, I am certainly doing Estella a favor to be so board for her sake," but I kept on sitting. But after quite a while I said: "Well, I guess I had better go on home," just to give him a chance to try and hold me, for then I would certainly of screamed and roused the hotel. And when he still did not say anything or yet move, I became terribly afraid! I know that all screen villains are quiet, silent men. So I said: "Yes I must be going or some one will be saying I am not a good girl." And then—oh, diary! I was never so insulted in my life. He said: "You're just as safe as Rin-Tin-Tin!"

Jan. 19: What a terrible day it has been! Estella and I are not rooming together any more. I have a little room in the same house all by myself, I am glad to say. I have put up with enough from that girl. This morning for the first time since I have known her she was in a hurry to get to work, and when I tried to begin telling her about that gag-person, she said he was nothing in her life, and as I had tried so hard to get him, I could have him for a reward. As if I ever gave any man except my fiancy a thought!

She kept on talking and talking, and finially it came out that she had been interested in Mr. Fife's assistunt ever since she has stopped being insulted. And not only that, but they have changed "Allah Is Great" to "Venus Is Love," and Estella is going to act the shadow of Venus!

Of course I would never dain to act a shadow of anything, but if Estella is that kind of a girl, it is not my affare.

Have just written to dear Avery.

"For three years I dragged along —*half sick*"

"DAILY HEADACHES—*tiredness that I could not seem to throw off. Then a breaking out all over my body. I dragged along—with cathartics—until I was many pounds underweight.*

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SARAH FIELD SPLINT, *Editor, Dept. of Foods and Household Management, McCall's Magazine.*

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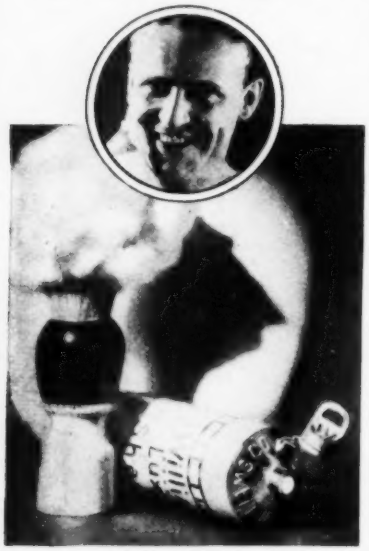
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R. B.-4-27

SEALED LIPS

(Continued from page 45)

permanent elimination of his rival to Lily's affection, who chanced to be his own best friend.

But suspecting guilt, and proving guilt, were very different matters, as he had told Lily. Clifford knew Glover slightly, and he could think of few lips more difficult to unlock than those of that keen and suave gallant of Broadway's upper underworld. No one could put anything over on Glover: that was Glover's boast, a boast upon which he thus far had made good. So Clifford decided his wisest course was to go straight to Glover and seemingly lay all his cards upon the table.

But he decided first to see Commissioner Thorne; and at ten o'clock he was in Police Headquarters, repeating to his old friend all that Lily Gilmore had told him.

"I agree that Corrigan doesn't seem an important figure in his alleged gang," said General Thorne. "Lord, Clifford," he exploded, "I'll be glad if that Gilmore girl is right, and if you can turn Corrigan loose, and in place of him land one of the big men behind all these killings!

"Clifford," he went on desperately, "the situation created by these killer-bandits has got me and the whole Police Department half crazy! I'm still being hammered because the Department hasn't yet made an arrest in the case of the killing of that jeweler Graham over four months ago. That's still the worst of all the bandit killings. Clifford, the fact that there have been so many killings by bandits we can't run down, and to whose identity we can get no clue, makes me think that there is operating in New York at least one shrewdly organized gang of super-bandits that is even more clever in masking its personnel and real business than it is in planning and executing its devilishly clever hold-ups."

"I've often thought the same thing, General—a clever, unknown gang that is basing its success and safety on the device by which it remains unknown."

"If we could only discover the identity of this elusive unknown gang and land it—that would be one of the best and biggest things the Department could do in this bandit situation. But that is too much to hope for." General Thorne sighed. "Does your taking up this Corrigan case mean that you're dropping the Graham affair for the Jewelers' Association?"

"Not at all. In such similar cases there's always a chance of a tie-up between the two."

"I'm wishing you luck. But I must say, Clifford, that this Corrigan affair looks like the toughest proposition you've ever tackled. It's a case without a clue."

"So it seems, General." And then he repeated the substance of what he had said to Lily Gilmore about sealed lips.

"'Sealed lips—that sums up the case exactly," nodded General Thorne. "I don't see how you expect to handle it."

"My only hope is in extreme measures. That's one reason I'm here, General. I may want your help and that of the District Attorney, and I may want you both to go pretty far."

"We'll be waiting your word," General Thorne replied promptly, "and we'll smash every regulation if necessary! Only don't keep us waiting too long; I'm all curiosity to know what idea is being born in that old head of yours."

"Very likely you'll be present at the birth," smiled Clifford, and took his leave.

HE headed for the Tombs prison, to visit Jerry Corrigan. In front of the prison white-haired Father Ryan awaited him, according to Clifford's telephoned request, and for a few moments the two men stood on the sidewalk and talked in low tones. Father Ryan promptly fell in with Clifford's wish that he be the nominal instigator and backer of the investigation. Then Clifford told of Lily Gilmore's belief in Jerry Corrigan's innocence.

"Thank God for that—I thought Lily Gilmore had thrown the lad down!" exclaimed the old priest. "I too say it's not in Jerry's nature to do such a thing as murder. I've known him since he was a boy; he always was wild—mostly high spirits, I thought. But I always believed he had the makings in him, and that he'd come through as one of the finest, most vital, most loyal, most lovable two-fisted rough-necks that ever grew up to be a leading citizen!"

"And the girl?" asked Clifford.

"I always loved them both," the old man said. "Clifford, I married Lily Gilmore's mother to her father; I buried her mother; I christened Lily; I buried her father; I was to have married Lily and Jerry—then they broke with each other. Clifford, I honestly believed those two wild, proud, opinionated young people would soften and grow into understanding, and in time would become as fine and happy and useful a couple as ever walked away from an altar!"

Ten minutes later Clifford was in a little conference-room in the Tombs with the alleged murderer of Detective Sergeant Duffy. Jerry Corrigan had red hair, was big and lank, with the lithe muscularity of a champion fighter. Clifford saw him as hot-tempered, impulsive, crude, but indubitably real man-material in the raw; for all his prison scowl, there was in him an essential simplicity and forthrightness that marked him as the last man who would be likely to murder to escape arrest or to avenge a real or fancied wrong.

"I don't see what Mr. Clifford can do to help my case, Father Ryan," Corrigan said after the priest had explained that he had engaged Clifford in the prisoner's behalf.

"Let me be the judge of that," put in Clifford. "Suppose we start by your giving me your version of the killing. It's the exact truth I want, just as you see it, overlooking no slightest detail."

CORRIGAN told his story. In no essential did his version differ from the police version.

For a long moment Clifford silently studied the prisoner. Then suddenly he shot at Corrigan:

"Who was the man with you when Duffy was killed?"

Corrigan flushed. "I didn't say anything about another man!"

"But there was at least one other man with you. Who was he?"

"Even if there was a man, it wouldn't help my case any to get an innocent man in bad."

"If he's innocent, it wont hurt him any if you tell me who he was," argued Clifford. "And he might help you."

"If there was any such man, he couldn't help me," Corrigan replied doggedly. "And I'm no squealer, to pull a man into trouble that's none of his trouble."

Clifford tried further argument, tried to surprise Corrigan into making statements; but the obstinate and now watchful Corrigan was not to be convinced or tricked into slips, and Clifford left the Tombs with nothing new beyond a strengthened conviction of the prisoner's innocence, and an added problem.

Corrigan knew something he was holding back; very evidently he was protecting some one. Here was another case of sealed lips. How unseal the lips of obstinate, loyal Jerry Corrigan?

Clifford now made his way to Glover's office, in one of the finest buildings in the

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Love Sends Convert to Pipe Smoking on Tobacco Hunt

Of course a young man in love will do anything to win favor in the eyes of his lady fair. And pipe-smoking seems to be one of the credentials that admit young male America into the graces of the fair sex.

But while smoking a pipe seems to solve the feminine problem, finding the right tobacco evidently is the male problem.

Probably that is what prompts such letters as this:

New York, N. Y.,
June 30, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I started smoking on cigarettes, but after meeting a young lady for whom men who smoked pipes had a greater charm, I promptly switched to one.

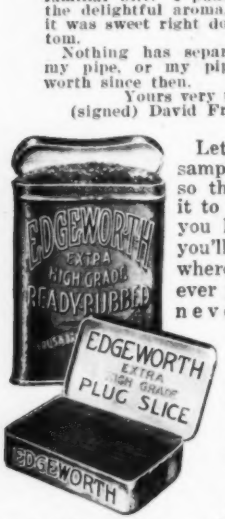
Then my agony began. I tried one brand of tobacco after another, always working on the theory that the more you paid for tobacco, the better it would be.

Then came the day I tried Edgeworth. It was at a ball game. I had run short of the certain brand I was smoking, and a casual acquaintance offered me a pipeful.

Imagine my delight when after the first few puffs, I did not feel the old familiar bite. I puffed on, inhaling the delightful aroma, and oh, boy! it was sweet right down to the bottom.

Nothing has separated me from my pipe, or my pipe from Edgeworth since then.

Yours very truly,
(signed) David Freedman, Jr.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 8-P S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your Jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.*]

Times Square region. The object of Clifford's visit was twofold: first, to study the character of the man he had put at the head of his list of suspects, searching for some quality which he could use as one chief element of his plan; and second, by his seeming obtuseness and frankness in showing Glover his open plan, to blind Glover to his secret scheme.

In other days Jack Glover had been a very clever confidence man, so clever that not once had he been convicted. His office door bore the legend "Stocks and Bonds," but his brokerage business was a pretense he made little effort to make convincing. He was known as one of Broadway's biggest and most successful bootleggers, and his broker's assistants were known to be members of his bootlegging gang. He had had his share of arrests, but was considered too smooth for police and Federal officers to put out of business—the cleverest bootlegger of them all.

GLOVER received Clifford at once. He was a handsome, smartly tailored young man of perhaps thirty, with a confidence-inspiring manner and ready open smile.

"Has the great Clifford turned Federal dick," he asked amiably, "and come to pinch a poor bootlegger?"

"No, Glover." Trying to look unsuspicious, Clifford endeavored to peer into the mental workings of this man with whom he was going to attempt to match his wits. "Father Ryan is interested in the case of Jerry Corrigan; he wants Corrigan to get a softer verdict than first-degree murder, and today he called me in to help out. Naturally I've come first to you, you being Corrigan's best friend. They say you saved his life during the war; I was hoping you might be able to help save his life again."

"I'm already doing my best for Jerry, Clifford. I have Lonergan defending him, and as a criminal lawyer Lonergan is the one best bet. We'll sure put up a fight! But I'm sorry—between ourselves, it looks as if Jerry didn't have a chance."

"I was hoping, because you know everything about Corrigan, that you might know of some extenuating circumstance."

"Such as?"

"How about his girl? I've heard he'd had a quarrel with Lily Gilmore." Then Clifford proceeded to produce what he had decided to use as his open plan and seemingly his only plan. "Perhaps Corrigan was induced to shoot Duffy by the girl, or perhaps he did the killing with the hope of winning the girl back. I understand she had a grudge against Duffy—he'd insulted her or something—and she was glad to have him out of the way."

"You're sure of that?" snapped Glover.

"No. I just heard it." He'd have to acquaint Lily with this supposititious hatred. "But the idea sounds reasonable enough—it's just what that kind of girl would want a fellow to do, and it's just what that kind of fellow might do. And if I could show that Jerry Corrigan killed Duffy for a woman's sake—well, you know, if you can put a pretty woman in a case, how it softens up a jury."

"Then you really think Lily Gilmore is mixed up in the killing?"

"Glover," Clifford replied with heavy astuteness, "I've not been a detective all these years without learning that a woman is behind almost every crime of passion and violence, and that the first rule of the game is 'Find the Woman.' Well, there's only one woman in this case, so finding the woman is no job here."

"But getting the evidence may be. You're going after evidence against her?"

"From now on I'm going to be right on her trail," was Clifford's grim response. "She's my one best bet to save Corrigan. Of course I know she's a friend of yours; but I don't expect to tie her up to the crime except to show that love of a woman, or a woman's honor, was Jerry's motive for the killing. And even if she is your friend, I know you wont object to my involving her that far, since it's done to save another friend."

Glover studied Clifford thoughtfully for a long moment. "I doubt if you get anything against Lily Gilmore," he remarked presently, "but perhaps you're right about her being your one best bet, and in trailing her to learn all you can. Anyhow, I'm glad you came to me. Since we're both trying to help Jerry, I suggest we pool our information and work together. I'll be glad to tell you anything I turn up."

"That suits me. I'll drop in whenever I have anything new."

"Good. Then I suggest that you also talk things over with Lonergan."

"I'll go straight to Lonergan from here."

He did so. He repeated to Lonergan all he had said to Glover, seeking to establish the impression that he was working in entire harmony and frankness with the defense. Lonergan he did not trust, for if Corrigan was really framed, then Lonergan had instructions to lose the case.

After leaving Lonergan's office, Clifford shut himself up and concentrated upon his problem. One by one he carefully examined the qualities of Glover as he had listed them during his interview, seeking for a quality that might possibly be turned into a weakness. His mind settled on Glover's vanity. That vanity was well masked and well controlled, but none the less the man was dominated by admiration for his own cleverness.

To that vanity Clifford speculatively added a fact, or condition, that he had long considered one of the greatest hardships of a clever crook's career—the fact that his work must be anonymous if he would be safe. The clever crook, as much as any clever artist or lawyer or business man, craves praise and recognition for his great performances. There is in him the same human desire to tell of his exploits and gain the credit due him—only in his case caution inhibits the natural impulse.

If Glover was guilty, then how create and develop a situation which would stimulate this desire in Glover, allay all suspicion, lower all the guards of caution?

AT two o'clock that night Clifford was again in the Pipes o' Pan. Lily Gilmore was there, in obedience to the message he had contrived to send her; and at a table with her were Glover, Rogers, Eisman and little Peter Sacco. Clifford noted with approval that even more than the night before, Lily was the vivid, self-willed, dominating young beauty.

He kept slipping a furtive glance at her while she was dancing with Glover: the gaze of a detective who is not very successfully hiding the fact that he is shadowing a suspect. Presently Glover excused himself and came to Clifford's table.

"I see you are right on the trail of the little lady," Glover whispered. "Learned anything yet?"

"Nothing new."

"You were right, Clifford, when you said you thought Lily might have a grudge against Duffy. She told us about it tonight."

"I was sure I had that girl doped out all proper," Clifford said confidently. "Mind introducing me to her? Tell her what I'm doing, but not the lead I'm following."

Glover led Clifford to the table at which he had left Lily and the three men. "Miss Gilmore, this is Mr. Clifford—the famous detective, you know. We're working together trying to help out poor Jerry Corrigan. Boys, Mr. Clifford."

The three men were cordial; evidently Glover had previously told them of this alliance, and had given them the cue for their behavior. But Lily regarded Clifford with an arrogant, defiant stare.



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"What's the big idea, Mr. Clifford, in your watching me?" she demanded with bristling hostility.

"But I wasn't watching you, Miss Gilmore."

"No use lying to me! I know the look of a weisheimer dick who thinks he's tailing an unsuspecting suspect. I don't like licks—I don't like you—good night!"

She turned her white back upon him. Clifford moved away in some confusion, Glover at his side.

"That girl's keen—she certainly sized you up quick," Glover commented.

"That just proves she has a guilty conscience," Clifford grimly responded. "I'll have to watch my step, but I'll bet I somehow get the stuff out of her that we need."

WHEN Clifford left, he was certain that once more Glover was inwardly smiling at him. At four o'clock Clifford again tapped a signal upon the Gilmore door, and again Lily Gilmore admitted him.

"How did I act tonight?" she asked anxiously.

"Splendidly! But from now on you must be even better, for you now have a bigger, more difficult, more daring part."

"What am I to be?"

"For some time past you have secretly been an adventuress, perhaps a thief, in a small way—trying out your powers. Understand? You have now tested yourself; you know you are good; you are through with small things. You are now going to prepare to burst upon Jack Glover and his crowd as the most dazzling, most daring, most successful woman crook in New York."

"Most dazzling woman crook?" gasped the staring girl. "And successful? You mean—you mean I've got to pull off real jobs?"

"The jobs will seem real to those men."

"But—but how am I to pull real jobs?"

"With my help, and with some help from the police. I went over the plan this evening with General Thorne, and he's with us. Your first big job is tomorrow night. You go to Mrs. Grenville's big masquerade ball; your escort is her nephew, that giddy young Harry Grenville."

"That swell? Why, I don't even know him!"

"You've secretly known him for some time," Clifford corrected, "and you've been carefully stringing him along waiting the right time to use him. This is when you play him for a sucker. He's in on the game, and he'll play up to you. He takes you to the ball; Mrs. Grenville's jewels disappear. It is a great sensation. There is no clue to the thief, who evidently is an extraordinarily clever person, most likely a woman. Of course your little group of men friends will know you went to the ball."

"And the jewels—what becomes of them?"

"When Jerry Corrigan's case is over, it will be announced that the jewels have been recovered—perhaps the whole truth will then be told the papers. Of course there has been no theft. After the Grenville affair, you will be in two other big jobs which will be doped out later. Think of a nineteen-twenty-seven girl who is a synthetic compound of Delilah, Salome, Carmen, Cleopatra—beauty and brains and nerve and arrogant charm and smartest clothes—and you'll have the right idea of what you're going to be."

"You think I can really act such a part?"

"I'm certain you can. You are to be mysterious—hint at big things you are doing—but don't tell the secret of your brilliant criminal success until our right moment comes."

"How long must I act this part?"

"Until after Jerry's conviction."

"Oh, not that long!" she cried. "Can't we do something before then?"

"I don't think there's any chance to save Jerry from conviction, and I'm not really trying to," Clifford answered gravely. "The guilty person or persons are on their guard now, and will be on very rigid guard till a verdict is brought in against Jerry. Then they'll feel safe—perhaps jubilant. Then there'll be a far better chance to open their mouths. You see that, don't you?"

"Yes—but just to wait and watch Jerry be convicted, it's so—so terrible!"

"I know," sympathized Clifford. "And our plan is going to make it seem even more terrible to you. When Jerry is convicted, some one is going to feel so relieved at Jerry's conviction that he'll feel like celebrating; perhaps several will feel like that. Well, our plan requires that you must also feel like celebrating."

"What?" breathed the horrified girl. "I celebrate Jerry's conviction?"

"You see you were tired of him," explained Clifford, "and you're glad that he's finally out of the way. More, you take the lead in that celebration—you make it your own."

"Oh, my God—I can't do that!" she moaned.

"You must. You can very naturally make it your party. You keep on stalling Glover and the others; you tell them that you'll give your answer on the night after Jerry's conviction. Start the celebration at the Pipes o' Pan—naturally your crowd will do a lot of drinking there—and wind up the party here in your own home. Your own home is where you give your answer. Have your aunt away for the night, and let the men know she is away. I'll try to think up some device for having myself included in the party."

"And at the party—what then?"

"I can write the play up to that point, but I can't tell you what happens afterward. The rest of the play will have to write itself, and we'll both have to wait to learn the end. But I can tell you this, Miss Gilmore," he continued with grave kindliness, "that when the night of the party comes, the affair passes from my hands into yours, and that practically all our hope of a happy ending will depend on how you act your part. You hate your rôle, of course, but you must keep remembering that you are acting that rôle to save the man you love."

She was white with horror at this thing she had to do; revulsion shivered through her. But she gripped back her control.

"I'll remember!" she breathed desperately. "I'll do my best!"

THE two weeks that followed were for Clifford merely the routine carrying-out of the details of his plan. He apparently spent all his detective energy in doggedly following and studying Lily Gilmore, particularly when she went about night-clubs with the friends of Jerry Corrigan. She had blazed into a yet more self-confident and imperious beauty with a domineering will which invariably won when it clashed with the wills of these men. Whenever she saw Clifford, it was noted that she flashed at him glances of defiant and contemptuous hostility.

During these two weeks three sensational crimes against property had been on New York's front pages: the Grenville pearls, the case of the Western mining man who had been tricked out of negotiable bonds, the Gordon jewels. It was believed that all these *coups* had been engineered by a woman—that a new and daring and brilliant adventuress-thief had broken into New York's hectic crime business; but the police had no clue to the identity of this newcomer.

Also during these two weeks Clifford conferred almost daily with Glover; whatever suggestion Glover had to make, Clifford fol-

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lowed out. But despite Clifford's attempt to get evidence that would involve Lily Gilmore as a motive for Duffy's murder, and despite the efforts he and Glover put forth, no evidence was uncovered, and after the jury had been out barely an hour it brought in a verdict of first-degree murder against Jerry Corrigan.

THIS was at five in the afternoon. At half-past two o'clock that night Clifford came into the Pipes o' Pan, swaying, red-eyed, by his looks far gone in drink if ever a man was. At a table sat Lily, Glover, Rogers, Eisman and little Sacco. The men were all in smart dinner-jackets, and all had in reality been drinking as heavily as Clifford appeared to have done. Plainly the party celebrating Jerry's conviction had thus far progressed according to plan.

Clifford wove an uncertain way among the dancers and dropped a steadying hand on Glover's shoulder. "Evening, folks. Jack, old boy," he mumbled in maudlin sorrow, "wasn't today's trial just hell! Was one case where I sure fell down. Poor Jerry Corrigan! But we did all we could, Jack."

"Sure, Clifford. Just remember you did your best, and don't take it so hard. A drink will help you. Have one with us."

"Don't mind if I do." Clifford sank heavily into a chair.

"I don't want to sit at a table with any sneaking detective!" Lily flung at him, starting to rise.

"And I guess I know why, little lady," Clifford retorted with the heavy accusation of one whose discretion has been removed by liquor. "I think you're the one person who might have got Jerry Corrigan an easier verdict if only I could have learned enough to force the truth out of you."

"That's a lie!" she blazed, and added scornfully: "But don't you suppose I knew all the time you were shadowing me—with all the cleverness of a blind elephant trying to be a police dog!"

"Don't ride each other now—it's too late and wont do anybody any good," put in Glover soothingly. "And don't be leaving, Lily. Wait till Clifford has his drink. There's nothing about Clifford to drive you away."

"Drive me away! Me afraid of that dick!" She sat down abruptly and glared her hard scorn at Clifford. "Drive me away! Why, give me your flask, Jack, and I'll fix the big stiff's drink myself!"

She took from Glover his silver flask and poured out a drink. Clifford had drawn a handkerchief, had put elbows on the table and let his face droop heavily into his hands. "Poor Jerry Corrigan—poor Jerry!" he wept brokenly. "I tried, Jerry—but I couldn't do a thing!"

Lily glanced sharply, triumphantly at the four men; it was a glance which called upon them to watch her, and watch her they did. They saw a little pellet drop from her deft hand into the glass and quickly dissolve. She added fizz water and pushed the glass across to Clifford.

"There's your drink. It may help cure your weeps."

"Thanks." Clifford raised his head and drained the glass, then lowered his face again into his handkerchief. "Poor Jerry Corrigan!" he choked in maudlin regret.

The four men, giving Lily awed and wondering glances, silently watched Clifford for the drink's effects. His mumbling grew thicker; then it ceased—and he would have slumped to the floor had not Jack Glover caught him. Glover shook him; the figure was as limp as though made of rags.

"Dead to the world!" breathed Glover. Their talk was now in whispers, to avoid drawing attention from the crowded night-club. "You certainly had nerve, Lily, handing him that knock-out drop! Of course we all know you were sore at him, but what was the big idea?"

"There's more ways than one of shaking a boob who wants to stick around!"

"He was certainly one boob!" Glover grinned, and laughed softly. "And yet they say Clifford is clever. Bah! Like most of these detectives with big names, he's just the bunk! All through this business," he exulted, "I've had him eating out of my hand—coming to me with everything he knew. He told me all about suspecting you, Lily, and I strung him along to make him think he was right. The big boob!"

Again Glover laughed softly, exultantly.

Lily stood up. "It's three o'clock. Now that we've shaken Clifford, let's be moving along to my place."

"But Lily," protested Glover, smiling at her, "why not stick here—why keep us waiting? There isn't much to say—just your *yes*, that you've promised tonight—and you know I'm the man who's expecting it—and I don't like to wait."

"There may be something more to it than just yes. You know that I told you I might want to say a few things that I wouldn't want to risk being overheard in a place like this—and that was why we would wind up at my house. Come on."

She started, then abruptly halted as her eyes again took in Clifford's limp form. "Say, that wont look any too good, leaving him behind!" she exclaimed in a dismayed whisper. "It's not as though he were a real drunk—anyone'll know he's been doped!"

"Sure it will look bad," agreed Glover. "That's why I don't see the reason for your doping him."

"I was mad—that was reason enough at the time. I guess it was a mistake, but we can't change it now. And he's not my worry. He's your worry, Jack—all yours."

"My worry? How do you figure that?"

"You've been working on this case with him. He's known as your friend. He's nothing to the rest of us. But if we leave him here, or dump him anywhere else, it'll be known that he got knock-out drop while in the company of his friend Jack Glover, and that then you beat it. It'll certainly look as if you had double-crossed your friend, and that will certainly point all kinds of suspicion at you. I'm sorry—it's my mistake, Jack; but your only safe play under the circumstances is to stick right along with Clifford for eight or ten hours until he comes out of that chloral."

Glover swore in a whisper. "You're right, Lily—I'll have to stick!"

"So-long, then, Jack. Sorry to leave you behind. Come along, boys."

SHE started away, then turned. She had a suggestion to make, but she gave Glover the chance to make it first. He made it.

"Wait, Lily. You don't leave me out of that party! Why not take Clifford along? He's the same as a dead man. I'll take him away with me when we leave your house. As we'll handle him, he'll look like a drunk in the hands of his friends. And even if he wasn't dead, there's going to be nothing dangerous for him to hear."

"Then bring him along—it's all right with me," said Lily indifferently.

Between Glover and Rogers the sagging figure of Clifford was supported out of the Pipes o' Pan and into a taxicab. Ten minutes later he was supported into the big living-room of the Gilmore apartment and deposited sprawling upon a couch.

"That's the safest place for him," approved Lily. "And now, boys, before we open the real proceedings of the evening, I'm going to make a little collection of guns."

"Ah, what's the big idea of that, Lily?" demanded little Sacco.

"Very simple. You're all here because you're expecting me to name the man I'm going to marry. You're a touchy lot, and one of you may not like my decision and may start shooting. I don't want any shooting over me, and I'm not going to have any shooting in my place. Your guns, boys."

"But, Lily," blandly protested Glover, "you know we don't carry guns—certainly not when we go out dancing."

"I know, Jack Glover, that a bootlegging gang is never without their guns!" was her cool reply. "Why don't you want to give up, Jack? Afraid one of your own crowd would pot you the minute you passed over your gun?"

Glover swore at the prick of her taunting voice—then smiled thinly; then his right hand slid beneath the silk facing of his dinner jacket and from his left armpit he drew an automatic which he tendered her with a deep bow as a courtier might surrender his sword. From shoulder holsters three other automatics appeared and were handed over.

"Thanks, boys, for the universal disarmament." She crossed to a wall safe, thrust the guns into it, closed it and twirled the dial. "You get the guns back when you leave, and down in the street you may shoot each other up as much as you please. Now find places around the table."

"And fix us up some drinks, Sacco," ordered Glover.

AS they settled about the heavy ebonized table, Sacco opened a little oblong lizard-skin bag he carried and drew from it silver mounted bottles, a silver shaker and cups of chased silver, and proceeded about his work.

The all-important scene of Clifford's carefully prepared drama was now at hand. The gaping, sprawling Clifford waited in such suspense as he had rarely known, his inert right hand upon his chest within a few inches of his armpit holster; for his chief purpose in being himself upon the stage, where he could read a purpose before it could be spoken or transformed into action, was that a shot might save Lily in case she should fumble betrayingly, and swift vengeance be attempted. He wondered tensely if the party he had led through the underground passage before going to the Pipes o' Pan were going to be able to hear everything from their station in the aunt's bedroom.

Little Sacco poured out the drinks. Glover stood up with raised cup, and the others followed.

"To Lily," he said, "and at last the glad hour she's made us wait for!"

She gave them her smile of the condescending siren. She was starting off well on this next phase of the drama, Clifford told himself; never before had she looked more beautiful, more vital, more autocratic, more desirable in the eyes of these men. The four men emptied their cups to her; she barely touched hers to her lips. With what the four had drunk at the Pipes o' Pan and what they were now drinking, Clifford believed that they were close to that state of exhilarated self-importance and self-confidence when all usual inhibitions and cautions withdrew their guard.

"Another round, Sacco," ordered Glover, sitting down. "And now, Lily," he urged gently, in his drink-inflamed egotism smiling at her with anticipatory proprietorship, "here we all are, waiting your word. Let's have it, Lily. I want the boys to congratulate us and then be on their way and give us a chance to be alone."

"You seem mighty certain of yourself, Jack Glover!" she flung insolently across at him. "What makes you think you're the man who'll get the nomination?"

"Because I'm the best man, Lily dear."

"Don't you forget, Lily," Biff Rogers put in with a growl, "that I've also asked you, and that I'm expecting the good word to come to me."



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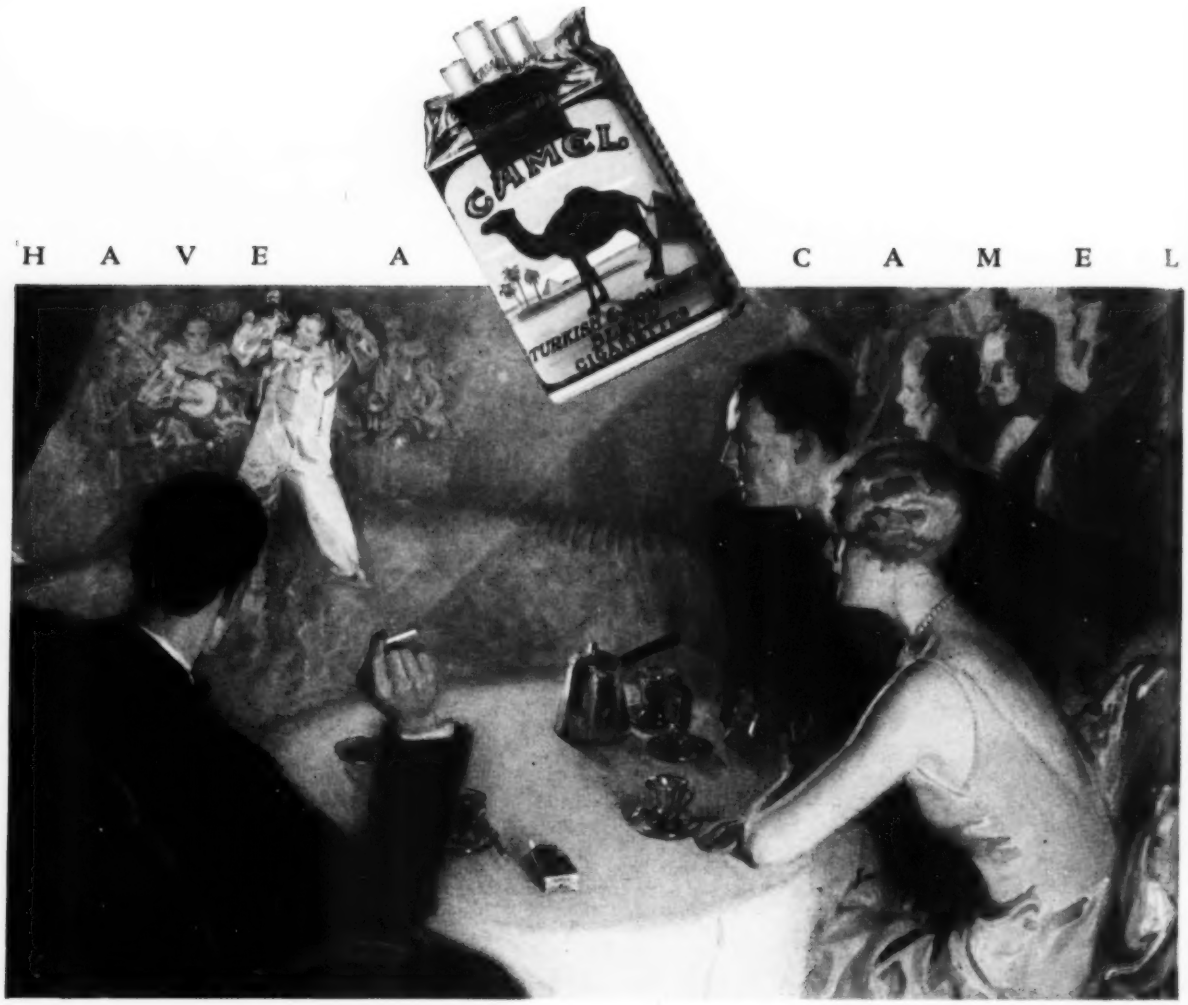
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"Stop kidding yourself, Biff. Between you and me there isn't any choice."

"Oh, aint there!" snapped Rogers.

"Listen to me, you two!" Lily stood up and gazed imperiously down at the pair. "All of you listen! If you think I'm up here at auction, just remember that I'm the party that decides on who's the lucky bidder. Here's where I tell the whole bunch of you something that's every day been getting clearer to me. I know now what's in the heads of you boys; you'd like me as a wife, yes—but, more important, you see me as the sort of girl you could use in big jobs. Well, about the same thing is in my own head: get this—the man I say yes to has got to be a man who can help me out on my big jobs."

"Your big jobs?" queried Glover. "Lily, you've been hinting a lot lately—but just what are your big jobs?"

"The kind of jobs in which only a real man and a big man could help me out!" she flamed at him insolently, with swelling pride. "When I team up with a man, he's got to be the real stuff—not a tame bootlegger! You hand out graft to the right places; the graft you pay, you slap onto the price of your booze as though it were a government tax; and after that you deliver your stuff as safe as if you were on a milk route! You're a cheap, play-it-safe lot—and if I wanted a kick out of life, I'd rather marry the milkman! The man I team up with has got to be a man who can think out big things, who has the nerve and ability to put big things across!"

"HERE'S to Lily and the real man who measures up to her," said Glover with mocking courtesy, but his mounting flush showed that her barbed taunts were striking deep. The four men emptied their silver cups, and Glover ordered Sacco to pour yet another round. "For the moment passing by us tame bootleggers, Lily," Glover drawled, "tell us in what way you see yourself such a superior performer."

"Sure I'll tell you!" she cried vainglorioously. "To tell you is why I brought you here to my own home. I knew that tonight there'd have to be a show-down, that I'd have to spill everything, and when I talked, I wanted to be where I knew I'd be safe. Listen, all of you—get this!" She paused a moment for dramatic effect, a flaunting, taunting, flamingly beautiful figure of domineering triumph. "Boys, I'm out for excitement—swell jobs—big money—the big money you get by using your brains! And by using your looks! If I find the right man to team up with, I'm going to become the smoothest, swellest woman in my line that New York ever saw!"

"Lily, the Great Adventuress," smiled Glover. "The Queen of the Con-women."

"You've got me exactly, Mr. Smarty Jack Glover! You were a con-man before you went on the milk route—and I'm going to be better than you ever dreamed of being!"

"I'll say you certainly have the looks for the part, Lily," put in Rogers. "And the nerve."

"And this is not just hot air I'm talking!" Lily boasted on, her slim body vibrant with the excitement of high and successful adventure. "Listen! I've already done several big jobs all on my own! Those Grenville pearls—that's one of my jobs!"

"You pulled that, Lily?" breathed Glover. "How?"

"I played that young swell Harry Grenville for a sucker—then used my head. And those Hopkins bonds—I pulled that job, too. I strung old Hopkins along till I saw my chance; then the bonds were mine. I can certainly handle the men—what you saw me do to that poor dead Clifford over there shows that I'm always right there when I need to put it over on any man!"

The four had gone slack-jawed with surprise at her revelation. Glover was the first to recover.

"Perhaps you had luck on those jobs, Lily," he smiled his unbelief of all she had said. "But you did very fair for a beginner—that is, if you're not just kidding us."

"You don't believe me?" she demanded hotly.

"I'm just saying that we have only your own word that you really did those jobs."

"So you doubt my word—you want proof!" She glared at him, panting in her simulated anger. "All right—you get the proof! I can't give you the proof in the Grenville and Hopkins affairs, for the proof isn't here. But I suppose you've all heard of the mysterious disappearance of the Gordon jewels two nights ago?"

"Who hasn't," said Rogers, "with the newspapers full of it!"

"Was that a big job, a hard job, a clever job, Mr. Jack Glover?" she demanded.

"I'll say it was," admitted Glover. "Over a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stuff—the jewels easy enough to sell when taken from their settings—the police without a clue as to how the thing was done or who did it. That certainly was one smooth, brainy job!"

"Then sit right where you are for a minute," she commanded.

She crossed to the wall safe, opened it, and returned to the table with one of the automatics in her right hand, her left hand behind her back.

"You're only milkmen," she grimly taunted them, "but after all, there may be a flash of nerve in one of you—which explains this gun. One of you make a suspicious move, and this gun begins to go off!"

She drew her left hand from behind her back and thrust it before Glover's face. "There, Mr. Jack Milkman—how's that for proof?"

Across her hand lay an open handkerchief and in it gleamed a heap of diamonds, rubies, emeralds. Gasps of amazement came from the four.

"Jack Glover knows jewels," Lily went on. "Look at them, Jack, and tell the other boys whether they're the real stuff or phony. And whether they are the Gordon jewels; you all saw the published list. And don't forget this gun."

"They certainly are the real stuff!" exclaimed Glover. His eyes swiftly itemized the various articles. "And they're certainly the Gordon jewels! Lily, what a whale of a job! Tell us, how did you pull it?"

"That's my business secret for the present."

With automatic trained upon them she moved backward to the safe. In this she deposited gun and jewels, twirled the dial, then returned to the table. She surveyed the quartet with supercilious superiority.

"There—I've shown you my hand!" she flung down at them. "You know how big I am—how big I'm going to be! So I guess you boys understand now why I'm not interested in teaming up with any one of you milkmen!"

THERE was a brief tense silence while the four men gazed up at the figure of flaming, insulting egotism. Clifford hardly breathed in his suspense over what might be coming next. Lily Gilmore had been magnificent in the boasting confession and lashing contempt that he had invented for her; but had that been enough to stimulate a sequent scene such as he had hoped for?

Jack Glover ended the taut silence. He was smiling again; it was now a confident, excited smile.

"Sit down, Lily—sit down," he commanded softly.

"What for? I've given you my answer. I'm all through. Good night."

"Here's what for, Lily. We've listened to your story; now I want you to listen to me. So sit down."

She hesitated, then abruptly seated herself. "I need sleep, so make it snappy."

"Lily, I hand it to you—you're a smooth, clever go-getter—you're certainly right!" Glover declared in his soft voice. "Boys, here's to Lily again!" The four downed yet another drink little Sacco had in readiness in the small cups of chased silver. Then Glover leaned across toward Lily, his black eyes aglow with mounting excitement. "You're all right, girlie, but listen—you've got us wrong when you call us milkmen!"

"You're bootleggers!" she spat in his face. "Of course the dicks call you clever. But you're just tame bootleggers!"

"Bootleggers are what we pretend to be, and what we want the police and Federal dicks to think we are," he corrected. "But our bootlegging is just a blind!"

"A blind?" she repeated blankly.

"Exactly—nothing but a blind!" He laughed in self-appreciation. And then, as Clifford had counted, the artist in him, denied the praise his achievements warranted, insulted and undervalued by the woman his heart desired, became primarily an excited rushing voice. "Listen, Lily! The whole thing is my idea, and if I do say it, it's a great idea! You said you wanted a man with a head; here's where I prove to you that I've got the head!

"Listen! I got to wondering if something big couldn't be built on the fact that bootlegging is almost a regular business in this town. You see, if you're in the bootlegging game in a big way, you've got to have an organization of several men—and if you're known to be a bootlegger, that explains your gang to the police. Then my big idea came. Lily—get this—almost the only liquor this outfit has ever handled has been what we had when we planned to be arrested. I wanted to be so well known as a busy bootlegger that I'd never be suspected of being anything else!"

LILY stared at the proudly exultant Glover. "If you're not really bootleggers, then what are you?" she asked.

"Bandits, Lily! The smoothest and best organized outfit in all New York in the business of holding up pay-rolls and jewelry stores! Not a dope in the crowd, not a chance of wild action, everything carefully planned and put over! And whenever the police think of our gang, they just think of a busy bunch of bootleggers! That's some disguise, I'll tell the world!"

"You bandits—I don't believe it!" she scoffed.

"I haven't the loot here, as you had, to prove my word. But we pulled—" And he named half a dozen jewelry-store raids in which as yet the police had made no arrests. "Rogers, Sacco, Eisman—aren't we the people who pulled those jobs?"

"We sure are," declared the trio.

"And—and is Jerry Corrigan also a bandit? Was he one of your gang?"

"Jerry a bandit—I should say not! We didn't want him; he's not the right stuff—though we made him help us out with cars. And now, Lily," gloatingly demanded Glover, "do you still think we are just tame bootleggers?"

"Bandits may be a little better than bootleggers—if you really are bandits," she returned with her imperious scorn. "But even if you are bandits, getting jewels or a pay-roll at the end of a gun is cheap stuff. Any thug with the price of a gun can be a bandit in New York. I have a sore tongue from telling you that when I team up with a man he has to have brains—and Mr. Jack Glover, you've not yet told me a single thing that proves to me that you have one cell of real brains!"

He flushed angrily. "What sort of thing



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would you consider proof that I have something in my head to match your own wonderful brains?" he caustically demanded.

"I'll give you one sample of what I consider smooth brains—the very thing we're right now celebrating with a party," was her prompt response. "You all know I was sore at Duffy and sick of Jerry Corrigan, so I'm glad over what happened to Duffy and glad at what Jerry got today. But I guess we all know Jerry wasn't guilty, that he was framed. Now the killing of Duffy and the framing of Jerry—that's what I call a smooth job! The man that finished off those two, without involving himself—there's the sort of man who has what I call real brains!"

"Oh, has he!" exclaimed Glover. He stared at her a moment, then abruptly leaned farther across the table and caught her hand. "If that's your measure of a man, Lily, then I'm exactly your size!"

"You mean," she breathed, slowly rising and freeing her hand, "you mean, Jack Glover—you mean you're the man who really killed Duffy?"

"I'm not saying so, and charging myself with murder!" He also had risen. His eyes were blazing; his words poured out like white-hot metal. "You've been saying over and over I had no brains!" he panted. "Now you listen—you'll see that I have the brains of a dozen! I'm the man who planned Duffy's death—who planned Jerry's finish that clears the way for all of us! I planned everything!"

"I—I don't believe it! Why, Jack Glover, you were Jerry's best friend! Why, you saved his life in the war!"

"Jerry's best friend—bah, that boob!" Glover cried scornfully. "It was another soldier who saved Jerry in the Argonne—not me. That soldier was killed by a piece of shell just as he got Jerry back to our trench. Of course I let Jerry think I saved him; you can always make use of the gratitude of a simple boob like Jerry—and I certainly cashed in big on his gratitude! I call that using your brains, Lily Gilmore—stringing a boob along who's always ready to go the limit for you!

"But I got through with Jerry Corrigan for two good reasons," he panted on. "In the first place, you'd been stuck on him, Lily, and might turn back to him. In the second place, Jerry knew too much; if he ever found out I'd been lying about saving his life, he might blow all he knew. He was too dangerous, and so he had to go.

"And then I learned that Duffy suspected what I was, almost had the goods on me, on all of us. That meant that if I wanted to be safe, Duffy had to go. I got to thinking, and then I saw how I could use Corrigan and Duffy to blot each other out. I put it over. If that's not brains for you, Lily Gilmore," he ended in blazing triumph, "I'd like to know what brains are!"

"But—how was it all done?"

"Easy," he cried, rapidly, excitedly, glowing with the pride of his achievement. "I saw that Duffy got a tip to the effect that he'd get clinching evidence against me if he came at once to Jerry Corrigan's room. And I'd told Jerry that Buck Miller was gunning for me, Buck being sore because I'd invaded his bootleg territory; and I asked Jerry to stand by his old pal, and told him Buck might come hunting for me in his room. Then I got Jerry drunk. When Duffy came, Jerry's room was dark, and Jerry thought Duffy was Buck Miller. They mixed it in the dark, and Duffy was shot. Of course before this I'd beaten it into Jerry's head that if either of us ever got into trouble, it wouldn't help our own case a bit if we dragged the other fellow in. That's the reason Jerry's held his tongue: he thinks since he alone is guilty, why get another guy in trouble?"

"But did Jerry—did he really kill Duffy?" asked the girl.

"Of course not! But he thinks he did—so it all works out just the same!"

"Then—then who did kill Duffy?"

"I told you I'm not telling that!"

She drove herself on. "But—but a lot more must have happened in Jerry's room than you have told. It—it must have been very clever. What else happened?"

"I'm not telling that either. I leave it to you to figure out for yourself. And now," he gloated, "I guess I've proved to you that I'm a man with brains—that I know how to put things over!"

"Yes, you can put things over. You're so clever that—I'd like to know the rest."

"I've told you enough, and I tell you no more! Now do I get my answer, Lily?"

His triumphant smile held no doubt as to what would be her answer. Clifford realized that Lily had indeed reached the end of all she could draw from Glover. Her nerve had upheld her in an amazing way; he hoped that it would bear her up for yet another few minutes. He glanced at the door to her aunt's bedroom; this was the very moment for that door to open and for another actor to walk out upon the stage.

"Now do I get my answer, Lily?" repeated Glover, exultantly glowing with triumph.

Glover got his answer very swiftly. But it was not the answer he expected.

GENERAL THORNE, alertly listening in the bedroom, perceived that this moment was the cue for which he had been waiting. The bedroom door silently swung open, and silently through it stepped the big figure of Jerry Corrigan. His face was terrible in its convulsive rage, in his right hand was a police revolver—empty, if Clifford's instructions had been remembered.

"You get your answer from me, Jack Glover!" he cried out in a terrible voice.

Glover, Lily and the others whirled about. At sight of that devastated and devastating figure of raging vengeance, the four men turned pasty white and shrank back, but Lily started toward him with outstretched arms.

"Jerry—Jerry—" she began in an amazed whisper.

He raised a warning left hand. "Don't come any closer, you damned double-crossing skirt!" he blazed at her. "I've heard all your big brags—you crook!"

"My God—it's—it's—Jerry!" breathed Glover. "I'm—I'm glad to see you, Jerry. How—how did you get here?"

"You think any jail could hold me when I suspected your game, you damned double-crossing friend?"

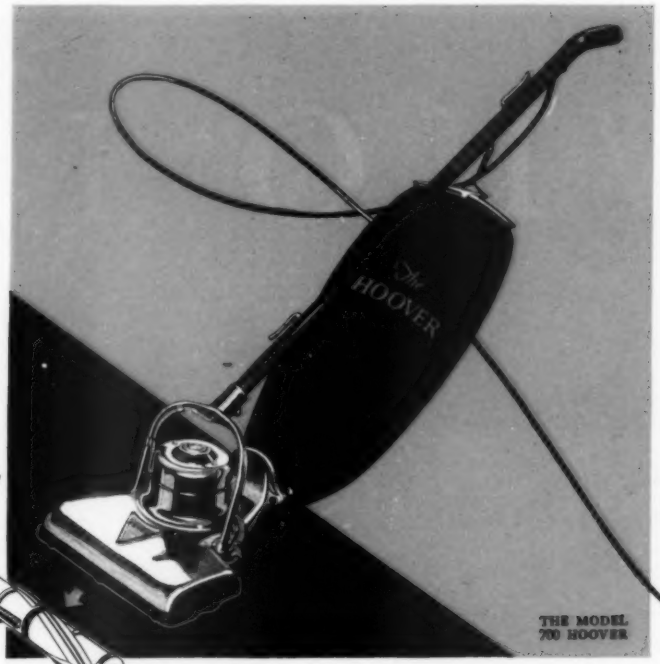
"So—you broke jail! But, Jerry—you got me all wrong—I just—"

"Shut up! I've seen everything you people have done, and heard everything you've said, since you've been in this room! And now, Jack Glover, by God I'm going to hear the rest of your story!"

The dread figure of this reputed deadly gunman moved nearer, his revolver trained on Glover's stomach. "Now stick 'em up, all of you! I saw your guns put in the wall safe, but that doesn't prove that one of you birds isn't packing another gat. Up with them! You too, Lily Gilmore!"

Five pairs of hands went toward the ceiling.

"So I'm a boob, Glover," he blazed at his former friend, "—a boob you kidded into believing you'd saved his life so you could use him later on! A loyal boob! But you were through with him—he knew too much —he'd be dangerous if he ever tumbled to the fact that for eight years you'd been trading on the gratitude he'd given you for a lie! So the only play to make yourself safe was to get me out of the way! Now finish the story you were telling this bunch:



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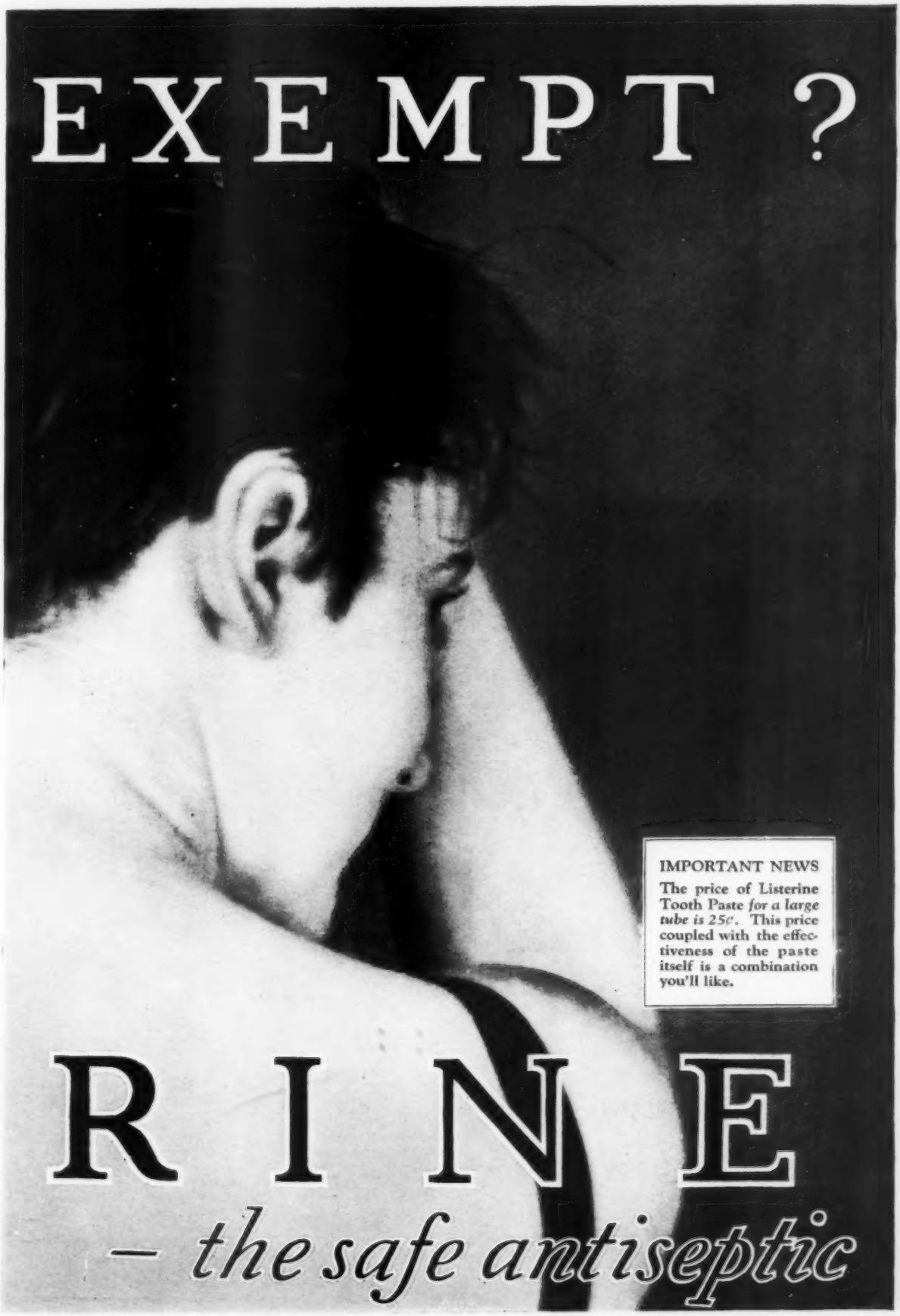
Douse it on full strength and massage thoroughly. Be systematic about it. Keep it up every day for a week or two. Except in the most stubborn cases, you will see almost immediate improvement.

And unlike most dandruff treatments, Listerine is a real delight to use. It invigorates the scalp. It allays itching. It makes the head feel clean, refreshed and cool. Moreover it doesn't leave the hair brittle and gummy.

If you show any evidence of dandruff start with Listerine today. A week from now you will be glad you did. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTE

EXEMPT ?



IMPORTANT NEWS

The price of Listerine Tooth Paste *for a large tube is 25¢.* This price coupled with the effectiveness of the paste itself is a combination you'll like.

RINE

— the safe antiseptic



Saved baby's life

THE same disaster may face you to-morrow.



"I heard my neighbor, mother of a young baby, screaming 'Fire! Fire!'

"Flames from an upset frying pan were spreading up her kitchen walls to baby's room above. The mother had rushed upstairs, picked up her baby, and was screaming hysterically from the window.

"I at once rushed across the yard with my Pyrene Fire Extinguisher and pumped the liquid on the flames. Instantly the fire was out. Mother and baby were saved."

"Fortify for Fire Fighting" to-day by having Improved Pyrene Fire Extinguishers in your home.

IMPROVED Pyrene FIRE EXTINGUISHER

KILLS FIRE—SAVES LIFE

PYRENE MANUFACTURING CO., Newark, N. J.

CAUTION: *Use only Pyrene Fire Extinguishing Liquid (patented) with Pyrene Fire Extinguishers*

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S Department of Education will help you solve the problem of your child's future training—see pages 7-19.



Now

a brush that does two things

BRUSHING with a damp, oversoft tooth brush fails to clean *between* your teeth. Fails to stimulate your gums.

The Pebeco Tooth Brush does both. *Ventilated*, it dries overnight. Always firm, "live." And its two tufts reach every part of your teeth. All druggists. Made only by Pebeco, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

PEBECO VENTILATED *Tooth Brush*

just what did I know that made me dangerous to you?"

"Why—why, Jerry—what I was telling these people was just stuff I made up—to make Lily think well—"

"Cut out the lies, Jack Glover!" gritted Jerry. "I was a boob, but not any more! I'll answer that question myself. I was a danger to you because I was driving the car the night you killed that jeweler Graham—I didn't know what you were up to when we started out—I was the only witness of that killing. I kept still; I protected you, because you reminded me of what I owed you for saving my life. But, you damned murderer, that murder is still a great sensation; the police have been determined to land the murderer; you knew I was the only person who could give evidence against you, and so I had to go. Isn't that the straight of why I was dangerous to you?"

"No," writhed Glover. "Not that, Jerry—I swear—"

"Come clean, you lying coward," grated Jerry, "or I'll blow you straight to hell! Didn't you murder Graham?"

"Ye-yes," chattered Glover.

"And because I knew you killed Graham, isn't that the reason you planned to have the law kill me?"

"Ye-yes," admitted Glover again.

Clifford drew a sharp breath. Of a certainty lips were being unsealed this night!

"Go on, Glover—you're not through yet. Who killed Duffy? You said I didn't kill him. Now, I didn't tell the police anyone was with me that night; I held my tongue to protect you. You were with me, and the only person with me. So if I didn't kill Duffy, then you killed him. Out with it, Glover—you killed Duffy!"

"No—no—I swear—"

"Shut up!" The police pistol tilted upwards. "Glover," grated the cold deadly voice, "I'm called a gunman who puts every bullet where he wants it—you've seen me shoot out the pips of cards, never missing a pip. So you know I can't miss your ears. I start with your ears, then hit the bull's-eye of your face. Your right ear goes first, unless you come clean!"

"Don't, Jerry, don't—" gasped the frantic Glover. "Yes—yes—I killed Duffy!"

"Keep right on with the story, Glover! Tell us how you killed Duffy in a way to make me think I killed him. You can leave out about having first filled me with your bad whisky; I know that. Come clean!"

"I—I had two thirty-eights," Glover gulped out. "The one I gave you I'd—I'd just fired—so—so it had one empty shell. When Duffy came—you thought he was Buck Miller—you had your gun out. You two mixed it in the dark—and while you mixed it—I—I sent a slug into Duffy and—and beat it. You thought your gun—had gone off—gone off while you fought. Then the police came. That's—that's all, Jerry."

"So that's all—not much, merely just that!" The flaming rage of Jerry passed beyond control at this sum of his friend's treachery. "You damned rat! Here's where I trim off your damned rat's ears!"

IN his rage he forgot that the revolver held no load. He pulled the trigger; there was merely a click.

"His gun's empty!" screamed Glover in frenzied hope. "Get him! He's a jail-breaking murderer—it's all right to croak him! That'll close his damned mouth, and we'll be safe."

The three men lunged at Jerry. From somewhere about Glover's waist there flashed out the second automatic Jerry had suspected that the bandit carried; plainly it was Glover's intent to do to Jerry what he had done to Duffy—kill while his quarry was being borne down in a struggle. But as the automatic darted up, Clifford's revolver roared. The automatic exploded harmlessly and fell, and Glover screamed and went reeling with a broken shoulder.

"Back up, all of you!" shouted the detective, leaping at the whirling quartet, throwing little Sacco aside with his left hand and jabbing his gun against Rogers' spine. "Back up!"

THE outbreak was over before it was fairly under way. Clifford and the mighty berserk Jerry could easily have handled it without aid, but instantly two officers were beside each of the bandits, and also there appeared General Thorne and the assistant district attorney who had prosecuted Jerry's case.

"Say—say—what's all this?" mouthed the astounded Glover, goggling at this irruption of police, and then fixing his stare on the amazingly resurrected Clifford. "And you, Clifford—dead to the world—dead to the world—"

His words were cut off by Lily's wild cry of sobbing joy. "Jerry, you're saved! You're saved! Oh, Jerry—"

Jerry Corrigan dashed aside the hands that would have clutched him.

"I'll not be your sucker again, you double-crossing turncoat!" he blazed at her.

"Corrigan," Clifford sharply put in, "get this straight and get it quick—Lily Gilmore is the person who really saved you."

"You mean—you mean Lily hasn't been double-crossing me?" asked the staring Jerry.

"Certainly not! I couldn't tell you the truth before; I had to let you believe the worst about her to make sure I'd get you mad enough to open that closed mouth of yours—as you've just done. You owe your life to Lily Gilmore's belief in you, and her love—and to the way she backed up her love tonight with the nerviest acting I've ever seen a woman do for the sake of the man she loved—acting when a single slip on her part might have meant a bullet for her from Glover's hidden gun!"

"No, Jerry—Mr. Clifford really did it all," Lily tremulously disclaimed. "I was just—just a puppet—doing and saying what Mr. Clifford had planned for me to do and say."

Jerry blinked at the girl, and a great awe came into his eyes. "Lily—Lily—"

"Say—say—what's all this?" repeated Glover, whose great world had fallen from beneath him with the suddenness of a gallows trap. "A frame-up?"

"Exactly," Clifford grimly responded. "You framed Jerry Corrigan, and the boob detective framed you, and I think you'll admit mine has proved the better frame-up. Lily Gilmore and I have worked together from the start: my coming to you—you suspecting her—my letting you string me along—her slipping me that fake knock-out drop tonight—her story of her criminal success—all were parts of the frame-up, a frame-up to get you to come out with the truth before witnesses."

"My God!" breathed the appalled Glover, as he realized the magnitude of Clifford's plan, and the meaning to him of what had happened during the last hour in this room. The life went out of him; he turned a ghastly white and seemed to shrivel up; and as he was led forth by officers, not a word came from him, and none from his three companions.

"Great Scott, Clifford, what a case!" General Thorne exploded in admiration, gripping Clifford's shoulder. "Sealed lips, you called it—what a case, what a solution! How are the city and I ever to pay you?"

"Pay me?" Clifford nodded at Lily Gilmore and Jerry Corrigan. "Right there, General, is the best pay I can ever get!"

The lovers were holding each other, sobbing in happiness, their lips sealed in a clinging kiss.

"Sealed lips," Clifford murmured, very softly. "General, those are lips that are never going to be unsealed!"

NOTES FOR PEACOCK ALLEY

Of all the alluring magical contrivances of Fairy Lore—the wishing rings, invincible swords, seven-league boots and caps of darkness—Aladdin's Lamp intrigued my childish heart most deeply. There was something so delightfully mysterious, so truly magical in the thought of the invincible Geni of the Lamp who did its owner's bidding.



Something of the same old thrill—greatly diluted, alas, by the sophisticating years, may be evoked by inspecting the new compact *de luxe* by Terri—New York's inspired Vanity-maker—that is if you take a keen womanly interest in feminine gewgaws.



It looks so like a tiny jewel of a book, with its overlapping edges and minute but useful gold tipped pencil lurking in a hollow at the hinge, yet there is such an astonishing supply of delightful cosmetics tucked away inside—it really seems as if there must be *magic* in it! Naturally it has been named the "*Book*" Compact.

—and the COLORS this delectable *vanity* comes in are enough to enrapture the most *blase* feminine heart! Gay Mandarin Red—cool Marsh Green—a dovelike Grey—not to mention an aristocratic Black! This use of *color* in vanity cases is very new and very tasteful. The polished bakelite in which they are made, too, is quite a relief after the interminable array of gold and silver plate that has been haunting the shops.



In fact—a thoroughly pleasing exterior has the Terri-Book Compact—and a thoroughly practical, though equally pleasing interior, as well! There is a sizeable mirror, for instance, that obligingly reflects all but the most negligible portions of one's face at a glance. Its an *unbreakable* mirror, too—a point of prime importance if one is at all superstitiously inclined.



Then there are those *excellent* cosmetics made by Terri himself. Exceptionally fine grained powder and face rouge—velvety to the touch and very tenacious. A smooth, neatly spreading lipstick, entirely lacking in that unpleasant greasy taste common to so much lip rouge.

The shades are: Blanche, Naturelle and Rachel in the powder; Coral with an orange cast, a Medium Rose tint and a vivid Raspberry in the rouge.



And the usefulness of the little pencil so neatly tucked away at the hinge must not be forgotten. It enables one to jot down the address of a shop—a friend's telephone number—all those invaluable bits of information gleaned abroad that are so irretrievably lost if entrusted to an errant memory.

Indeed, the Terri Book Compact is an eminently practical contrivance—a very Paragon of Compacts—yet it costs only $2.50. And it is not the utilitarian qualities so much—indispensable as they are—that win my heart, but the fascinating colors employed in the cases.



What a pleasing note of contrast to the rest of one's costume a case of flashing Mandarin Red or cool Marsh Green would make as one drew it from a pocketbook—or what a last perfect touch of harmony with an ensemble of the same shade!

By the way—I almost forgot to say that that enchanting Terri powder in the compact may be had in ***loose*** *form as well. An exceedingly helpful addition to one's dressing table!*

The Shopper Lee



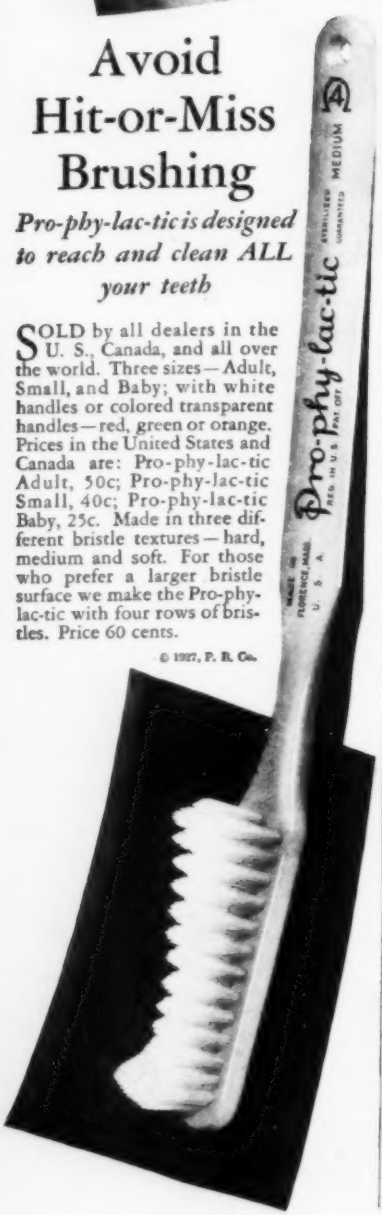
Terri Triple Book Compact with pencil, in Mandarin Red, Marsh Green, Dove Gray and Black. Price $2.50



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Avoid Hit-or-Miss Brushing

Pro-phy-lac-tic is designed to reach and clean ALL your teeth

SOLD by all dealers in the U. S., Canada, and all over the world. Three sizes—Adult, Small, and Baby; with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green or orange. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium and soft. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface we make the Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles. Price 60 cents.

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THE MAJOR

(Continued from page 69)

no inquiry. But that morning my curiosity overcame me, and as I was dressing I asked bluntly: "Major, who are you—what's your name?"

He told me, and I was not the slightest bit surprised to hear him claim as his own one of the proudest and most honored names of the South. I bowed my acknowledgment.

I WAS with the Major for a week. He was an ideal host, and every minute was delightful. There was nothing grandiloquent or pathetic, as might well have been the case, about his assumption of the grand manner of the old aristocrat. It was a burlesque, a joke. He did it for his own amusement, and mine, out of a keen, whimsical humor that showed itself constantly as a characteristic part of his make-up.

But there was nothing whimsical or grotesque about the way in which he handled his Mexicans. He dealt with them naturally in a truly fine, old-fashioned, aristocratic style—bombarded them daily with a rich and glowing profanity, set his dogs on any that came too near his cabin, tenderly dressed the wounds of all who happened to get bitten; accused them of being the biggest thieves, the most accomplished liars and the laziest laborers on earth—paid them good wages for these accomplishments, supplied them with provisions at less than cost to himself, and roundly asserted that he knew they all hated him.

But they didn't. I can't imagine that anyone ever hated the Major, and his Mexican laborers were no exception. They were like his dogs. They didn't resent his abuse, because they knew he didn't mean it, and that it would be followed by a torrent of kindness. Even the little naked children were aware of that. In his cabin the Major kept a bucket of cheap candy for their especial benefit, and whenever he went across the cañon to the Mexicans' *jacales*,—he wouldn't allow them to live on his side of it,—he always filled his pockets. On these occasions the children would annoy him as much as they could, would get in his way, bring down upon their unwashed and scheming little heads a shower of wrath, magnificently worded, and the next moment a shower of the coveted *"dulces."*

It was the Major's way of winning allegiance, and yet if anyone had dared to tell him that his peons stayed with him because they were really fond of him, while men generally, all over the country, which was then filled with pre-revolutionary unrest, were flocking to the towns, he would have resented it almost as an insult.

"No sir," he would have stormed back, "no sir, not by a damn' sight! These men stay with me because they're afraid to quit. They don't dare to leave. Why, damn their hides, I'd shoot their heads off if they started to walk out on me. They know it, and that's why they stay."

But that wasn't why. The Mexicans stayed, it was easy to see, because they knew that as long as food was to be had the Major would see that they had it, and also, as they showed later, because they had a real affection for him.

When the period for which I had invited myself to be the Major's guest was ended, and when I told him that I was going to leave the next morning, he said: "I've been thinking about going down to Chihuahua on a little business excursion. Maybe we could have some fun. Don't you want to go along for a few days?"

"I certainly do," I replied.

And I went. I didn't have the slightest idea what the business was, but anyhow, the next morning instead of taking the train for the north, and the United States, I took the one for the south, with the Major, and the following day we were in the old Mexican city. We went to a hotel where the Major kept his trunks, secured rooms, cleaned up, and then he said: "Come along, and let's get it over with."

He took me to the office of an American doctor and asked the man to examine the place on his hand. During the week I had been with him he had dressed it every morning, and once when I had expressed my admiration for the dog which had bitten him, he had explained that it wasn't a dog-bite but a thorn scratch, and had said that it would soon be well. But when I heard him tell the Doctor that he had been suffering with it for six months, I felt that it was serious. The Doctor also thought and said so, but would make no positive diagnosis. Instead of depending on his own knowledge and limited facilities, he took a complete history of the case, clipped a specimen of skin and tissue from the Major's hand and sent them on to a laboratory in Chicago with instructions for a thorough analysis, and a report at once, by wire, as to what should be done. The Doctor said it would take a week to get a reply.

That was a blue week for me, but a gay one for the Major. He didn't worry for a minute. He left that part of it to me while he had a good time. He knew everybody who was worth knowing, Mexicans and Americans both, men with money and congenially convivial habits; and during our days and nights of waiting for the telegram, he did himself proud, as he expressed it, at the poker-table and the roulette-wheel. He lost two or three thousand dollars and actually enjoyed it.

Finally the wire came. It was very technical, and to me very terrible. It stated positively that the specimens submitted had come from a highly malignant infection, and from the long standing of the case, and the location of the lesion, it was imperative that the arm be amputated at the elbow!

"I was afraid it would be something like that," said the Major. "Well, I'll see you again, Doc, in a few days."

"Don't wait too long," advised the Doctor.

"I wont wait too long," was the reply.

THAT night we took the train back to Ojo Caliente. During the long ride the Major's hand wasn't mentioned, but when the whistle blew for the lone box-car and the water-tank, I said: "Major, don't you want me to get off here and go back up to the cabin with you?"

"Do just as you please," he answered. "I'd like to have you if you want to come."

Together we climbed the six miles to the cabin. When we arrived, the Major mixed a couple of long toddies; we drank them slowly, and then he said: "I'm going for a walk, alone, and it may be pretty late before I get back."

I didn't know what to do or what to say. I saw the Major strap on his six-shooter and step out of the door! When he reached the gate, I cried out: "Don't surrender, Major! For God's sake don't surrender!"

He looked back and smiled, rather queerly, I thought, and walked on up the trail. I watched him until his tall, straight form disappeared around a turn, and then I went back in the cabin and sat down and tried to think. There was not a thing to be done. I couldn't follow the Major. He had said he wanted to be alone, and although I knew why, I also knew that I couldn't intrude upon him. He wasn't the kind of man who could be intruded upon. He was fighting a battle, a hard one—I


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Actresses favor Resinol Soap for daily cleansing

They find that its Resinol properties tend to prevent dryness and roughness of the skin

"It is very easy to understand why Resinol Soap is so popular since it has special properties to keep the skin soft and natural," says Viola Dana, much admired F. B. O. star who is now being featured in "Homestruck."

With every trace of make-up to be removed daily if she is to care for her skin properly, the screen star must decide what will accomplish this cleansing most thoroughly without injury to the skin's delicate texture. Resinol Soap offers a solution of the problem, and women in all fields of activity are adopting its use.

To daily increasing numbers of women the name Resinol means a product with ingredients of particular benefit to the skin. In the abundant, creamy lather of Resinol Soap these properties are carried deep into the pores, and they make possible thorough cleansing without the smarting, dry, red flaky condition of which so many complain.

Get a cake of this soap from your druggist now and use it regularly as directed, but note the softness, radiance and general improvement in your skin which follows the *first* treatment.

If you are at present annoyed by some skin irritation—a minor rash, a facial blemish, or one of the more serious forms of skin disorder apply a bit of Resinol Ointment. It relieves burning and itching promptly and rarely fails to clear the trouble away. Prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years.

Cut this coupon and mail today

Dept. 6-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

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knew that; and he had to fight it out alone. No one could help him.

That afternoon was the longest of my life. A dozen times I jumped up thinking I heard a pistol-shot. Once I was sure of it, and a hundred times, I know, I started up the trail only to get a few yards and turn back.

AT sundown I could stand it no longer. I started out desperately. I was determined to find the Major, dead or alive and—just at the turn where he had disappeared a few hours before, I met him coming back.

Draped over his shoulder was the body of a full-grown mountain lion!

"Is supper ready?" he said. "I've carried this gentleman for four miles, and I'm hungry."

I didn't reply. I couldn't. I was too full of amazement, mixed with a little wrath, to say a word, and it was only after we had eaten a hastily cooked supper that I asked, quite sarcastically: "And so, Major, you didn't wander out into those hills to be alone, and gaze for the last time upon the beauties of the world and then shoot the top of your head off?"

The Major's laugh rang out long and loud: "Hell, no! What I went after was that lion. He and I've had a personal misunderstanding for more than a year. We've gotten away from each other about a dozen times apiece, I reckon, and so I just thought I'd better go out and take a last crack at him today while I had two good arms left to do it with. He's a beauty, isn't he?"

"Yes," I retorted, "he's a beauty; and the pair of you, you and he, have furnished me with a delightful afternoon. Why didn't you take me along instead of letting me sit here for hours contemplating a pleasant tomorrow spent in searching for your corpse and burying it somewhere in these rocks? And also why, please tell me, did you go out on a lion-hunt with nothing but a six-shooter?"

The Major grinned happily: "Well," he said, "you see, at first I didn't know just what you'd planned for me for the afternoon, but when you hollered at me not to surrender, and I found out what a fool notion you had running around in your head, I just said to myself: 'Let him sweat it out—it'll be good for him.' And I didn't take anything but a pistol along, because this old fellow's been a good sport, and as it was going to be our last meeting, I just figured that I ought to give him a good, even break."

I ignored the first part of the Major's reply and asked: "Was he hard to get?"

"No, not a bit. But then, I was lucky. I went into his cave after him, saw a pair of green lights and let him have it. That first shot must have blinded him completely. You can see where it caught him, right between the eyes; and after that, although he thrashed around a lot, he never got to me, and a couple more finished him."

The next morning the Major went to the station with me, and as I shook hands with him, from the rear platform, he said: "Good-by. I reckon you'll never grip that hand again!"

It was the only tactless remark he ever made. It choked me all up, and as I stood there and watched his tall, straight form, standing alone in the wilderness, fade away in the distance, I felt something warm drop down on my hands, gripped hard on the rail. I wasn't ashamed of the tears, not a bit.

A month went by, and I received a card from the Major. It was rather scrawly, but it was full of hope. It read: "Everything's fine. Come down when you can, and bring some mint."

I replied that I'd come when I could, and then, almost immediately, things began to happen to Mexico. The revolutionists came up from the south; Juarez was captured, recaptured and captured again; the railroads, constantly torn up and rebuilt, operated only spasmodically; Pancho Villa finally assumed a doubtful control of the State of Chihuahua, and then, at the end of more than a year, I found myself once again expectantly descending from a train at Ojo Caliente.

I climbed the trail, fought off the dogs, saw them slink away in obedience to the Major's excellent profanity, and rounding the corner, I again beheld him in person.

He was standing at the gate, but with only one hand on the top of it this time, and when he recognized me, he said: "Did you bring that mint?"

I produced it, wrapped in a wet newspaper, and together we entered the cabin. He proceeded to mix the drinks, juleps this time—did it dexterously with one hand; and as soon as the ceremony of imbibing had begun, I said: "Well, Major, tell me about it."

"There's nothing to tell," he replied, "except that I went to Chihuahua, had the operation, stayed in the hospital for three weeks, and—"

He broke off, then yelled, "Come in!" and timidly, servilely, a little Mexican girl of about seven pushed open the door and entered the cabin. She came to the center of the room, held out a package wrapped in a white cloth, and said, with her gaze directed straight at the floor: *"Mi mama manda estas tortillas."* ("My mamma sends these tortillas.")

With an angry look the Major took the package, tossed it on the table and turned back to me. For probably twenty seconds the child stood there, immovable as a statue, looking now straight at the Major's back. Suddenly he wheeled on her; her eyes dropped, and he said, *"Y que mas quieres?"* ("And what more do you want?")

"Mis dulces."

THE MAJOR reached in a bucket under the table and handed the child a few pieces of candy. Her eyes shone with delight; she looked up and smiled at him; he smiled down at her; and as she ran out of the door, he turned on me as fiercely as if I had been the author of his woes.

"That's it," he growled; "that's the way it's been ever since I got back from Chihuahua a year ago. Why, when these *pelados* saw what had happened to me, and that I didn't have but one arm left, they cut up until you'd have thought somebody was dead. Why, damn 'em, they were sorry for me. Can you imagine it? Sorry for *me!* And they're still sorry; that's the worst of it. They hate me, I know, just as much as they ever did, because they're afraid of me; but they're sympathetic, damn 'em, and they show it, and what can I do about it?

"I even had to quit setting the dogs on 'em, because the women got to coming up here to clean the cabin, and bring in the wood, and sew on buttons and things, and I couldn't have them chewed up all the time, could I? And the children hang around for candy; and the men, even though we can't ship anything now because of the railroads, are getting out more ore than they ever did. And they've all stuck. That's because they're afraid, though. They know what I'd do if they tried to quit on me."
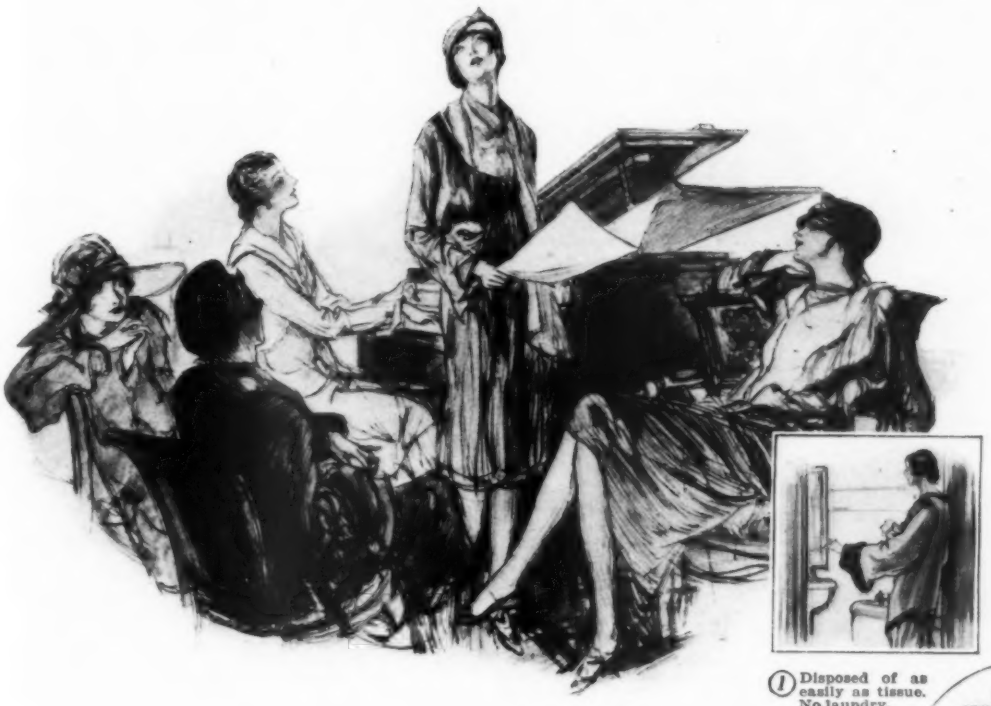
I had to laugh. And I did. "Why, Major, can't you see that these people actually love you, just as the darkies in Georgia would have. You belong to them; that's the way they feel about it; and they belong to you."

"Oh, hell!" responded the Major, and there was ringing disgust in his tone.

"How about the revolution—has it caused you much trouble?" I asked.

Under the Most Trying Hygienic Handicaps

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Easy Disposal
and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.



(2) True protection — 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton "pads."



(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

The filmy frocks that women used to fear are now worn in security. This new way brings protection, PLUS freedom forever from the embarrassment of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

NO matter how audaciously filmy one's frock or gown, no matter how exacting the social demands of the moment—one meets them now in confidence and security.

Wear the sheerest of gowns, dance, motor, go about for hours without a second's doubt or fear. The most amazing hygienic problem of yesterday, as millions of women have learned, is but an incident of today.

KOTEX—What it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary" pads of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

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WET RUBBER *slips*

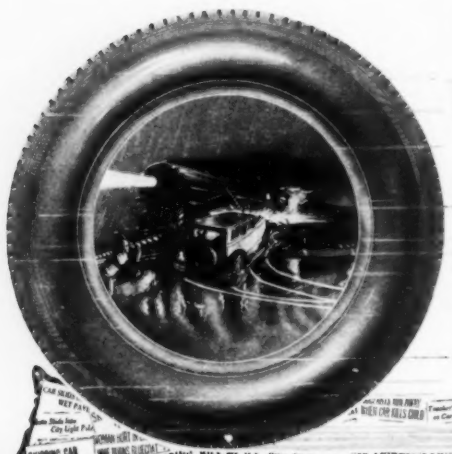
Friction, and friction alone, prevents skidding. Friction between tires and road. The best brakes are helpless when friction fails. Without friction on the road, tires slide, car skids forward and sideways. *And friction fails whenever rubber tires get wet.* To illustrate how wet rubber slips:



Take a rubber pencil eraser

Hold the pencil firmly and try to slide it over a glass surface. Note how the rubber sets up a friction against the glass—how it adheres.

Now wet the glass and try it again. Note how the rubber slips and skids the instant it reaches the wet area.





(After every rain newspapers bear mute testimony to the hundreds of skids that could be prevented by WEED Chains)



WEED Chains are the most dependable preventative of forward and side skids. For wet rubber slips while the hardened steel WEED cross chains grip wet roads and give dependable traction in mud. Put them on whenever roads are wet. It takes only a few minutes.

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WEED
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WEED CHAINS *grip*

"There can be no compromise with safety"

"Not a particle. In fact, I've enjoyed it. Wait, I'll show you something."

He went to the cupboard, took out a bundle, unrolled it and displayed to my astonished gaze a sizable Confederate flag!

"Where in the world did you get it, and what do you do with it?"

"I had the Mexican women make it. I got the cloth and drew a picture, and they sewed it together. And now whenever I receive a call, as I frequently do, from any of these overnight generals, colonels or majors, I fly my colors, assemble my army, and tell them to go to hell."

"Your army?"

"Yes, my army. My Mexicans. The men, ten of 'em, say that this is their flag too, that they'll fight for it, and so I've armed 'em, drilled 'em and taught 'em to shoot, and together we hold the fort."

"And yet you say they don't like you."

"They don't!" he snorted in reply. "They're afraid of me; that's all."

WHILE we were at breakfast the next morning, a man came running in and announced that a body of men was coming up the trail.

The Major went out hastily. He raised his flag on a pole at the corner of the cabin, assembled his army, made the men salute the colors, armed each one with a rifle that he dug out from behind his stack of provisions, and told them to locate themselves where they could cover the approach of the enemy.

It was a real war; I could see that; and although the Major and his "army" seemed to be getting a perfect kick out of the situation, it suddenly occurred to me that I had picked out exactly the wrong time for my visit. I said something of the kind to the Major, and he replied as if surprised: "Why, you'll enjoy it; really, you will."

From the point where the Major's men had stationed themselves, and where we immediately joined them,—behind some boulders on the opposite side of the cañon to the north of the cabin,—we commanded a view of the narrow trail for a distance of fully three hundred yards, and could hold off any number of men coming up it for an indefinite time.

We crouched down in the rocks and waited. It seemed a long time to me, but in reality it couldn't have been more than ten minutes until a single file of dilapidated-looking warriors, wearing indescribable uniforms, no two of which were alike, and big hats, and riding poor, bony horses, came into view around a lower turn in the trail. There were about twenty of them, but it was not until the cavalcade was within two hundred yards of us that the Major called out "Fire!" It was a tense moment for me. It looked like cold-blooded slaughter. The Major's entire army cut loose with a broadside and—not a man of the enemy fell from his horse! Instead I saw white patches of dust jump out from the wall of the cliff above the irregular line of big sombreros, and I knew that the Major's men had had previous instructions to shoot high. But that one volley was enough; the bloodless victory was complete! A panic ensued; the attackers turned in their tracks and almost rode each other down in their frantic efforts to get back behind the turn.

It was a comic-opera affair, but there was more of it to come.

The sun glinted on two or three rifle barrels that were poked out from behind the cliff below, and their concealed owners pulled the triggers. The bullets whistled a mile over our heads, and the Major ordered a response to the next effort of the enemy. His men waited; the rifle barrels below showed once more, and ten marksmen, trained by the Major, fired simultaneously at them. That ended the belligerent features of the morning. I saw two rifles

suddenly fly into the air, and almost immediately thereafter I saw a white flag waved violently around the corner of the cliff. The Major responded with a handkerchief, and at once a lone man, carrying his flag of truce high in the air, appeared, and started up the trail on foot.

We crossed the cañon, the Major and I, and met this emissary at the turn where I had had my previous encounters with the dogs.

He was one Colonel Estrada. His insignia showed his rank, and the first thing he did was to demand, grandiloquently, an explanation. He wanted to know why he had been fired upon, when his errand was one of peace.

"To halt you, of course," bluntly retorted the Major in Spanish; and then, as the three of us stepped around to the front of the cabin, he said: *"Mira, Señor Coronel, mira!"* And he pointed to his flag. As he did so, he stopped, looked straight at the Colonel and gravely saluted his own colors. The Mexican officer hesitated for a fraction of a second and did likewise. (I've often wondered what would have happened if he hadn't.)

We then entered the cabin; the Major produced the inevitable demijohn, we all drank, and thereafter the Colonel, who had probably been a mule-packer before the revolution, produced a paper, made a magnificent gesture and handed it to the Major.

The Major read it and said to me: "Well, this is a new one. Heretofore all they've been after is my men, but now they want my money. They demand that I come across with a 'contribution' to help out the glorious cause of the revolution. But that's easy."

"You don't intend to pay it, do you?" I asked.

"Of course," he answered, and turning to the Colonel, who hadn't understood a word of our English, he said: "And now, Señor Coronel, if I pay you as I am ordered to do in this letter, you are empowered, are you not, to give me a receipt for my money written on the back of this communication, which is signed by Don Pancho himself?"

As he asked this question, the Major winked violently at me, and the Colonel looked considerably embarrassed. He started to object, became confused, and the Major interrupted: "But I shouldn't have suggested that. It will be too much trouble for you. I will write the receipt myself, and you can sign it. The señor, here,"—and he pointed to me,—"will serve as a witness."

I WAS amazed at the proceedings, especially at the Major's docility in the face of a hold-up, but I said nothing. The Major got a pen and ink, wrote several lines on the back of the Villa order, signed it and passed it over to the Colonel. That worthy's embarrassment now became painful; he handled the paper as if it were red-hot, looked at it wrong side up, and then stammeringly confessed that he could neither read nor write.

Again the Major was profuse in his apologies. He said that he should have known better than even to have thought that an officer in the Army of the People had ever had time to bother himself with securing such a useless thing as an education, and then indicated to the Colonel that all he had to do anyhow was to make his mark, and that I would gladly witness the same.

The Colonel did it. He made a very uncertain-looking cross upon the paper. I wrote in his name on both sides of it, affixed my own as a truly qualified *"testigo,"* and the transaction, save for the paying over of the cash, was complete.

The cash was the thing the Colonel was most interested in, and he asked for it immediately. The Major replied that he would get it at once, and while he rummaged



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Fioret Face Powder pays as much attention to staying on the skin as it does to beautifying the complexion. Soft to touch as thistledown, it has a gratifying way of clinging to the cheek and nose. Spring breezes cannot tempt it to depart.

And this fine face powder has another very personal charm, unsuspected 'til you use it as your own—the subtle fragrance of the odeur "Jouir" with which it is scented.

If you have sought long for a powder which is delicately perfumed, soft and really clinging, do not postpone the purchase of Fioret. Seek today the beautiful green and gold box with its exquisite contents. It may be found in most good drug and department stores. The price is only $1. Fioret, Inc., Paris. 677 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Poudre de FIORET



around in a trunk in the corner, I glanced at what he had written. It was marvelous. In ten or twelve lines he had made Pancho Villa, through his authorized representative, enter into a treaty granting him immunity from further molestation and recognizing his right, as a Major in the army of the Confederate States of America, to maintain an armed force for the protection of his property and his person.

I read that document and was so filled with emotion that I wanted to go outside at once and salute the flag. But I couldn't. The Major had finished his search through the trunk and was now approaching the table with a double handful of bills. He gravely counted them out: twenties, fifties and hundreds, until five thousand dollars was in the pile and then he shoved it across to the Colonel. It was all good Confederate money. The little Mexican officer stowed it hastily, almost feverishly, into his pockets and rose to go. But no. We had to have one more drink. We had it. We drank to the Colonel, and as that happy officer stepped out into the yard, and noticed a waving shadow on the ground in front of him, he looked up, stopped suddenly, stood at attention and again saluted the Flag!

THE STAR OF THE GLACIER

(Continued from page 59)

the terrible vision-hunger were fixed upon the Virginian. They held him. The announcement thrilled him, and he waited breathless, strangely expectant.

"I saw the Grépon!" The golden voice whispered the statement but wove a tingling undernote into the four words. "I saw the little shelter in which my father passed the night before—before he slipped over the dreadful precipice. It was the anniversary of his death, and—and I may have been thinking of him more than usual."

NOW the story clutched Dreve. It closed in upon him, flanking his protecting doubts. "I saw my father in the shelter!" The little spear of sound transfixed the brain of the listening Virginian. Again the girl repeated the words: *"I saw my father in the shelter!*

"It was like a length torn from a great film that God had made!" whispered the girl. "A terrible film that—that God had made to show—to show to me! I—I cannot describe it to you. Possibly everything that happens is filmed. Filmed by the things around. Photographed by the sea, the rocks, the mountains. Some day we will know. We will understand that—that nothing is blotted out. Today I have proved that the terrible film that came to me in the night was exact in every particular."

John Dexter Dreve found a question on his lips. "How?" he asked.

"I visited the brother of the guide who was with my father and who went over the precipice with Daddy," answered the girl. "The brother lives on the Rue Nationale. I described to him the clothing that my father's guide wore on the day of the accident—described everything: his coat, his hat, his shoes, even the brass buttons on his coat upon which were engraved the little flowers of the edelweiss. You see, I saw him with my father, saw him in my dreams—not once, but a score of times. Night after night I saw that length of film. That is why I am here. Mother is ill, and—and I think, oh, I think that there is something waiting for—for me up there!"

She turned her head and pointed rather fearfully at the Grépon, the frightening Grépon whose rearing form seemed to incorporate defiance.

"But you are not going to climb the peak?" cried Dreve.

The girl nodded. "I am going up tomorrow before the dawn," she said softly. "I have everything arranged. Something—something is waiting for me. I do not know what. But—but I must go. Mother is very ill. When I could no longer stand the horror of the things I saw in my dreams, I took a position as governess with a family going abroad. It—it was I that urged them to come here."

John Dexter Dreve was curiously moved by the strange, pathetic story. And the girl's voice thrilled him. It brought Home; it brought sweet memories.

"I should be sleeping," murmured the girl, "but I cannot sleep."

They sat together in silence and stared at the *massif*. Shadows appeared on the moon-whitened slopes—tremendous shadows that fled and reappeared again. The gods were supping on the tablecloth of snow they had spread upon the peaks. Dreve recalled how the inhabitants of the valley in the days of De Saussure thought that the great heights were the abiding-places of wicked spirits.

Something stirred within the mind of the Virginian. In an instant he understood the challenge that had led hundreds of hardy climbers to their death. The Grépon challenged him! It was an enemy! It had induced the girl to confide in him, to tease him into an acceptance of the challenge. A couplet from far-off days raced like a hound through his brain:

> "Massa Jack Dreve doesn't fear no one,
> De debbil wif his hoofs couldn't make him run."

He turned to the girl. "I would like to go with you if you would let me," he said gently. "I have done a lot of climbing in different parts of the world."

"I—I would be pleased to have your company," came her soft whisper.

"Good!" said Dreve. "And now I would advise a little sleep. I'll meet you at two here on the terrace. Good night."

DREVE spoke to Peter before he retired. "Ever climb mountains, Peter?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Jack, an' I is never goin' to, either," said the negro promptly.

"What is your objection?"

"De good Lord nebber intended dat we should climb dem," said Peter doggedly. "Dat's why He keeps de snow up dere on de big hills all de time. Here it am de middle o' August, an' de mountains up dere in front o' yore windows look like a nigger mammy's back yard on washin' day. White as milk. An' dey tell me dat de snow am awful thick, Mr. Jack."

"It is," agreed Dreve. "Hundreds of feet deep, in places."

"Den de Lord didn't 'tend dat I should walk on it," growled Peter. "If He did 'tend any job like dat fo' me, He would hab given me legs longer dan a geeraffle."

"I'm sorry," laughed Dreve. "I am going to take a little climb tomorrow morning, and I had a half-belief that you would like to come along."

Peter snorted. "I'd sooner die right now in dis room wifout seein' Virginny again, dan climb inter dose mountains!" he cried. "I's plumb set 'gainst foolishness like dat. What made you 'gree to do a t'ing like dat, Mr. Jack?"

Dreve smiled. "Do you remember Ben, the negro who wrote all the songs at Dreveton?" he asked.

"Good-for-nothin' nigger!" snapped Peter. "Did no work but jest write foolish stuff for the niggers to sing."

"I think it was something that Ben wrote

that made me take on this climb," said Dreve. "It came into my head when I was considering the matter. Go to bed, Peter. I can only get two hours' sleep before we start."

CHAMONIX before the dawn—before the mountains wake: little dark streets, groups here and there talking in whispers, the stamping of waiting mules that carry climbers up the lower slopes, the clatter of an ice-ax dropped on the cobbles by nervous fingers; voices of guides, questioning, directing; zero-hour in the daily battle with the peaks on which the gods squat.

A brave figure was Marjorie Keppell in tight-fitting trousers, thick stockings and iron-shod shoes. She had given Dreve her hand when they met. Her grip was strong. The sweet voice whispered her thanks for his company; the Virginian pleaded that he should be the grateful one. She had brought a thrill into lazy loafing days. After those few remarks they were curiously silent.

And in silence they went up and up toward the point where the peaks throw down the gauntlet to the intruder. Up the lower slopes, the pin-points of light in the little town dropping away as they climbed. The guide was silent. Given little to words are the guides of Chamonix—the brave four hundred guides of Chamonix.

Up and up and up. Still the shadowy hours before the dawn. Small obstacles to come—small in comparison with what lay high up. Below, far below, there raced a lighted serpent—the little train from St. Gervais-les-Bains!

They reached the snout of a glacier, crossed its curdled surface and attacked a steep *couloir* that rose like a stairway to Paradise. And as they climbed the *couloir*, the dawn came!

The flaring Alpine dawn—frightening! A giant hand had suddenly crushed the black pomegranate of night, and from it fell showers of crimson seeds—crimson seeds of light.

They fell upon the peaks high above the three. The bristling peaks thrust hungrily up to receive the benison. One after the other the high-flung altars burst into flame. Aiguille du Dru! Petites Jorasses! Calotte de Rochefort! Aiguille de Charmoz! Mont Mallet! And peeping out of a cloud-blanket, face ablaze, was the Aiguille de Grépon! The terrible Grépon!

The light flowed down the flanks of the peaks—avalanches of color: lustrous crimson, mile-wide splashes of vermilion, slashes of cinnamon, of shivering amethyst, of bishop's purple. Drove downward into the valley! Thrust the fingers of dawn into the eyes of the big hotels—big hotels so pitifully small in comparison with the gigantic hills where the gods lived.

The guide saw a threat in the dawn. There would be a change, later in the day—a big change. Speed was necessary. Nervously he suggested a postponement. The Grépon was hard. Mont Blanc was an old woman's climb, but the Grépon was for skilled mountaineers.

Fiercely the girl fought the suggestion. She would not return. They must go forward. Her stay at Chamonix was limited. The eyes of the guide fell upon the girl. They crept over her, weighing her powers of resistance, guessing at the strength of the shapely legs that showed to advantage in the climbing breeches. There was no admiration for the legs in his glances. Quite the contrary! He examined them in the cold unemotional manner he would have used in looking at the legs of a mountain mule.

The wind-dried lips of the guide flung a challenge at the too-colorful dawn. "We can do it if we hurry," he growled. "We must travel full speed. It will be bad." Again he looked at the legs of the girl, muttered something under his breath, then drove straight up into the flushed snow-stretches.



"How do you keep your hands looking so lovely?"



ONCE A WOMAN dabbed a bit of her husband's tube of Mennen SKIN BALM on her hands.

Now she has her own supply of SKIN BALM, the big tube for her dressing table, the Vanitie size for her handbag. For, from the first touch her skin took on a soft and pleasant glow, a freshness and smoothness she had often admired in others; which she had despaired ever of attaining for herself. Her friends began to compliment her. They too, now use SKIN BALM.

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The climb began then. Up and up and up! Scrambling over the bare bones of creation, clinging to the elemental skeleton of the world—a skeleton creased and wrinkled by countless years, a skeleton that had gathered to itself snow-arêtes, ice-slopes, crevasses and *séracs*. Driving upward into the high majesty of the overworld, the awe-inspiring overworld.

Dreve marveled at the endurance of the girl, marveled at her courage. Not a word of complaint came from her, not a whimper of fear. With courage high she faced the perilous passages. With cool unfrightened eyes she climbed along rock-shelves that were mere ridges on the rocky hide of pits of dreadful depth—pits from which came cunning devilish winds that clutched at her with cold fingers. She didn't flinch, but she thrust herself against the rocky wall and bored on.

In the lead was the guide; roped to him was the girl; and another fifteen feet of stout Alpine rope tied her to the Virginian, who brought up the rear. Once only in the hours that followed the dawn did she halt in the mad rush upward. She dropped upon her knees to pluck her first edelweiss, the little white flower that is called the star of the glacier.

"Please say you didn't see it before I picked it!" she cried, turning to Dreve.

"I didn't see it," he said. "Why? Must one pick the flower in secret?"

"If you want good luck, you must," she murmured. "And I do want good luck."

The Virginian thought her voice more wonderful than ever. The thin air of the heights gave it a magical quality. She dropped the little white flower into the bosom of her flannel shirt, smiled bravely at Dreve, and plunged on behind the growling guide.

A SUDDEN listlessness came into the atmosphere. The guide examined the valley with slitted eyes. Above Vallorcine, the gateway to Switzerland, cloud stallions were massing—dun-colored stallions with sleet-filled bellies. As the three climbers watched with anxious eyes, the cloud cavalry came moving up the valley in the direction of Chamonix.

A terror gripped the guide. He cried for speed. In French and German, interlarded with scraps of English, he called for haste. Fear smeared his face with a gray ash.

"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" he cried. "We must get to the shelter or we are lost. It will break inside an hour."

It broke sooner than the guide expected. The Grépon called the cloud-masses and tore from them a storm of sleet. Blinding sleet. Caught by the winds that came up from the bottomless crevasses, it was like a bombardment of nails as it struck the three climbers. They staggered under the attack. They plunged boldly forward on a path that the guide was doubtful of, a path on which the Grépon had laid a piercing, stinging, agony-bringing barrage. The little protecting demons of the big hills were attacking the trio.

A flash of lightning hissed and sizzled as it swept over the snow-slope. The girl gave a cry of wonder that brought John Dexter Dreve staggering to her side. She had halted, bringing the fear-ridden guide to a full stop also.

"What is it?" cried Dreve, his mouth close to the ear of the girl. "What made you cry out?"

"My dream!" she gasped. "I—I saw this part of the mountain in my dream! Saw it a score of times! Tell him—tell him to keep to the left! To the left! The shelter is there! The shelter where my father slept the night before he was killed!"

The Virginian tugged at the rope of the guide and brought him into the crevice that gave a momentary protection to the girl and himself. He roared the suggestion of Marjorie Keppell into the fellow's ears. Hurriedly he tried to explain the reason for the girl's assertion. She had seen the shelter in a dream.

The guide thought the Virginian insane. Slowly his dull brain grasped the meaning of the shouted words. The girl had seen the trail in a dream! In a dream! Mother of God! And she wished him, one of the most competent guides of Chamonix, to take his directions from her!

He flung contempt into the contradiction that he bellowed back at Dreve. The shelter was to the right! To the right! What the devil had a dream to do with the climbing of the Grépon? They would swing to the right, cross an ice-bridge, and the shelter would be before them. He lunged forward, half dragging the girl.

Another hellish flash of light bit the gloom. Again the girl cried out in protest. Again she had seen the dream trail. Seen it clearly. To the Virginian, close beside her now, she sobbed her objections to the route the guide was following.

Belief came to Dreve. A tremendous belief! He felt that the girl knew. He was certain that she knew. Her words produced a queer tingling sensation, a sensation newborn, a little frightening, suggesting something supernatural. He halted abruptly, braced himself against a ledge of rock, and gripped the rope that tied him to the girl.

In the gloom he could not see her, but he knew that she had stopped in response to his signal. Still holding the rope tightly, he waited for the guide to halt in his mad rush forward. The guide who was fiercely indignant because his clients wanted to follow a path outlined in a dream!

For an instant Dreve waited; then the rope was torn from his hands! He was thrown forward by the sudden jolt of the rope, but he clutched the pillar of rock with both his arms and halted the forward drag of the snaky cord. Horror clutched him with a thousand humid hands. Some one had fallen! Who? The guide? The girl? The taut rope whined as the wind played the tune of death upon its straining length.

Dreve shouted to the girl. Her voice came faintly back to him. He questioned her. What had happened? Was she safe?

The wind fought to keep her words from his ears. She assured him she was safe. Something had happened. A sudden jerk on the rope that tied her to the guide had flung her forward on her face. She couldn't move. She was but a human knot in the cord. There was nothing within reach of her hands that would help her to rise. She was afraid. Greatly afraid. She thought the guide had fallen.

The Virginian, clinging to the rocky pillar, attempted to soothe her. He told her that she was perfectly safe while the rope that held her to him remained intact. He counseled her to remain quiet. He would take a turn of the cord around the rock beside him and then he would crawl to her assistance.

THE minutes seemed hours to Dreve as he made his own position more secure by circling the needle of rock that he clung to. Dread lest the rope should part between him and the girl half paralyzed his movements. The basalt pillar had a thousand teeth that bit viciously at the strands of the manila line. There flashed through his brain all that he had ever read regarding the tests that had been applied to Alpine rope. The standard cord with its well-known red thread running through its length would stand a strain of thirteen hundred pounds, but how many rocky teeth could it stand? How many little knives of basalt would be required to wreck its stout three-ply and make it as worthless as a woolen thread?

He crawled around the rocky needle; then with both hands clutching the twanging

length that was between him and the girl, he crawled forward. He wanted to reach her. He wanted to put a strong arm around her waist and assure her that she at least would not be dragged into the depths by the mountain devils that had laid their hands upon the guide.

Another flash of light showed him the girl. She was lying on her face. From her, like a black streak against the snow-bed, the rope leaped forward—leaped forward and disappeared! Four yards of it stood out like an iron bar laid upon the glistening white; then it vanished! Dreve understood. The rope went over the edge of a crevasse—a crevasse within twelve feet of Marjorie Keppell! Twelve feet!

The Virginian's muscular hands gripped the ankles of the girl. Hungry hands that had muscles of steel to call on, fingers strong and tenacious—fingers that would never let go till ordered to do so, circled ankles wonderfully small in spite of their thick woolen covering.

Dreve muttered a prayer and lay for a moment quiet to think what could be done. For a moment only; then the gods of the great heights acted. For countless years they had sharpened the lip of the crevasse. For centuries and centuries they had honed it with hail and sleet, with whistling winds—ground it to a razor edge by thrusting over it day after day ice masses of appalling weight. From somewhere on the rocky shoulders the gods watched the basalt knife bite at the rope. Standard Alpine rope guaranteed to hold thirteen hundred pounds in a straight pull. They watched the hemp feather away from the rock-teeth. They watched the dangling guide—one hundred and eighty-three pounds of hard flesh! Watched and waited.

The strong fingers of Dreve told him what happened. They dragged the girl back to him, dragged her back with a sharp jerk! He lifted himself on his elbows. Another flash showed the cord that had gone out straight as an iron bar from the body of the girl. It had leaped back from the edge—leaped back toward Marjorie Keppell! Its end was frayed like a feather duster! A gallant fight it had made against the razor-like lip of the crevasse, but the lip had won.

After a long wait John Dexter Dreve crawled inch by inch to the edge of the pit. He felt it with his hands and waited for the lightning. A terrific flash showed him the depths into which the guide had fallen. The sight was revolting, monstrous. It turned his stomach. Beneath him the wall of the mountain ran down straight and unledged! A thousand feet! Two thousand! Three! The Virginian crawled back to the side of the girl.

DREVE in the lead fought a way for himself and the girl back to the spot where the difference had arisen regarding the route. The girl seemed to sense the point. She halted the Virginian and spoke.

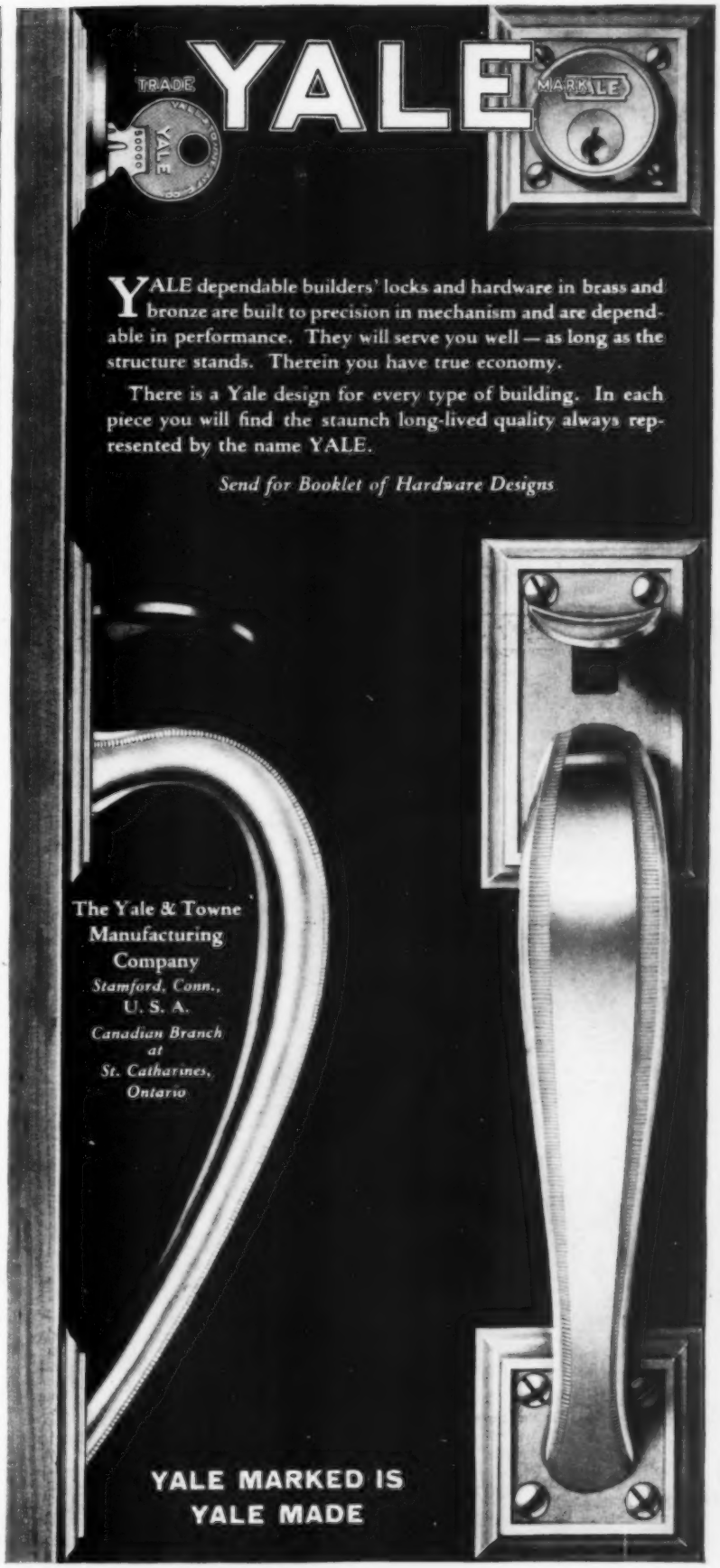
"The shelter!" she cried. "It is to the left! I know! I know! Please trust me!"

John Dexter Dreve had summed up the situation in the minutes that had elapsed since the tragedy. The immediate descent in the storm was impossible. The shelter was their only hope. If they had the good fortune to find it, they could remain there till the Grépon exhausted its batteries.

The conviction of the girl sent him forward in the path that she indicated. Her belief invaded him. Up a stone-pounded *couloir* he climbed, half-dragging the girl in his fierce desire for speed. Breathlessly she directed him. On and on. Boring always to the left. To the left!

"It is close!" she cried. "Close! Close! I have seen it here! Just here!"

A pyramid, snow-covered and icicle-ridden crouched under a wall of rock. The Virginian staggered toward it. He thrust a shoul-





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der against what he took to be the door. It gave way; and with a shout of joy, he pulled the girl into the shelter. Her strength went from her, and she collapsed on the floor.

DREVE, on his knees beside her, fought the dangerous lassitude brought by cold and fatigue. He chafed her hands; he tore off the thick woolen stockings and slapped her little feet in an effort to restore circulation; he pressed a few drops of cognac between her lips. But the strange coma held the girl. The Virginian, in an attempt to warm the small, lithe body, lifted her into his arms and held her close. Squatting thus on the frozen floor of the shelter, he listened to the turmoil that the storm produced.

The Grépon brought up its heavy artillery. It had been firing small arms only up to the moment the two reached the shelter. At least it seemed so to the Virginian as he listened to the increasing uproar.

The big peak attacked with its field-guns. Its eighteen-pounders shook the hut. High explosives! Shrapnel! The mad thunder of rolling rocks was deafening.

The uproar increased. The Grépon put its howitzers into action, its "super-heavies" and siege batteries. The protecting ledge that saved the hut from being annihilated received a full salvo. Thousand-pound missiles came hurtling down the slopes and bounced away into dreadful depths. Unloosened snow-slopes followed the great missiles, followed them with demoniacal noises. Grinding, crunching, abrading!

Dreve thrust his back against the wall of the shelter. The clamor numbed him. He dozed, shook himself together, and gathered the girl tighter in his arms. He fancied that she was sleeping.

He found it difficult to keep awake. Again and again he roused himself; again and again the heavy fingers of sleep took him prisoner. No let-up on the part of the Grépon. No shortage of shell. The peak was destroying itself in an effort to frighten those who wished to invade it. Loathing the Lodge of the Ice-ax and Rope! Hating the mountain-mad! Hating the spider-men!

Sleep won a victory over John Dexter Dreve. He loosened his grip on the girl and slept.

A LOW cry from Marjorie Keppell roused the Virginian. The hut was in complete darkness except for a spectral circle of light that rested on the wall some three feet from the floor. For a moment the illuminated circle puzzled Dreve; then he understood. The girl was using a small flashlight.

Dreve could see her face. He watched it intently. The face was moving slowly, ever so slowly, toward the wall. Drawn forward, so it seemed to the watching Virginian. Dragged forward by something whose attraction was frightening.

The beautiful lips were parted; the trustful eyes were wide. Dreve, a little amazed, thought that some youthful priestess in the sacred groves of Mount Ida might have thrust a face imprinted with the same wonder and fear into the place of mysteries.

The face halted. Cameo-like it rested within the little illuminated area, the eyes fixed upon the wall of the hut. And to it came a change, an extraordinary change. Wonder and fear were blotted out. Submerged, rather—submerged by joy, by a splendid joy! A joy that lit up the beautiful features, a joy that suggested a vision wonderful, a glimpse of paradise itself. The lips unloosed a cry in which a million prayers of thankfulness had been crystalized!

John Dexter Dreve sprang to the side of the girl. He dropped on his knees. His face was close to hers as he peered at the wall. Within the disk of light was revealed a penciled inscription, an inscription worn by the years but still legible. It ran:

"I have a strange premonition of disaster. My last will and testament is in a trunk stored at this moment with Fontaine and Company, Rue Nationale, Chamonix. I have left everything to my wife and daughter. The trunk—"

The message ended abruptly. There was no signature. Something had interrupted the writer. Some detail of the climb had distracted him, and he had neglected to put his name to the hurried scrawl. Hundreds of climbers may have read the penciled note and thought, as it lacked a signature, that it was a hoax or something written in a moment when cold had brought unwarranted fears to the person sheltering in the hut.

The girl turned her joy-swept face to Dreve. Her voice rose above the thunder of the storm, rose like a chromatic chant of praise. "It is—it is the writing of my father!" she cried. "I know! Oh, I know! It is the message which he wished me to receive! The message that he brought me here to read!"

With shoulders touching, John Dexter Dreve and Marjorie Keppell continued to stare at the message. They were deaf to the uproar without. The tremendous desire to read over and over again the strange message from the dead killed the clamor of the Grépon, killed it because all their powers of gathering sense-perceptions were, for the moment, commandeered by the eyes.

Their ears failed to report the thunder of snow-slides, the crashing of rocks tossed from the mattresses of cloud-mist that hid the heaven-flung peak. They were deaf to the demoniacal noises made by calving avalanches, when "ice-calves" weighing a thousand tons tore themselves from the mother mass and shot headlong down the slopes. A few hurriedly written words had cut out the horror and fear caused by the heavy artillery of the Grépon.

Night crept down. Cold, intense cold. The flashlight was exhausted. The girl leaned wearily against the Virginian. Again he took her in his arms in an effort to warm her chilled body.

PETER, the negro servant of John Dexter Dreve, was party to a miracle on the morning following the discovery of the penciled message written by Marjorie Keppell's father. Fear for the safety of his master made Peter overcome a great horror which the negro had of the big telescope on the terrace of the hotel.

This telescope suggested witchcraft to Peter. It smacked of voodoo. He viewed it with fear and trembling. Other servants who had peeped through it at odd moments when the terrace was deserted had spoken to the negro of what they had seen. At first Peter thought they were lying; then he came to the belief that the cannon-like instrument did possess magical properties. It could drag the great peaks so close that the observer had terrifying glimpses of crevasses and ice-ledges, of slippery trails and shelter-huts; and at times, the person at the eye-piece saw weary climbers trudging across the snow.

It was during the luncheon hour that Peter approached the telescope, approached it on tiptoes. Mr. Jack had not returned, and Peter was fearful. There were devils on the great hills, thousands of them. The negro had seen their shadows flitting across the white stretches in the night.

Peter laid a trembling hand on the telescope. He swung it nervously toward the Grépon, the peak which his master had pointed out to him on the morning of the climb. He thrust a white and much-opened eye to the point of observation and peered.

The terrifying close-ups that were flung before the vision of the negro made his heart pump wildly. Horrible close-ups! Rearing rock-splinters of enormous height

rose before the snout of the instrument, rock-splinters whose nearness made Peter think they would topple down on his woolly head. Crevices that were fear-breeding slashes in the white snow rushed toward him. Avalanches that waited like mile-long saurians till prey worthy of their size came foolishly into their path, were dragged onto the terrace.

Gasping with terror, the negro tilted the instrument. It rushed the upper stretches of the Grépon before his eyes, the dreadful places of silence. His lower jaw sagged. His eyes bulged. Perspiration flooded his black face. He tried to mutter a prayer.

Then, suddenly, the flat silence that lay upon the sunny terrace of the Majestic Palace Hotel was split by a most appalling yell. A dreadful yell! It leaped through the big halls, swept through the American Bar, and ran like a flash of agony-charged sound up the great stairways!

It came a second time! A third! Blood-curdling, panic-making, nerve-destroying!

Women screamed. Men dropped forks and glasses and dashed toward the terrace. Shouts of wild inquiry came from windows high above the shaven lawn.

The first of the diners to reach the terrace found a crazed negro crouched before the big revolving telescope—a mad negro who yelled and sobbed and waved his hands in the direction of the Grépon.

"Mr. Jack!" he screamed. "Mr. Jack! I seen him! 'Fore God, I seen him! Mr. Jack! He's up dere on de edge of a hole a mile deep, an' he can't walk! Mr. Jack! He's hurt! Save him! Save him! He's holdin' dat girl in his arms, an' he's hurt!"

Quick on the trigger is Chamonix. Very quick! Rescue work is their big stunt. Year after year the mountain-mad go up against the gods of the heights; year after year rescue-parties start up the trails when the climbers signal for help. Signals flashed by a guide. Glimpses of tragedy caught by the terrace-squatters who sit behind the big telescopes and sweep the mountains, gleefully expectant. "Help, help!" is the signal of the trapped scramblers. "The devils of the high places have beaten us."

A rescue-party was formed while a mad negro screamed for speed, an insane negro whose yells alarmed the guides equipping themselves for the climb. The silent guides conferred amongst themselves. The negro must not be taken up the mountain. He was crazy.

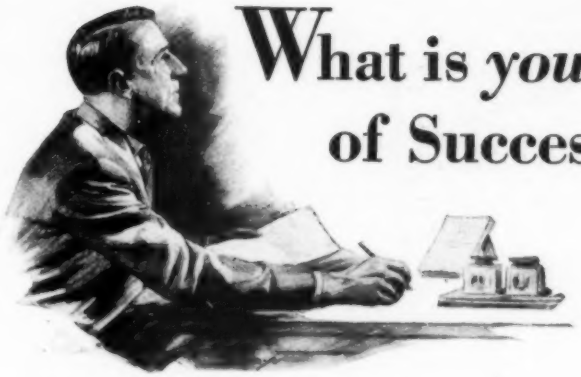
The chief of the party informed Peter of the decision, told him gently. He, Peter, must stay behind.

"An' Mr. Jack up dere!" screamed the negro. "Golly, no! I's goin'! I's goin', I tell you! You am all fools! I's goin' if I crawl on ma hands an' knees!"

They tried to hold him, but he ran before them as they moved up the mountain—ran bareheaded, yelling as he ran. Yelling to a master who crouched on the lip of a crevasse high up on the bristling shoulder of the Grépon, a master who could only be seen with the aid of powerful telescopes. "I's comin'! I's comin', Mr. Jack! Ol' Peter is comin' to bring you down!"

JOHN DEXTER DREVE lay in his big bed and looked out at the twenty-mile chain of the *massif* of Mont Blanc. He had slept for twelve hours. A fierce pain in his right leg brought back to his mind the incidents of the climb. He reviewed them slowly: The storm, the loss of the guide, the finding of the shelter, the scribbled message, the dark night during which he held Marjorie Keppell in his arms—held her in his arms in an effort to keep her supple body warm.

Slowly he reviewed the dreadful descent. The girl had developed a height-fear. He had supported her along perilous paths, half carried her down dreadful *couloirs*, low-



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ered her from ledges where the gods of the heights have greased the trail for clumsy climbers.

He recalled the accident that had brought the shooting pain in his right leg. The girl had slipped and pulled him after her. He had broken a bone in his ankle, but by wonderful good fortune he had grasped a rock and stopped their mad slide. He had held on with the girl clinging to his belt—held on with his feet dangling over the lip of a crevasse out of which came the cold winds of death. He had been there when Peter had seen him from the terrace of the hotel—and when the rescue party of guides came up the tortuous trail.

THE negro opened the bedroom door. He peeped within, turned and signaled to some one behind him. The doctor entered, leading Marjorie Keppell.

The girl slipped softly to the side of the bed. She fell upon her knees and took the hand of the exile from Virginia. Her bright eyes were wet with tears. Hurriedly she whispered to him, the voice—the voice of home—thrilling him greatly.

"Dear, dear friend," she murmured, "how can I thank you? I have found everything! Everything! It is all as my father wrote! I am happy, so happy! I have cabled to Mother and—and I am going home at once. But—but—" She paused and glanced around at the doctor and the negro, who waited discreetly near the door.

"You—you said in the shelter-hut that you—that you would like to go home," whispered the girl. "You—you told me in that awful night! Can I—can I help? Now I will be rich. Let me! Let me! Say, please say, that I can do something in return for all that you have done for me!"

Dreve smiled sadly as the girl leaned forward. "I must stay away from home," he said quietly. "I cannot return. Not yet! You see—you see, I killed a braggart who spoke too loudly about—about a woman I loved. But some day, perhaps, I shall go home."

"We—we might meet then," whispered the girl.

"We—we might," John Dexter Dreve made answer.

She rose to her feet, stooped quickly and kissed the Virginian on the forehead. Hurriedly she thrust something into his muscular hand and fled.

Minutes later, John Dexter Dreve opened the little tissue-wrapped package. In it was the edelweiss that Marjorie Keppell had plucked on the way up the Grépon. The tiny white flower that she had carried in her bosom. The flower of good luck, called the Star of the Glacier.

A WEEK FROM WEDNESDAY

(Continued from page 40)

Luxuria, due to sail on a joy-cruise through the Scandinavian fjords on May 15th. Ancaster's going to Philadelphia and being on time, she knew, would be a stroke of business for him; and Mrs. Katz, Peggy realized after a glimpse of her codfish eyes, was of the tyrant breed which brooks no delay. However, she sent the telegram. It was four minutes after Waldo had departed that afternoon, another festive gardenia in his buttonhole, that the fateful reply came.

"See you at time appointed or not at all.
"Violet Katz."

This too was disconcerting, and in keeping with Peggy's intuition or hunch that the Chumley affair boded him no good. Further to establish herself as a prophetess in her own regard, she answered the telephone seven minutes later and heard the crisply clicking Chumley voice requiring Mr. Ancaster.

"He's just gone out," replied Peggy without palaver.

"Ow!" The London voice was pained. "Have you any i-dya where one can find him?"

"He has an appointment with Miss Phyllis Chumley at the Charleton at five."

An instant's silence. Sensitized as Peggy was to the telephone, she sometimes caught overtones, hints at backgrounds and moods on the part of a speaker hidden behind space. And what was this, fluttering warningly to her ear? Somebody conferring softly, furtively, with Miss Phyllis Chumley. *Buzz-buzz*. Then something sharp, merry, stinging. A giggle.

So-ho, thought Peggy Brown, and the voice resumed: "I wonder if it would be possible to reach him with a message? Awfully sorry, but my aunt and I have been delayed by a conference with our bankers down in Wall Street. Awfully annoying. But I'm afraid we sha'n't be able to reach our hotel—"

"He's on his way to the Charleton now—" And because the telephone went dead, Peggy added: "Poor foolish!"

So there was nothing for constant, faithful Peggy Brown but to hurl on her hat and coat and make precipitately for the Charleton. She knew that Mr. Ancaster wouldn't like what she had to say. Men are like that, sometimes quite furious at sight of their good angels, coming with bad news under their wings.

SURE enough, in a penguin line of anxious-looking youths, just outside the tea-room, she saw Ancaster. Peggy, being practical, would have made right at him, but a glimpse she got of a couple in the corridor beyond caused her to pause an instant and fumble for her handy intuition. They were having a good time, that pair—a perfectly gorgeous time, watching Ancaster. The girl, who was rather smart and plump and peachy and dish-faced, twinkled her black eyes at the waiting lunatic; her companion, a youngish man of forty-eight, had grown purple with hidden joy.

"Oh, gee, I see!" mused Peggy Brown: A mysterious female had been making a series of broken dates with her Ancaster. She had talked generously of aristocratic connections which did not eventuate. She had giggled horridly over the telephone. Yes. And that dish-faced beauty out in the corridor, jeering at poor Mr. Ancaster, should be Miss Phyllis Chumley.

Should have been—but was she? Peggy recalled a circumstance which testified against Miss Chumley. That pair in the corridor had been at the Planetary office a few days before. Mr. Shields had talked with the girl. Now, thought Peggy with wisdom, if she had been Miss Chumley and as anxious to see Mr. Ancaster as she professed, why hadn't she asked for him on that occasion? With an impatient snort, unusual with her, Peggy bounced toward the idol whose feet she worshiped because they were of clay.

"Oh, Miss Brown!" he exclaimed, looking like a small boy caught in a melon patch.

"This came as soon as you left," she said, poking Mrs. Katz's telegram into his hand. He read, scowled.

"I think she'll have to wait," he decided.

"Well, you ought to know she wont." What a breach of office etiquette!

"Miss Brown!" He might have added, "Remember where you are!" But that would have been unnecessary, for Peggy's knees were turning to water. Yet still she held her ground.

"And Miss Chumley just telephoned."

"What did she say?" That was a different matter!

"She can't see you today. She's down in Wall Street spending the evening with her lawyer." This wasn't exactly the way Miss Chumley had said it, but it expressed the case.

"I see." She could have taken the poor boy's head in her lap, so crestfallen it had become.

"And I think, if you hurry, Mr. Ancaster, you can just about make that five o'clock train."

"Thank you." But there was no good will in his gratitude.

PEGGY watched him as he hurried away; a glance along the corridor assured her that the watchful gloaters had withdrawn. Then in a very fury of haste, she went back to the office, and was just in time to catch Mr. Shields closing his books.

"Harry," she begged, "do you remember a pretty girl in a tan suit with a floppy pink hat, came in with a sort of red-looking man—day before yesterday, late in the afternoon?"

"No girl seems pretty, since you came to the office," said Harry, hopefully ambiguous.

"That goes with me. But stop and think."

"What's her name?" He scratched a prematurely bald spot.

"That's what I want to know. I heard her asking something about her aunt's equator. Or about the equator of her aunt. Think of aunts, Harry, and equators. It's very important."

"Oh, yes. She said her aunt was collecting a library of travel literature. I don't think she's going to book with us, if that's what you mean."

"What was her name?"

"Her name?" Harry looked vague, then fished out a bunch of keys and opened an index-file. "It begins with a *C*. Something about eating, biting, nibbling. Chocolate. Chewing-gum—that's it. Chew, Miss Chew. Gee, the things you have to remember!"

He brought out a card, and with a thin forefinger indicated the record, "Chew, Ernestine."

"She's a friend of Mr. Ancaster's, isn't she?" asked Peggy with glorious innocence.

"Is she?" Mr. Shields pressed the back of his hand against his hard, dry lips, a sardonic gesture. "She was one of the passengers on the *Equinox*. Dun't esk! And do you know what I heard her calling your boss? The Fungus!"

"The toadstool!" replied Peggy, but there was more triumph than bitterness in her laugh.

ON Thursday morning another blue envelope. Because Peggy was on the edge of revolt, she read it this time as she slit open the morning's mail, and made her own interpolations.

"Dear, dear Mr. Ancaster" (Chumley had opened the syrup-jug now!) "It has all been such a comedy of errors, hasn't it? It really, really wasn't my fault this time. But I know what a frightfully important busy person you must be, and I do so hope I didn't interfere with your program." (No, you didn't, and I know you're sorry!)

"Mr. W. Clarence Jilley has been so good as to put us up at his wonderful house in Syosset. Your American hospitality again! You remember, I hope, that I mentioned a week from Wednesday. Well, Wednesday's past, isn't it—so it will be next Wednesday. Mrs. Jilley is having a reception for Lady Daragh and me, and she was so good-natured as to let us ask a few of our friends. Wouldn't you come? I should be thrilled at meeting you, after the number of silly delays. And Lady Daragh is quite impatient to chat with you about lions." (I'll bet she is!)



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IN THE FAMOUS RED BOX

"Just drop a line to Lady Daragh, in care of Mrs. Jilley—and please don't disappoint us! —Phyllis Chumley."

The most simple way would have been for Peggy to go to her superior, tell him her suspicions and advise him as to a way out. But—such is the force of office discipline—a well-trained secretary would no sooner intrude with personal advice than she would lay a custard pie, soft side down, on the official blotter.

That afternoon, Mr. Ancaster wasn't back at his desk until four. There had been clamor for him; Mrs. Katz's husband had come in to book for the Scandinavian tour, but he must talk with Mr. Ancaster. And where was Ancaster? Following another false trail after the Chumley myth? Peggy was losing her patience. He couldn't fool her. In her own neat little book she had a record of his every engagement for the week; and when at last he strode in, looking very calm and satisfied, she sought to chide him with a glance. Another wasted one.

On her way home that night she took time to visit a drug-store telephone-booth and call up Mr. Jilley's house in Syosset. "I beg your pardon, madam?" asked a very butlerish voice when she inquired for Miss Phyllis Chumley. "Miss Chumley," she repeated, "Lady Daragh's niece." "Lady Daragh is dining out," replied the man. "I don't want Lady Daragh. But I should like to speak to Miss Chumley." "There is no Miss Chumley here," he persisted.

Peggy pretended disappointment. "I don't suppose you can tell me where she can be found," she moaned. "Miss Chumley?" The voice was doubly cool. "I am not aware of any Miss Chumley connected with Lady Daragh." . . . . "I'm so sorry."

But she wasn't. She walked toward the subway with the triumphant air of one who has confirmed his deepest fears by the direct method of finding out. . . . .

It was not until Saturday morning that Peggy learned why Mr. Ancaster had been playing hooky on Thursday afternoon. A note arrived from the most fashionable of Fifth Avenue tailors announcing that the morning-coat and worsted trousers for which he had given a rush order would be ready to try on any time after Monday. So he was going to his execution in festival clothes, like a Hindu widow to her suttee!

"Don't do it, Waldo!" she kept calling to him mutely through the busy hours. "You're too fine and good and sensitive to let that dish-faced Chew woman make a monkey out of you. Oh, Waldo, I can't stand it!" If only she could find some way to drop a hint into his self-deafened ear.

Near quitting-time she got her chance, she thought, and used it with all the gaucherie of a timid murderer.

"Miss Brown," said he, half looking up as he handed her his manuscript, "please phone Mr. Clyde of the Blue Bell Steamship Company—press department—and say I can't see him Wednesday afternoon."

"But, Mr. Ancaster, on Wednesday afternoon—" The dull knife was drawn, and clumsily she had raised it to stab.

"What about Wednesday?" The knife was hurting her, not him, as she saw the rather vexed expression in his eyes. But he was looking straight at her, studying her, seeing her, and for the first time in their relations she was aware that he knew her as a human being. She was conscious that he liked her looks, although she was blushing like a fool, fighting weak tears.

"I didn't mean to be rude, Miss Brown," he stuttered. "But there are so many things—I just wondered if there was something about Wednesday I'd forgot—"

"Oh, Mr. Ancaster," she fumbled, "you were going to that reception—I mean—"

"Why, yes. I'm going." His smile became suddenly remote. And it was like an ache, so calm, so indifferent to her. "Was there anything about it? Any message?"

Courage melted away from her. Somehow she couldn't tell him now. Not with his face turned against her like that. Then abruptly, her heart swelling into her throat, she said thickly: "I—I don't want you to go."

"Miss Brown!" That was the way he had spoken to her the day she found him at the Charleton. But he was taking on a kindly air, more distressing than his masterful one. "That's not exactly concerned with office business, you know. Of course, if there are some other engagements that conflict—"

Quite without warning, a temper which she had never suspected in herself broke out gustily, scattering office conventions into a mess of broken twigs.

"I'm not going to be spoken to like that!" she raged. "Not by anybody. Anybody!"

"But Miss Brown!"—pleadingly this time. "I didn't know—I wasn't trying to—I—"

"I don't care what you mean. You're acting like a snappy fool. I don't want to stay in this office another minute. I'm getting out. Out! I wont stay here and have you—"

Have him what? She knew, through a mist, that he had arisen and was pawing at her hands, saying remarkable things about how he couldn't get along without her, really, and how he wasn't aware of something or other. But a repressed and angry sobbing weakened her like an internal wound. She wouldn't give him the satisfaction of letting him see her cry.

It was not until she was well out into the street that she came partially to her senses.

"I've made a swell job of *that*," she mused bitterly. And a week from Wednesday was now only four days off!

LADY DARAGH, nineteenth countess of Daragh Castle, had not proven herself so trying a guest as Mrs. Jilley had dreadingly anticipated. The W. Clarence Jilleys were generally known in New York society as "official receivers," and the tender of their famous yacht *Mountaineer* was always alertly plying past Bedloe's Island with a freight of royal or highly ennobled personages. Their Syosset mansion Hidden Oak—Hidden Joke, a poisonous tongue once called it—had been the container of a few kings, several crown princes, a quantity of dukes.

Mrs. Jilley, then, had reached the point of sophistication where nobility had ceased either to impress or depress her. She could take it or leave it alone. But a lady who kills lions, merely for fun, might prove a difficult guest, she at first thought.

Lady Daragh turned out to be a big-boned person, to be sure, with a complexion which suggested a morning massage with coarse sandpaper; but she was enormously good-humored, not at all savage and with sufficient tact to conceal her contempt for such of the weaker sex as wasted their time in offices, making money for their wives.

Giving a party for Lady Daragh was less painful than otherwise. "I'm used to knocking about, you know," she declared between

ROSS SANTEE

There are two real cowboys in America who, in the two arts of which they are masters, are making real contributions to the history and color of a passing era. They are Ross Santee and Will James. The name of the latter has become familiar to readers of this magazine. A brief tale by Ross Santee, with his own characteristic illustrations, will appear in an early issue, to be followed by others.

puffs through a long jade holder, "and I should be perfectly devastated if you went to any bother for me." Mrs. Jilley went to no bother at all. Her force of eighty-two servants—not counting the clerical staff—was set in motion by a social secretary who mentioned a reception for two hundred to a housekeeper with sufficient executive ability to run a transcontinental chain of hotels. "I hear and obey," saith the Genie of the Lamp, and lo and behold!

At least that's the romantic conception of unlimited wealth and its power to buy away the petty cares of life; and if some of our richest hostesses have nervous breakdowns and are quietly spirited away to sanitaria, this is probably due to the careless pleasures of their shallow lives.

A WEEK from Wednesday found Mrs. W. Clarence Jilley with her shingle-bob only an appreciative shade grayer, and four-thirty found the machinery of entertainment going with that faultlessly standardized efficiency which our great hotels display in managing, say, a Shriners' convention. The Jilley lodgekeeper, with two assistants and his feeble-minded son, were directing traffic through the high iron gates, passing car after car on to the head chauffeur and his staff, which in turn generaled the gardener and his staff.

Fore-bumper nosing rear-bumper, the faultless line of gassy vehicles poured in, sucked along by force of the smooth factory-made reception which took up the guest, or raw material, at the gate and turned him out, a finished product, at the head of the marble staircase where a man in maroon livery dinned melodiously: "Mr. and Mrs. Blaa and Miss Blaa!" And among the automobiles of an almost uniformly high quality, sliding in from the highway, there was one which, both by its color and its size, caused the lodgekeeper to start back as if from a blow.

This intruder was, to those who are interested in such things, a yellow taxi, and not a very good one at that. Loud on its door glared the vulgarly commercial label, "5c and 15c." It was smoking quite obnoxiously, and so was its driver. . . . .

But to go back an instant in the quantity-production process of introducing America to Lady Daragh. Ernestine Chew, urged perhaps by that morbid curiosity which brings the murderer back to the body of his victim, had got there rather early and brought Clem Spriggett along with her. All the way up the Pike toward that qualified Gothic cathedral which the Jilleys called home, she had been attacking her co-conspirator for his white-livered plea that the joke had gone far enough. "Did the Fungus think he'd gone far enough when he got Aunt Con on the island of Java and lost her on me? And then when we found her, didn't she get sick, right in a jungle, and didn't she sit right down on a dinky little shrine and say she'd have to be carried home, over two volcanoes and through eleven tea-plantations, mostly under water?"

But Clem, who had about decided to marry Ernestine and take a fighting chance at that indefinite thing men call happiness, merely murmured: "He may not show up, after all."

"Bet you fifty he will," challenged Ernestine. She opened her purse and showed the very bill.

"Done—and I hope it wont be you," he said, laying five tens over the thumb of a yellow glove.

After the plum-colored howler at the head of the stairs had proclaimed them both, Ernestine led her escort to an exceptionally large room and found her remote kinswoman, Mrs. Jilley.

"Oh, Ernestine! So good of you to come. And this is Mr. Ancaster?"—with a look at Clem.

"This is Mr. Spriggett, Aunt Jessie."



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"Oh, I thought you were bringing Mr. Ancaster too." Mrs. Jilley, who had been inundated by uninvited "gate-crashers" at two of her dances that season, had invented a secret process of checking people off.

"Mr. Ancaster's coming on another boat. He always comes on another boat." Her haunting conscience caused her to wince a little. Why was Mrs. Jilley taking trouble to ask about a person so obviously insignificant as the Fungus?

"Emily," commanded Mrs. Jilley of her stout, plain daughter, "take Ernestine and Mr. Spiggot over to the tea-table. And you'll be nice to Lady Daragh, wont you?"

FROM a pillar of smoke, arising like a campfire-smudge inside a circle of tea-drinkers, Ernestine guessed that Lady Daragh was somewhere there concealed. Sure enough, they were introduced to the huntress, whose fluffy lilac afternoon gown seemed to accentuate her sinewy manliness. A group of males, mostly of collegiate age, were gawping at this chaste Diana.

"Don't you adore chocolate bon-bons!" the mighty huntress was exclaiming. "Especially the soft ones. One must have a vice, mustn't one!"

"We're in time to see the whole show," whispered Ernestine excitedly.

"Lady Daragh," a very blushing youth inquired, "do you need a great deal of practice to kill a lion?"

"Hardly any." She was beaming. "There's no end of tosh about lion-shooting. Some of you Americans have been killing them with bows and arrows, as your red Indians do. That must be rather jolly."

"It must be jollier still with a spear," suggested Clem, by way of breaking the monotony.

"You're a bit of a wag, aren't you?" laughed Lady Daragh, not at all offended.

Clementine was about to warn her companion in crime not to be too painfully facetious—they had their hands full of risk already. But a melodious, echoing voice at the door caused her to turn, triumph pounding in her heart.

"Mr. Wal-do An-caster!"

"You win," whispered Clem, and slipped a wad which might have contained fifty dollars into her hand.

Ernestine swallowed hard; for the painfully pleasant suspense which her innocent quarry afforded her, she, instead of Lady Daragh, might have been the stalker of big game. Quite unwary, he was wandering down to the water-hole, presenting a luscious, beating heart to be pinked by her unerring bullet. And what a picture of rare prey! Quite by contrast with the other men in the room, the Fungus had equipped himself most formally in a morning coat with a murderously high collar and a waxy-crisp gardenia in his buttonhole.

"Here comes the bride," she murmured appreciatively to Clem, who tittered a trifle uncertainly.

Very closely they watched him approach his hostess. What an absurd little creature it was! All the ambassadors from Castile and Aragon could not have bowed so low.

"He's going to kiss her hand, of course," remarked Clem in the voice of one reporting a bull-fight, round by round. But the gesture, disappointingly, was only half completed.

"It'll be good, though," Ernestine assured her fellow-plotter, and with a demon relish they stood a little aside as Emily, the plain daughter, conducted him toward the spot where Lady Daragh was holding court.

Through his shell-rimmed glasses the Fungus' eyes were fixed, eagerly, wistfully, shyly. The press of college boys parted to let him approach the throne. "Lady Daragh, Mr. Ancaster," explained Emily. The lion-slayer, who had been flirting with a terribly muscular Yale junior, was not interested.

"Gosh, she didn't even smell the bait," admitted Ernestine, openly disappointed. But the Fungus was edging closer and closer. Her shoulder to him, she went on with a sporting discussion which involved the backhand stroke of Miss Wills, the Californian. Mr. Ancaster, all dressed up and nothing to do! Had Ernestine Chew known how sorry Clem Spriggett was for the auburn courtier, she might not have gloated so avidly.

Then, with a quick brusqueness, Lady Daragh turned her kind, sun-faded eyes toward Ancaster. Here was a young man not enjoying himself, and her warm heart went out to him. Brusquely she turned from the Varsity hero and addressed the Fungus.

"Do you shoot?"

"Well, not much."

"So many Amer-r-ricans don't," she decided. "What do you do?" Ernestine pinched Clem's arm until he winced.

"Oh, I form expeditions." Poor Fungus, he wasn't getting on at all.

"Expeditions. Where?"

"Venice, Cairo, Suva, Siam." Then he brightened visibly. "I do wish we could have a talk, Lady Daragh. I understand you're interested along the same lines as I am. It's funny. But I don't think anybody else has been working on that plan. And if it goes, it's bound to be a sensation in the tourist trade."

"Plan?" said Lady Daragh. "Sensation?" said Lady Daragh. "Tourist trade?" said Lady Daragh. Her looks, rather than her voice, spoke these words. Clem Spriggett laid his hand on Ernestine's elbow, to restrain her from jumping up and down.

"When I heard you were really thinking of —er—organizing lion-hunts on the personally conducted plan," pursued the young enthusiast, "I saw how important it was for us to get together. Of course, I know this isn't any place to talk." Yet he was talking, oh, how fatally! "But you've probably realized, just the same as I have, that two minds are better than one in putting over a novelty like this. I can't tell you how pleased I was, Lady Daragh, when your niece told me you wanted to see me—"

He stopped short, for Her Ladyship's face was beginning to give an imitation of a dead shot, about to wing something dangerous at a range of forty yards. The eyes, but now so genially glowing, had glazed like frozen ponds.

"That was dreadfully nice of my niece." Her voice was still gentle. "To which niece do you refer?"

"Why—of course I didn't know there were others." He was beginning to freeze. "To Miss Chumley—"

"Miss Chumley?"

"Miss Phyllis Chumley."

WELL within sound of this distressing dialogue, Ernestine bit her lip, dug her nails into her palms with a joy as fierce as Nero's at sight of a martyr's torments. "I'll bet she's going to shoot!" She thought she whispered, but wasn't sure.

Fell an instant of racking silence. The two unequal combatants stood facing each other. In the Fungus' look there was supplication, in the beast-killer's nothing more than a desire to crush a small reptilian specimen and be on with the chase.

"Oh, yes," tinkled Lady Daragh, drawing her rather chapped lips over her teeth. "And now may I ask—"

She might have, and stilled his quavering voice forever. But at the instant there fell into that tea-chattering atmosphere a bomb in its politest form—a sugar-coated bomb, a bomb in tender roses wreathed. Its pleasantly modulated report caused Lady Daragh to pause, her mouth wide open.

For the maroon-liveried man at the door had just lifted his melodious voice to announce the latest arrival:

"Miss Phyl-lis Chum-ley."

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The *buzz-buzz* of tea-chatter went right on, yet the name, to four pairs of ears at least, tinkled as distinctly as though it had fallen, diamond-clear, into a crystal well of silence. Four pairs of eyes wandered almost insanely toward the door where a slight, girlish person in modest blue-gray came timorously in, not stopping to look for her hostess. Her eager, honest, scared little face, her pansy eyes, her look of painful resolution were somewhat out of keeping with the grandiose name. But Miss Phyllis Chumley had undoubtedly arrived.

"Dirty dog, did you put up this job on me?" hissed Ernestine to Clem Spriggett, who was, perhaps, a little less confused than the others. Whatever was going to happen, he sensed relief for a situation which was becoming too cruel for his taste. But he was intently studying the little creature who had walked self-consciously halfway across the room. She paused and looked beseechingly at the group centered on Lady Daragh.

The Fungus stood in a daze, as is natural to one who has just escaped the paws of the queen of the jungle. He only knew that Miss Phyllis Chumley had arrived on the nick of time, a feminine Perseus to the rescue of a male Andromeda. And because the room seemed suddenly bathed in magic, she had come in the earthly body of Miss Peggy Brown!

Had he not been there,—and he wasn't, entirely,—he could not have been less sure of what happened after that. He only knew that the crowd underwent one of the kaleidescopic changes familiar to tea-parties. Emily, Mrs. Jilley's plain daughter, being under instructions to see that he was not neglected, led him away to the other side of the tea-table. Much against their wills, Ernestine and Clem were accosted by the jolly Frank Peabody, who had to tell them a funny story. And a far, far funnier story was being enacted just a few yards behind their shoulder-blades. Thus for an instant Ernestine's attention was diverted, and when at last she had an opportunity to turn one quick, haunted glance, she was aware of stranger, stranger things.

The formidable guest of honor was standing with one muscular arm around Miss Phyllis Chumley's slight shoulders! Then other merry guests trooped around, for Ernestine was popular, and she was left in a state of agonizing suspense.

BRIEFLY this had occurred, for we should know. With all the despairing courage of the mouse that leaps straight at the cat's whiskers, Peggy had walked directly up to Lady Daragh.

"I'm not Miss Phyllis Chumley," she had begun rapidly in a low, eager voice. "Oh, Lady Daragh, I know you'll think this is dreadful. I haven't even been invited. But I just had to come to you. It's really so awfully important!"

"Who are you?" asked the lady of the veldt, not unkindly but with a certain chivalry she held for weaker things.

"I'm Miss Brown—I'm Mr. Ancaster's secretary. He's so dear and foolish, and some horrid people have put up a joke on him. They told him Miss Chumley was your niece and that you'd ask him here to talk about lions. And there isn't any Miss Chumley. But there's got to be, Lady Daragh. It would hurt him so if he thought they were making a monkey of him."

"My dear child!" Lady Daragh thawed with a leonine energy. It was at that instant that Ernestine glanced around and saw the sinewy arm around Miss Chumley's shoulders. "Of course they wont do that. So you're Miss Chumley. Of course you are." She laughed a short, grudging English laugh. "But, my dear, this Mr. Annister —that's his name, isn't it?"

"Mr. Ancaster." As if the world shouldn't know that!

"Well, Mr. Ancaster I didn't know from Adam. I thought he was a bit mad. He began telling me some extraordin'ry thing about personally conducted lion-hunts. Imagine!"

"It isn't imagination, Lady Daragh. It's his splendid idea. He's been working for years on a plan to fix it so that nice, middle-aged ladies could learn to shoot lions."

"Really?" Imaginary lorgnettes went up. "And why, pray, should nice middle-aged ladies shoot lions?"

Peggy was going to say, "You do, and you're nice middle-aged." But Lady Daragh, as if she read her thoughts, supplied: "I'm neither nice nor middle-aged. I'm plain old, as you Amer-r-ricans say. But I'm really very curious about this."

"Well, he thinks that women ought to be taught courage, just the same as men."

"Come over here and sit by me!" cried Lady Daragh delightedly. For she was an arrant feminist, and Peggy's idea marched into her brain like an army with clanging shields.

"CLEM," said Ernestine, a cool quarter of an hour later, "I've got to know about this, even if she strangles me. They've been sitting there like a pair of Bryn Mawr freshmen."

"It's your unlucky Wednesday," cautioned Clem, forgetting the fifty she had just won. But he had grown accustomed to following her, so again they came into the aura of Lady Daragh and were more confused than ever to hear her introducing her niece, Miss Chumley—Miss Phyllis Chumley, very distinctly.

When the conspirators had swung boldly into her ken, Lady Daragh smiled graciously and said: "Miss Bite—"

"Chew," supplied Ernestine sweetly.

As if wondering if this name too were a hoax, Lady Daragh went on: "Miss Chew. Of course you've met my niece, Miss Chumley—Miss Phyllis Chumley." Beautifully enunciated.

"I've heard so much about you, Miss Chew," upspoke Peggy.

"About me, Miss Chumley?" She smiled stonily on the phantom she had created and some one else had brought to life.

"Yes—about your wonderful work, collecting specimens in Java."

"Mosquitoes, you mean perhaps."

"No. Fungi. I understand you even named one or two new varieties." All with a smile as deadly as Ernestine's.

Clem Spriggett, in the background, uninvited and enjoying it all with a traitor's relish, began to feel nervous about Ernie and wish she would go home. But she didn't know when to stop. That's the trouble with women, he thought.

"I think fungi are rather nasty," said Ernestine.

"And dreadfully poisonous too, some of them," replied Peggy with pansy innocence. "There's a kind you find in Java that's quite venomous. It has a way of biting you if you try to step on it."

"Really?" asked Lady Daragh, too British to be exactly quick. "Now, you're spoofing, Phyllis."

But Miss Chew was saying good-by and hoping that Lady Daragh—and Miss Chumley—would enjoy their visit to America.

A moment later the Fungus, looking rather like *Hamlet* in Fifth Avenue wedding clothes, was making his parting speech to the guest of honor. It was a very clumsy attempt indeed.

"But this wont be the last I shall see of you, I hope, Mr. Ancaster," chimed the great lady, her rough skin glowing with cordiality.

"Why, Lady Daragh—of course—it would be awfully nice—"

"Let's make it lunch at the Charleton, say —next Wednesday." If she had said "a week from Wednesday," Peggy would, without any

doubt, have screamed. "Miss Chumley, my niece, has been talking about your lion-hunting plan. It sounded dreadful at first. Disgusting. Think of the poor beasts facing a mob of tourists. But Miss Chumley, my niece, has shown me how dreadfully clever you are. Approaching big game from the feminist angle! You're quite inspired, Mr. Ancaster. My niece and I will be at the Charleton, on Wednesday."

"I shall be charmed," replied Waldo, stiff as a frozen Eskimo. So Lady Daragh gave him a truly British handshake, which approximates seizing a red-hot poker and dropping it before it burns.

STILL like the gloomy Dane, Waldo took Peggy home in the very expensive car which he had hired for the occasion. Neither spoke until they were passing Port Washington, but Peggy, excited though depressed, had a knowledge that office-barriers were down, battered, melted, kicked to smithereens. Once he turned and glanced at her, and although his face held a sensitive look that made her want to cry, she was aware that the blue of her eyes was pouring into his.

"What's all this Miss Chumley stuff, anyhow?" he asked.

Without a word, but with a secretarial efficiency, she laid a typewritten index-card in his hand. "Chew, Ernestine," it began, and gave the number of her stateroom.

"She said she'd get even," he muttered, and wilted a little more. Then, turning upon her again with that dizzying, familiar look: "Peggy, why did you do this for me?"

"I—I couldn't bear to see you acting—acting the way they wanted you to," she half whispered, looking down at her little hands. She longed to say, "O my beloved, what else can I be that is pleasant in thy sight!" But for a time only the chuckle of the engine was heard as the tires brushed the smooth asphalt.

"Peggy!" He had called her that twice! And yet it sounded so natural, now that the horrid glass partition was knocked away. "Peggy, I couldn't understand why you walked out on me like that. I've been miserable since you left. I sent you four telegrams. And I tried to telephone."

"We haven't any," she quavered.

"And they wished on me that Miss Birker—with a face like a tomato salad."

"Then you noticed her face!" He didn't understand this. None so blind as those who will not see.

"I want you back, Peggy. I know I've been inconsiderate. I've been so up to my neck in a lot of bunk. I haven't known where I was at this year. I want you back, Peggy."

"I've been offered another place," she told him, but not very distinctly.

"Here?"

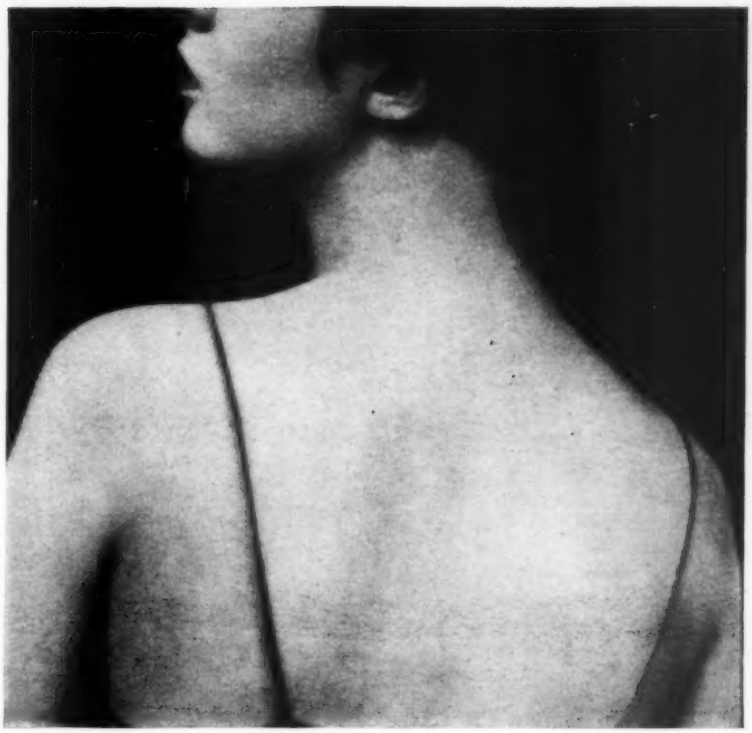
She glowed in his disappointment.

"With Lady Daragh. Sort of traveling secretary."

"Peggy, listen. Listen." Had she owned twenty ears she could not have been listening more intently. "There are a lot of things that happen to us without our knowing it. Like our digestions. I used to think that when I fell in love it would be an awful tumble, like dropping out of a balloon into a garden. But it's sort of filtered in. That's what's happened to me, Peggy. I know you don't owe me anything, and I owe you about everything I've got. I'm not worth much, Peggy, compared to you—"

The car stopped with a jerk. A traffic policeman, leaping out of nowhere, was making hysterical gestures, commanding them to let a fire-engine go whooping by. It caused an awkward break in the dream which, for her, could not have been more perfect had she made it to order.

"Please don't mind the fire, Waldo," she begged almost tearfully. "Just go on talking to me—like that, Waldo. Like that!"



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CHILDREN OF DIVORCE

(Continued from page 94)

"Well, that's one thing I wont stand for. For the moment, she's my wife. No other man is going to pay her gambling debts. That's flat. Oh, I'm not going to make a scene. Don't worry. She doesn't mean enough to me for that—but this is a question of pride. It isn't done."

"Ted, will you leave it to me?"

"No."

She put her hand on his arm.

"For God's sake, don't touch me, Jinny!"

"I'm sorry."

She leaned against the parapet, faint with the same overwhelming desire that had flamed up in him, waited a moment until he had time to control himself, and then said:

"I have no right to ask you anything, but—oh, Ted dear, be careful for my sake—protect my name too. I am too miserable as it is."

"Jean, are the things they tell me about you true?"

She said in a low voice:

"I have not lived with my husband since the third day of our marriage."

"He did go back to the other woman?"

"All that is ended—forever." She turned, faced him. "This is my promise to you."

"I can't stand much more of this," he said hoarsely. "Let's go back."

"No, not yet." She thought a moment, a clear purpose affirming itself out of the weeks of indecision.

"I'm not going to dodge the issue," she said with a little smile. "Other women might say you need me, as you do. I'm not telling you that. I need *you*, Ted. My life is so empty—I just can't let you go out of it. I know it now. My marriage too is intolerable. Vico and I must separate. It's hurting us both. I can't go on repressing everything in me!"

"Yes, but how?"

His hands began to knit, and furrows to stand out over his eyes. He had come prepared, but his courage was not ready for this glimpse of hope. She came nearer, very straight, her head thrown back.

"We are the judges of our own conduct—no one else!"

"For God's sake, Jinny, are you telling me that you still love me?"

"I love you, my dear." She waited, her eyes half closed, her ears still ringing with the sound. "I have never changed in that love, Ted, any more than you have. I have sacrificed you, I have sacrificed myself. Now I want something out of life!"

"I wish to God you hadn't told me!" he cried in an outburst.

"Why?"

"Because, Jinny, you'll never do the only thing that will help! Divorce. Can't you see things whole? What is all the rest worth? Why live your life for others, who don't care the least in the world about you? There's only one thing for us—each other! Can't you see that divorce, now, is your self-respect? Anything else is only compromise—cheating!"

"Cheating?"

"Yes, cheating everyone—your husband and me."

"Not you, Ted—don't say that!"

"Jinny." He came close. "You are cheating me out of the right to happiness. Do you think there's a worse torture in the world, than to know you love me, to hear your words always ringing in my ears, to remember the look in your eyes—and then to eat out my heart because a convention stands between us!"

SHE drew back, suddenly raising her hand in alarm. Near by, the voice of Bettina singing, steps moving nearer.

"Bettina. She's coming. Be careful! She is doing it for a reason."

"I'm sorry." He took a step to her side, touched her hair with great gentleness. "Do as you see the right thing to do, Jinny. Whether it means suffering or release, I can never stop loving you."

She raised her hand swiftly to his lips and then leaned back weakly against the parapet.

"Say something if you can."

A moment later Bettina came through the orange trees.

"Time to go in, you reckless children. Look at the mist creeping up from the town. Chills and fever! Beware of the Riviera throat. Besides, a party has just arrived, and we must go in to receive them—Vico and I think Kitty."

It was not an easy meeting—thank God for Bettina! Kitty, disconcerted by Ted's apparition, had to plant her dart.

"Countess Kittery! The very best of chaperons!"

"Thanks for the compliment, Mrs. Larrabee." Bettina looked her through and through. "You dispense with one, it seems."

"Oh, but Vico and I have no reputations at all!" said Kitty with a shrug. "Jean is always for respectability!"

"Is she deliberately trying to set them against each other, I wonder," Bettina thought, watching the two men as they stood, after stiff recognition, studying each other.

Fortunately other cars drove up, and in the throng of visitors a situation which for a moment had its elements of danger passed off without accident.

Chapter Forty-six

WHEN Bettina returned late that night, she saw as they entered the long leafy approach the light shining from Jean's bedroom, but when she tiptoed to her door the room was in darkness. She hesitated a moment, made a slight noise and waited.

"Awake but doesn't want to talk," she thought, and as she was an understanding person, she withdrew.

Jean was in fact awake. There had been a small dinner at home, and she had excused herself from the visit to the gambling-rooms later. She had gone to bed and had Annette her maid read to her, in the hope that it would put her to sleep. But the impression of her interview with Ted was so lively, the new issue raised so perplexing, that her mind refused to be quieted. She did not want to think until the morning; to think was in fact the last thing she wanted to do, perhaps because she recognized that a crisis had risen that had to be met.

"Thanks, Annette; that will do for tonight."

She turned out the light, but almost immediately relit it. There was something restless in the blank of the dark she could not bear.

At first her mind went to her husband. Matters were indeed coming to a head. She had half expected that he would have stayed home for the interview he had demanded. She had not been deceived by the surface politeness of his manner toward Larrabee. He had given her just one look from those curious feline eyes of his, but she had realized instantly the passion that lay slumbering beneath. She was not yet ready for that interview. He had never entirely believed in her announced decision to lead a separate life. He would allow a certain period of time to elapse.

The arrival of Larrabee, his coming to call on her, the knowledge, obtained from Kitty, of what they had been to each other in the past—these were things he would not allow to pass unnoticed. Sooner or later there

would have to be an end of the comedy of civility between them. She did not minimize the gravity of the situation.

But Ted? When she thought of him, she was in a panic. Despite what he had said, she was not sure of his feelings toward her. There was a new critical attitude in him, a new rigidity of purpose, that alarmed her.

"If I should lose him now?" she said almost aloud. "Why should I expect him to go on loving me? He can't go on forever suffering for me—he as much as told me so! What did he mean? Am I only cheating?"

She fell back on her pillow tortured by uncertainty, seeking arguments to combat this accusation. But no arguments came. She tried to think. She tried to reason.

All at once she remembered the torture in his eyes as he had cried:

"For God's sake, Jinny, are you telling me that you still love me?"

A calm came to her, with the certainty that he had not changed. She began to consider rationally what he had told her. Cheating? Why had he said that, in the moment of her yielding to him? She turned it over and over in her mind. Suddenly the realization came to her in such a flash that she sprang out of bed, flung her wrapper around her and began to pace the floor.

All the nobility she had believed was in her act fell from it. She recognized it for what it was. The instinct of woman to keep what she needed. Nothing more. What had she sought? To fasten him to her irrevocably, to sacrifice him once more, so that he could turn to no other woman to make over his life, to create the home for his child. He had called it cheating—it *was* cheating!

The solution? There was the crisis. She had known from the first it had to be met, could no longer be evaded.

"I must either give him up or free myself. And I must make that decision soon."

The next morning she wrote to Larrabee:

Dear Ted:

I don't want you to leave Cannes without seeing me again. I will let you know when that is to be.

JEAN.

JEAN kept to herself for two days, taking her meals alone with Bettina,—who brought her the alarming news that Kitty and her husband were being seen again together at the gambling-tables,—went for long rides into the mountains alone, returned silent, shut in, avoiding any discussion. On the third afternoon at her request the Prince de Sfax came to the little private sitting-room of her apartment. He came steeled in hostility, affecting the scrupulous deference which was now peculiarly irritating to her.

He laid his hat and gloves gingerly on a table, settled back languidly in an arm-chair and looked at her from under his eyelids.

"Monsieur, you told me once that you had something you intended to say to me. You have that opportunity now."

"True." He made a deprecatory shrug, smiled with a touch of malice. "But I do not imagine that this is the reason for my first summons to your salon."

She waived the point.

"The time has come, I am convinced, to talk openly to each other."

"I share that opinion, madame."

"I am glad that you do."

"One moment. Is this to be just the ordinary marital accusation and defense, or am I to understand that you desire the discussion to deal with all points at issue?"

"I look upon this interview as decisive between us."

"Oh, decisive?" He raised his eyebrows, drew a circle on the carpet with the tip of his cane, his head on one side, considering. "Decisive is an enormous word."

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"I should like to know, in the first place," she said, annoyed at his flippancy, "to what extent you have been supplying my cousin Kitty Larrabee with money."

"May I inquire just why you are so particularly interested?"

"It happens to be my money."

The smile went from his face; he looked at her with a sudden concentrated anger.

"One moment, dear lady—you are making a mistake that a great many parvenues are apt to make. You have bought from me the title of Princess de Sfax. You have paid for it, and the money I have received in exchange is mine by every principle of logic."

"Because I have paid for the name I bear, am I at liberty to do exactly as I choose with it?"

"Permit me the observation: That is exactly what you are doing."

"That is not true."

"Pardon my contradicting you," he said in his raucous voice. "It is exactly true. The woman who bears the title of the Princess de Sfax has one duty to perform—to see that the name shall not be extinguished."

"No matter what the faults of her husband toward her?"

HE met her blazing accusation stoically, bowed, repeated firmly:

"No matter what the faults of her husband."

She sprang up, started an angry reply, checked herself, walked to the window and threw it open on the scent of the towering mimosa trees that leaned against her balcony. When she returned she said:

"Vico, I do not wish to answer you in anger, no matter how much you provoke me to it. The situation is too serious."

She returned to the window, passed on to the balcony and nervously broke off a spray of mimosa, held it to her face a moment and flung it away. She came back and sat down.

"Vico, if I try to see your point of view, will you not try to see mine? Before our marriage I looked upon you as a high-minded, sincere and courteous gentleman. I appeal to him now."

For a quick moment, deceived by her manner, he had a sudden hope.

"My very charming wife, I assure you nothing is easier for you to do."

She flushed, bit her lip, looked down at her joined hands.

"Vico, you could have made a friend of me. You chose the other course. You have made me feel your hatred and repulsion. You have made me suffer, humiliating me publicly, as though I were something to be punished. Your whole conduct with my cousin has been publicly and contemptuously to humiliate me. The hatred that exists between us you have deliberately heaped up. Now, Vico, it is too late."

"I know what is at the bottom!" he said with a cold fury. "It is this Larrabee who has turned up. You love him still."

"I don't deny it!" she said coldly. "I love him."

"Good, you love him! That makes it easier!"

"What do you mean?"

"I will make a bargain with you. Give me an heir, and I'll give you your liberty."

"Monsieur!" She sprang up, and her face went scarlet.

"Hating me, you ask such a thing of me!" she said, staring at him.

"You are a prude, madame!"

She shuddered at the look in his eyes.

"You refuse?"

She disdained to answer.

He sprang forward, caught her wrist.

"Then it's for only one reason. I have nothing to do with it. You refuse because you love this man!"

She looked at him quietly, surprised at

the sudden conviction he had brought to her own mind.

"Why, yes—that is the reason!"

"Understand me," he cried, trembling with anger, "if once he comes into this house—"

"Vico, don't be absurd!" She stopped. "You are right. I love him, and that is all there is to it. I shall leave here at once. You understand of course what that means."

Chapter Forty-seven

WHAT should she do? Pack up her things and move down to a hotel? No. Even at such a moment she must avoid a scandal and try to minimize the gossip. She decided that she would order her car for the morning and go up to Paris with Bettina. The excuse could be readily found. She called Annette and gave orders for the trunks to be packed and forwarded. She did it without a trace of emotion. She felt no emotion.

When Bettina came in, she said to her in a matter-of-fact way:

"I've told Vico I wont live with him any more. I don't want to be dramatic and move out tonight. But if you are agreeable, we'll motor up to Paris tomorrow morning."

"It's an open separation, then," said Bettina, astonished.

"Oh, quite. I shall never go back to him."

They went to Monte Carlo for dinner and the opera, and returned about two o'clock. Bettina announced her intention of going down to the Casino.

"Why, Bettina! You forget we have a long trip tomorrow."

"My last chance," said Bettina, avoiding her eyes. "I feel I'm in luck tonight. Do you mind?"

"Of course not. Do you want me to come too?"

"No, no!" She said it hastily. "It's two now. Go to bed—you need the rest."

It was only as Jean was going to her bedroom that she wondered at Bettina's manner.

"Absurd, her going down at this time of night," she thought. "What a funny look she had when I questioned her! Queer!"

Annette, springing up, sleepily tucked her away for the night. She fell into a troubled sleep. . . . .

She woke to find that the gray of the morning had begun to steal into the room. She glanced at her little jeweled clock and saw that it was close to six.

"Funny I didn't hear Bettina return."

Outside, the purr of a motor. A moment later the door opened slowly, and Bettina stood in the embrasure.

"Six o'clock! Bettina, how could you be such a goose?"

"Is it six?"

"Of course it's six."

Bettina's voice sounded so unnatural that a suspicion brought Jean sitting up in bed.

"Bettina, come in this moment! My dear, what's happened? You look dreadful!"

"Don't ask me!"

She sat down on the edge of the bed and stared at Jean blankly, such panic and indecision across the usual calm of her face that Jean was seized with the feeling of a great disaster.

"Bettina, you've lost a lot of money! Oh, my dear!"

"No, no, not much!"

"No matter what you've lost—come to me. Pay it back in ten years, twenty years. Promise you'll come to me."

Bettina rose; her hand went to her throat. She struggled a moment, put her hand on the bed to steady herself and forced a laugh.

"It's not so bad as that. I can handle it. But you are a dear." She hesitated. "Would you mind if we didn't leave until after lunch? I—I have some arrangements to make."



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[[*Lilas de France*]]

"Why, of course not."

"I want a few hours' sleep. Good night."

"Oh, by the way, did you leave Vico there?"

"Yes." She stopped, her hand on the door, her back turned to Jean.

"Kitty?"

"As usual."

"And Ted?"

"Ted? Yes, for a little while."

Jean put out the light, turned over on her pillow and tried to sleep.

"It's no use, I can't sleep," she said at last. She threw a dressing-gown around her shoulders, arranged her pillow and sitting up, took a book.

Her mind returned to Bettina. She began to think. Bettina, so well ordered, so splendidly in control of herself—how could she have lost her head like that! A beginning of premonition stirred her strangely. What had Bettina been concealing? All at once a cold perspiration rose on her back, her hands began to tremble and she threw back the covers, fumbled into her slippers and stumbled toward the door. She had heard distinctly the sound of Bettina's voice and the whirring of the telephone. Bettina telephoning at such a time! She flung open the door.

Bettina, fully dressed, gave a cry of dismay, dropped the receiver.

"Bettina, don't lie to me—what's happened?"

"Oh, Jean, can't you guess? It's Ted!"

THE streets were quiet, all the shutters up at the shop fronts, when Bettina had driven down with Lady Courtenay. The hotels were beginning to go dark on the Croissade. Lights were showing on the waters along the jetty, at mastheads, little lost lights against the dramatic blaze from the Casino. In the great ballroom they were still dancing, though the great tide of gamblers had begun to turn as they drove up. Outside under the *porte-cochère* angry voices.

"You're always after me when I lose, but when I win—oh, quite a different story."

"You promised you wouldn't cash another check."

"Oh, don't annoy me!"

"You play idiotically!"

"Oh, go to the devil! If you say another word, I'll go back!"

She glanced at them curiously, a little American woman and a heavy angry husband, quarreling openly, his hand on her wrist. Inside, a host of acquaintances, gay or sullen according to the run of the luck. She passed the *controle*, and entered the gambling *cercle*. Half of the tables empty, others beginning to break up. The stillness, the heaviness, the fatigue of wearied passions oppressed her.

Bettina saw them at once, Kitty and Vico at the hundred-louis table, side by side. Then after a moment Ted nearer by. Thank heaven, nothing had happened yet!

From the first words Jean had spoken to her of the final rupture with her husband, she had perceived the danger. She stopped at Ted's table. He looked up, smiled. She did not like that smile. He was winning hugely, large stacks of chips, packages of bank-notes massed before him. Yet there was something in his look fiercely contemptuous, reckless, slumbering and ugly, a passion not entirely of the gambling-table.

"No need to ask how you're doing," she said, moving over to his side.

"Sit down. Play into my game. It's one of those nights when no man can lose—at cards," he added under his breath.

"Five hundred louis in the bank."

"Banquo," he said indifferently. "Shall I put you in?"

"Yes, for a thousand francs."

He turned up a six and a three and won. Murmurs of incredulity.

"He wins, always, that American."

"Not amusing."

"No one can stop him."

"It's been that way for hours. What an absurdity!"

He bowed to his opponent, and received a correct and phlegmatic English acknowledgment.

"Your revenge whenever you want it, sir. Fifty louis to you, Countess—should have taken more."

A TABLE was behind him with glasses and champagne. She began to study him uneasily. It was the quiet of his manner that alarmed her, the feeling of something chained down. How much had he been drinking? Except for a burning sternness in his eyes, a graven fixity in the set of his lips, there was no indication of any unusual excitement. On the contrary, he spoke quietly, courteous in the formal interchange of conversation that ran about the table, calm in his play. In his full vision Kitty was playing at the next table, between the Prince de Sfax and the inevitable Count Borgo. Every motion she made he must have seen, and at times her rising birdlike voice, petulant, excited, high with the final dramatic tensions of the night, reached him as it reached Bettina.

"At last—an eight! I win with an eight!"

"My bank."

"Vico, I wont pass it."

"Let me play my way!"

Beyond the fringe of gamblers at their table, framed between the large heavy jeweled Levantine and the scrawny bright-eyed little Englishman, Kitty's naked shoulders standing out, Kitty's pouting childlike face, Kitty's reckless avid lips parted in the frenzy of the enchained gambler, Kitty provoking the laughter of the table, shaking her head, defiant of advice or restraint, losing, losing steadily.

"La banque passe!"

Tired mechanical voice of the croupier, burned-out gambler himself, unemotional because every emotion passed before him, night after night, every spectacle, every passion, repeated endlessly.

"Bank of five hundred louis."

Ted's voice steady, cold, metallic, attuned to the tense stillness. Ted's eyes watching the dwindling pile in front of Kitty. Five hundred louis, was it? A few bets were made, grudgingly, tentatively, the more experienced holding back for the second and third turn. The bank won.

"Six hundred louis in the bank."

The bank won.

"Seven hundred and fifty louis in the bank."

ON the green table the stakes began to come out. A fourth time the bank won. Chorus of polyglot exclamations.

"Ah, non, c'est ridicule!"

"Boy, you certainly have the touch!"

A Russian curse, voluble Italian, a phlegmatic rise of Britannic shoulders, uncomprehending stare of British eyes, rattle of the croupier's rake, heaping up of bank-notes and counters. And then the wearied voice of the croupier.

"Bank of nine hundred and eighty louis!"

"Banquo!"

A sudden excited stir. Bettina looked up, startled at the voice. The Prince de Sfax stood there nonchalantly. A package of bank-notes thrown down.

"What, again, Prince?"

Ted's voice, and something suppressed leaping into his tone. Tense meeting of glances. Evidently not the first encounter that night.

"As you see, again."

"You will lose, Prince."

"Card!" Something coldly contemptuous felt instantly around the table.

A king dealt. Exclamations of wonder! The bank again!

"Banquo suivi!" he said with the calm of a long ancestry of gamblers.

"How much in the bank?"

"One thousand, nine hundred and sixty louis!"

"The bank passes."

The Prince de Sfax smiled without expression.

"A most conservative gambler—my compliments."

No more than that. Larrabee looked down, quiet, grimmer than ever.

"Do you play much?"

"What?"

Bettina repeated the question. He came out of his abstraction, pushed a hundred francs to the croupier for a tip and answered:

"I used to."

"Always so lucky?"

"No, always lost."

"Good time to stop, isn't it?"

He turned and looked at her steadily, and in the gravity of his look she felt instinctively that he had read her.

"Mr. Larrabee, there is something I must tell you."

"Very well." He bent his head forward.

"I can't say it here."

The end of the deal, the croupier assembling the cards. Moment of confusion, breathing-spell, visits to the bar. They rose, took their seats on an empty divan.

"Mr. Larrabee, I am doing this on an impulse."

"Please don't do anything you may regret," he said, frowning.

"Jean is leaving her husband tomorrow for good. She would want you to know it."

He drew a long breath.

"For good!"

"She has told him so."

"Does that mean,"—he hesitated a moment,—"divorce?"

"In the end—yes—I am sure."

"Did—I beg your pardon—did Jean ask you to tell me this?"

"No."

He reflected a long moment.

"Why do you tell me, then?"

Bettina, taking her courage in both hands, touched his arm.

"Mr. Larrabee, will you take me home?"

"I am sorry—I cannot, Countess."

"Then be careful."

"I think I understand now," he said slowly. "I have no desire to force a quarrel on the Prince de Sfax. That, as you have probably perceived, would not be difficult. I am afraid, Countess, it cannot be avoided."

"Oh, but whatever you do now, you must protect Jean."

"You see, it isn't a question of Jean," he said gently. "It is a situation that is being deliberately forced on me, an absurd situation, one of those things that we have to go through with because we live up to a grotesque code—the code of honor, as it is called in this highly moral society."

Bettina returned, hoping against hope, fearing the worst. At five o'clock their table broke up. An official came up.

"Would Monsieur prefer a check?"

"Why, yes. I'll keep a hundred thousand like this," he said, taking up the packages of ten thousand each. "Give me a check for the balance." He rose, pushing a pile of counters toward the croupier, who bent double with protestations of gratitude.

She followed him to where Kitty sat—Kitty, whose eyes had been on them all the time. She looked a little frightened as her husband came up, frightened enough to greet Bettina cordially, volubly.

"Have you been winning all that? Pity me, Countess—I've lost everything again."

"I followed your husband. Nothing could stop him. You never saw such a run."

"Really, Ted?" Kitty's glance went to her husband and quickly dropped away.

"Fortunately, yes," he said lightly. "I suppose you've been plunging again? Prince, you are giving our wives bad habits."

"In what way, monsieur?"

"In being such a generous banker. Oh, don't be modest. Kitty has told me. May I be permitted to thank you for my wife and for myself?"

"I fail to comprehend you."

The lightness out of their voices—rasping, clashing tones.

"Really? I thought you did." He leaned over and placed the bundle of thousand-franc notes at De Sfax's side. "I am leaving tomorrow. Please do me the favor to settle my wife's accounts before then."

The Prince de Sfax made an angry motion to push it away. For a tense moment anything might have happened. Then he checked himself, bowed ironically.

"You are going away tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow."

"May I ask where you are staying?"

"At the Carleton."

"Good night, monsieur."

"Good night and—thanks."

LARRABEE went into the bar, emerged presently with a tall military Englishman, sat down at a divan, ordered sandwiches and drinks, lit a cigar, began to talk, until seeing Bettina approaching, he sprang up, took a few steps in her direction.

"May I put you into your car, Countess?"

"I am not ready to go yet."

"It is time for you to go," he said pointedly.

"This is hideous!"

"Why? Everything has passed off quite smoothly, I assure you. You can be no help now, Countess. Believe me, and take my advice."

They passed down the empty littered salon, past sleepy waiters and sleepless croupiers. One table was still running near the door; a young American fuddled and sprawling; loud voices, tipsy voices; a royal personage, playing with a *cocotte* on either side of him; two or three harpies, sober, waiting to profit by the moment.

"Call Countess Kittery's car."

They stood apart in the anteroom.

As they stood waiting, Kitty came rushing up all in a fright, two stern shadows in the background, the Prince and Count Borgo.

"Ted!" She came close to him, clutching his coat frantically in her two hands. "For God's sake, do you know what you are doing?"

He looked down at her steadily, disdaining an answer.

"Ted, you've offended him mortally! You must apologize!"

She said it hysterically, waited, tried to meet his eyes, couldn't, dropped her hands, shrank away. He turned to Bettina.

"Your car is waiting, I think."

Chapter Forty-eight

WHEN Jean had at last dragged the truth from Bettina, broken phrases answering frantic questions, a nervous chill seized her.

"Oh, Bettina, Bettina, why didn't you tell me!"

She caught her by the shoulders, wide-eyed, in a panic.

"No, no, forgive me! You did what you thought best. Wait!" She struck her forehead. "We've got to act quickly! What must be done?"

Everything froze within her. The thought of her husband!

"Vico—if only he hasn't left! Come!"

She started to run out of the room. Bettina, seizing a dressing-gown, enveloped her, caught her once as she stumbled down the



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Perhaps the long winter months have left you tired and jaded physically and you need a change of diet or some other modification of your daily regime. But, in the majority of cases, the greatest need is for a different scene, a different set of interests and activities.

There is a primitive urge toward exploration and discovery, a roving instinct inherent in all of us which rebels at monotony. At this season of the year when growth and change are most marked in Nature, this urge is most insistent.

The old-fashioned family doctor used to prescribe "spring tonics" of various sorts for this mysterious ailment; and some of us can remember grandmothers who pinned their faith to liberal doses of sulphur and molasses. But we are more fortunate today. Doctors and laymen alike have discovered that travel is the most effective remedy.

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dim halls. They passed like a gust of wind through long corridors, up a flight of stairs and into the private apartments of the Prince.

"Vico!"

No one in the *salon*.

"Vico!"

No one in the bedroom, the bed untouched.

"Vico! Vico!"

She sat down, took her head in her hands, striving to think.

"Bettina, we must telephone the Carleton. And my car. We must get it at once. We've got to find out where they've gone!"

They went back.

"Bettina, get the Carleton, find out something!"

She rang for Annette and gave orders to bring her car to the door instantly, dressing feverishly meanwhile.

Bettina came in, a figure of dismay.

"He didn't return to the hotel. They know nothing."

"They must have gone from the Casino. Get Kitty on the telephone. Yes, of course, Kitty. What does anything matter now! Quick!"

Long moments, frantic moments of delay. Kitty at last, hysterical, frightened, without knowledge.

"Where have they gone? Where would they go?" Unanswerable question.

"If we notified the police?"

"We can't do that!"

"The doorman at the Casino! He might have overheard something."

"Jean, darling!"

Bettina took her in her arms.

"There must be some way of finding out! Why don't you think of something?"

"Jean, all we can do is to wait."

"Wait? How can I wait like this? How can you say such things, Bettina?"

"Because, dear, we are powerless. Even now it must be over."

"Over!"

SHE covered her eyes; her body grew so rigid that Bettina in alarm ran for a glass of brandy. But when she offered it, Jean put it away roughly.

"Dear, do drink it. You need it."

"No."

She rose with set face.

"You're right. Wait—that's all." She went over mechanically to her wardrobe, selected the first hat and coat, and put them on, gave orders to Annette to pack her bags, Bettina's bags too, and have them taken down to the car—signed to Bettina and went down into the big *salon*.

"What time is it?"

"Half-past seven."

"Only that!"

She sat down, her hat and coat still on, facing the door. When breakfast, hurriedly prepared, was brought in, she merely shook her head.

"You take it, Bettina."

"Dear, just the coffee."

She took the cup, swallowed mechanically.

"You are right, Bettina." Her cousin stood over her, a hand on her shoulder. "Just one thing. Don't talk to me, don't let anyone talk to me. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, dear."

"What time is it?"

"A little after eight."

An hour passed thus, while Bettina hovered near, watching anxiously the rigidity of her pose, the stare endlessly fixed on the door, waiting for the figure of fate that would come. Jean called to her again.

"Bettina!"

"Yes, dear."

"Everything is settled. I'm going to him."

"Of course you are!"



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"I'm his, I've always been his. He's all my life, he's all there is—"

"I wouldn't talk much now, dear."

"No. What time is it?"

"Half-past nine."

THE irony of it! Ted's going out like this to his fate, to protect the name of the woman who had wrecked his life! The irony, the tragic, useless, futile irony of it!

"Bettina."

"Ten-fifteen, dear."

"No, no! Tell me—was he—did he—oh, I can't think."

"Don't try to talk."

"I must. I—Ted—was he drinking?"

"He certainly was not drunk."

"I understand!"

"I didn't mean—"

"I know Ted."

Still a little later Jean said out of a long silence.

"I meant I was going to divorce—"

"Yes, dear."

"You understood that, didn't you?"

"Of course I understood you would!"

"What have I done except hurt everyone? I've only pulled Vico down. He deserved better! I've wrecked Ted's life."

"Jean, don't work yourself up. Try not to think if you can. Let me talk to you."

"What time is it?"

"Shall I see?"

"Yes, yes! If anything terrible had happened, we would have heard, don't you think?"

The face of a numbed child, childish eyes appealing in their suffering.

"Of course I think so."

"Listen!"

She rose, stretched out her hand.

"Some one is coming!"

The purr of a motor, steps, the slamming of a door. The Prince de Sfax entered.

She went to him, stretched out her hand, cried:

"He is dead?"

"He is alive, but he is gravely ill. I want you to know it was through no act of mine!"

"That is a lie! He is dead and you have killed him!"

The Prince de Sfax drew himself up.

"Madame, I don't permit my word to be doubted! I tell you that he is alive, terribly hurt, but alive!"

Bettina rushed in between them.

"But how, how? For heaven's sake, what happened?"

"There was an accident in the Gorge des Loups. He swerved at a corner to avoid a group of children; his car went over the side, turned over."

"Good heavens!"

"Dropped a hundred feet—two in the car were killed instantly."

Jean only half heard. She was staring at her husband.

"Swear to me he is alive!"

"Madame, I brought him to the hospital myself."

"What hospital?"

"The St. Georges. I would like you to know, madame, that I did all I could."

"Thank you. Forgive me for what I said. I was not myself."

"My car is at the door."

She went a few steps, turned, faced her husband solemnly.

"I'm going to him, you understand?"

"Does that mean—"

"It means divorce, yes. There is no other solution for us all." She stopped a moment, took a step toward him. "Vico—"

She offered her hand, but he bowed without taking it.

FIFTEEN minutes later they were at the hospital. There they found Kitty, eyes inflamed. She ran up to them.

"Thank God, you've come! He's going



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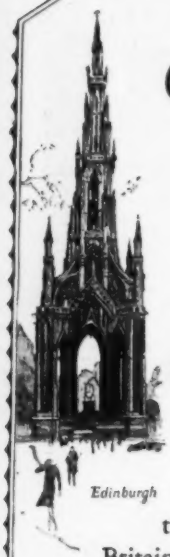
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to live and he's not crippled, thank God. But oh, Jean, some one's got to nurse him back day by day! You'll do it, Jean?"

Kitty, not yet entirely lost, hysterically swept back to old memories, flinging herself on her pity.

"Oh, my dear, no matter what you think of me, don't think I'm guilty of this! I did try to stop them—I did! You must believe me. You will believe me, Jinny."

Jean went to her, put her hands on her shoulders, searched through her eyes, deep into her soul. What was the truth? Could such a nature even recognize it? Before the stern accusation of that look Kitty turned, twisted, resorted to tears.

"Jinny, I swear I am not guilty. I didn't realize."

The futility of arguing at such a moment! Still holding Kitty's shoulders, Jean said:

"Kitty, I am going to stay with him. It is my place."

"But I want you to. You must. Of course you hate me; that's natural. But remember, Jean, I was honest that day in Paris when I begged you to marry Ted. I told you we were destroying him. And I was right. It's your fault, too. A pretty mess we've made of our lives! But who's to blame? Could we help it? For you've wrecked your life too, your life and his, Jean, with your notions!"

"That's true; but now I'm going to marry Ted."

KITTY wrenched herself free, caught herself, stared from one to the other.

"Is that true?"

Bettina nodded.

"Of course that changes things!" She studied the black and white tiles of the hall. "You know, then, it's all over between us. Of course Ted told you." She went to a bench and slowly picked up her cape, flung it over one shoulder. "So in the end you had to come to it too. You, who hated divorce! Well, that lets me out. I understand." She returned, facing them. "Suppose I ought to be glad for his sake. He deserves it. You know, Jean, I did love him once. You shake your head? I did—oh, in my way, of course. If you hadn't been in the world I could have made him love me too—for a while. That's the whole trouble. That's what was hard to forget, you see. Well, from now on I guess I wont trouble either of you much."

"Kitty! I'm sorry."

Jean put out her hand impulsively.

"Thanks—no sympathy stuff!" Kitty recoiled, flinging back her head. "Don't waste any of that on me. I'm going to do exactly what I want to do in this world and have a good time doing it! Lots of company nowadays, you know. My life isn't going to be wrecked. Hope you have as much courage to go through with it. You ought to, now."

The door opened. An attendant stood looking undecidedly from one to the other.

"If Madame will come in now?"

Kitty dramatic to the last. A shrug of the shoulders, a flutter of bravado in the gesture which indicated Jean.

"Sounds rather queer, doesn't it?" Then a quick catch of her voice, head down: "You'll let me know, wont you, how things are going?"

Jean turned and took her suddenly in her arms.

"Oh, don't—don't!" Kitty drew away, looked at her, shook her head and went hurriedly out.

Jean went into the sick-room.

Nurses, doctor, bandages, smell of ether, and something on the bed that looked at her with the eyes of Ted. Before her a fight to be won, a life to be reclaimed with love. She went to him, knelt by the bedside, smiled into his eyes.

THE END.



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THE DEMON LOVER

(Continued from page 55)

The stranger held up his palms. "But you know what mothers and fathers are." He half-closed his eyes and nodded wisely at Mr. Bonney. "Why, only this morning her father came around to my office and made me promise I'd write it to her if I didn't dare say it. But I can't write," he complained hopelessly. "I'm in the farm-implement game, and I can sell a bill of binders and harrows and manure-spreaders with the best, but when it comes to asking a dainty, educated girl like that to marry me in a letter, I don't know what to say." And he fairly rocked in his seat with the agony of his limitations.

Tristram Bonney looked out at the coal-yards of Hartford. He wondered whether this man would take it amiss if he offered his help. Tristram was scared but kindly.

"It's funny," he said at last, "that you spoke to me, because I happen to be sort of a specialist in letters of that sort."

The sportsman, open-mouthed, looked at him, and the boaster had to be nonchalant to put across his claim.

"Oh, yes, I've just accomplished some startling results by writing the proper sort of love-letters. I've had training that way," he explained, and took some paper from his bag and held his pencil ready.

"What," he inquired with professional impersonality, "is the girl's name, please?"

"Cynthia," breathed the stranger automatically.

"Oh, yes." Mr. Bonney began to write. "Cynthia—Cynthia—what memories that silver name recalls! And do you remember also those most beautiful of all love-lines—but of course you do, for you know your classic poets better than I ever have!

"Where the foam-bearing Anio goes to sleep in the orchards,
There let it be written that he who runs from Rome may read,
'Here lies the Golden Cynthia!'"

"But I never heard any of that stuff," objected the salesman weakly.

"It's quite all right," consoled Tristram. "Neither has she; so you're both safe—because she wont admit she hasn't."

"I see," cried the stranger. "It's the same as when I tell a dealer about the left-handed eccentric reversing the torque of the supplementary camshaft. That's slick," he enthused.

And so Mr. Bonney proceeded with his work. When the winsome letter was completed, the stranger took it gingerly in his large hand and gazed in awe on its writer.

"Doctor," he said entreatingly, "since this is your business, I certainly want to make it right. What's the damage?" And he reached again for his hip.

Tristram waved aside the suggestion lightly; yet he was startled to his deeps that any person would be anxious to pay for his single form of merchandise.

"That's certainly white of you, Doc," continued the impressed debtor. "But anyway, come on into the diner and let me buy you a lunch."

And all through the holocaust of sirloin and French fried, the awed sportsman kept repeating under his breath:

"'The Golden Cynthia!' Gosh, Doc, it's wonderful how you got her right to a *T*. That's just what she is—'the Golden Cynthia!'"

"Yes," sighed the author to himself. "All Cynthias are golden to the men who love them."

WHEN Tristram Bonney stepped down on New York, he had made his decision to gamble some part of his three hundred and



Main Foyer of the New Flagship, Ile de France

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The immense foyer of the Ile de France giving entrance to an amazing variety of Smart Shops

BUT assuredly—the ring of dazzling little shops on the new *Ile de France*—it is already the foyer to the Rue de la Paix—the Place Vendome! Enchanting spots—what woman has not pictured herself slipping into a bewitching wisp of a Paris gown—toying with the selection between two so engaging chapeaux—bringing home the most frivolous of boots? Paris—with every grand couturiere staging a pageant of her newest inspirations for your approval!

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seventy-nine dollars on the ideal of occupation planted in him by the journey's acquaintance. And with this definite plan came a rush of all sorts of supporting and ramifying details. Given a task which he takes joy in, a man can see most clearly. And so after an exciting night of calculation, the young man had listed on paper all the requirements and necessary steps to his project.

As a first duty he visited a real-estate man and engaged a small office off Bryant Park at fifty dollars a month—telephone included.

Then with the address established, he ordered a rush job of stationery and proper forms printed under the name of Albemarle Arnold. It was the name of a hard Scotch peer who, in some story of international romance which had intrigued him, had had his dour heart softened by meeting up with a Neapolitan street-singer who had gone to the summit of Vesuvius to make her matins to the sunrise. It had been a tale of much sentimentality. It had to be, to stick by Tristram.

And all through these activities he considered over and over again the content of his first advertisement, which he finally wrote leaning on the classified desk of the leading metropolitan daily.

The following morning at seven-thirty Mr. Tristram Bonney sat in his own office, behind his own desk, and tried to make casual his fiftieth reading of his own announcement in the newspaper that here was he, Albemarle Arnold, ready to salvage a lovelorn world.

To People in Love

Can you put into writing the real depths of your heart-throbs? Don't you long for the dainty and delicate sentence which will truly tell her how you felt when she kissed you when you saw her the last time? (Girls please reverse pronouns.) Isn't there some one you wish to fascinate by putting your real feelings into words that will show their fineness?

It has taken me fifteen years of research to become an expert on the written word of love. Now my experience is professionally placed at your disposal. Extremely confidential. $5.00 per call.
Albemarle Arnold
Telephone Hadley 7189
West 41st Street."

ALL this was at half-past seven, and Mr. Bonney was worried that no one had as yet called for his services. It seemed to him that in a city of New York's size and social complexes, there would be people up all night panting for his very panacea. But it wasn't until seven-fifty that his door opened slowly and an oversize and year-marred blonde peered at him.

"Doc," she inquired suspiciously, "am I a handsome woman?" She pushed back her hat hopefully.

Tristram had a provincial desire to keep his professional activity unsmirched. So he closed his eyes and bowed gallantly.

"All women are beautiful to the men who love them."

"Attaboy!" encouraged the blonde, who blushed but entered and filled the other chair. "If you'd said I was like a summer dawn, I'd of know'd you was a faker." She opened her cigarette case. "Doc—" she continued.

"No," corrected Tristram, who had never claimed such preëminence, "Mr. Arnold, if you please!"

"Oh," said the blonde, "all right, just as you say. But Doc, you gotta help me, because my old man doesn't think any more of my face than you do."

"I understand," consoled the authority.

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NORWAY—the scenic wonderland of the world! Awe-inspiring fjords—marvelous mountain scenery—charmingly picturesque towns and villages. Lisbon, Spain, Tangier, Gibraltar, Algiers, Italy, the Riviera—then Sweden, Norway, Scotland and Germany.

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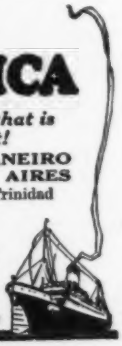
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Specially built for tropical voyaging



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"So you want me to write a properly written appreciation about your sweet and unselfish soul and spirit."

The lady's face broke into a wondering smile.

"I'll be damned," she breathed. "How'd you get it so fast? Because I've been up since four o'clock, when he goes to the power-house, trying to figure how I'd explain it to you."

"Is there," inquired the master mind, taking up his pencil and pulling a pad to his hand, "anyone your husband might be just a little jealous of?"

The blonde leaned back and began thoughtfully to count on her fingers. She was well into the third ten of her reckoning when she paused.

"I guess," she answered, "that he couldn't find any reason to be too jealous of Henry Malloy; and anyway, he lives in Los Angeles."

And so Mr. Bonney improvised his eulogy on the saintly spirit of womanhood and his client Kitty in particular. It held the essential nectar of many a romantic novel and was of such polished and convincing tone that when the lady had read its phrases, she merely tossed her purse on the desk and daintily touched her handkerchief to her eyes.

Tristram took his fee of five dollars and smiled at her gratitude.

"Just leave the note where your husband will find it," he advised. "And now, is there anything further I can do?"

"No," she whispered softly, "—unless you want to write a letter from me to Henry Malloy out in Los Angeles. I'd sort of forgotten Henry thought so much of me."

BY one of those will-o'-the-wisp chances of fortune, Mr. Tristram Bonney had struck into a vein of popular demand which seized avidly upon his offered services. Out of the seven million dwellers of his city there always seemed fifteen or twenty per day who felt the need of written wisdom for their love-interludes.

Inside of a week he had a stockbroker, an insurance salesman and an efficiency engineer who took advantage of his reduced rate for a daily service. This was two-thirds velvet, for each of these subscribers received the same letter—which, of course, they then copied in their own hands and mailed forth to delight three distant ladies with their lyrical heart-music.

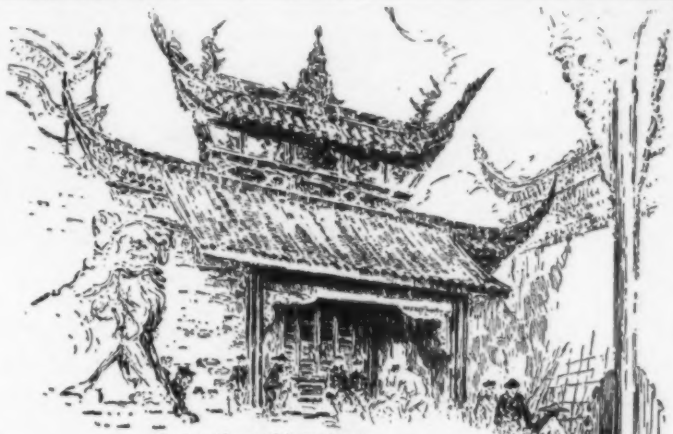
Also there was a large smattering of elderly spinsters who paid their fees to have throbbing epistles written to themselves for exhibition purposes among their less-favored friends. And this also was standard stuff.

The twin masks of comedy and tragedy were seldom absent from Tristram's office. Yet they did not annoy, for he was happy in the profitable consideration of the only thing which had ever interested him. And then Tristram had a card-index memory for all he had read, and people with such orderly minds seldom have a disquieting humor.

Moreover he had been especially careful that no word of his business might leak out to friends at home. He properly realized that on account of the stirring letters he still from time to time sent Miss Hough for remailing to his mother, and also for the heartrending communications he sent to Miss Mabel Mallard, that he wanted secrecy in his doings.

Tristram received an enormous thrill in a personal item of his mother's weekly assurance that she was well and not to come home on her account.

"Mabel Mallard of our choir," wrote Mrs. Bonney, "is engaged to a New York banker. He's very wealthy, and writes the most romantic letters. Mabel read them to some of us after prayer meeting Thursday—all full of the loveliest poetical quotations and



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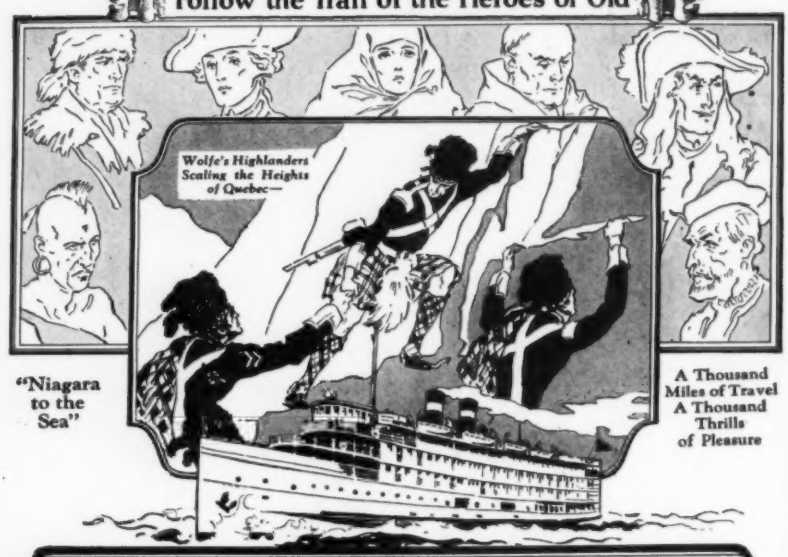
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Costs no more than an ordinary vacation at Mountains or Seashore

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exquisite thoughts about love in a Grecian garden. She wouldn't tell us his name, but she's a fortunate girl. She's going to New York next Thursday on the early train. Of course to see him."

With which Tristram beamed and pulled at his off ear and felt blissfully contented with his progress. What a truly beautiful passage that one about moonlight above the sea near Athens had been! And he didn't blame Mabel for using her imagination a little to satisfy the prayer-meeting. Between now and Thursday he would deluge her with anonymous sentiment, and then when she stepped from the train at noon, he'd be there to meet her, and after the crowd had thinned, he'd hold out his arms and say with the simple direct emotion of a strong man:

"Mabel, I am he who has so insufficiently laid his heart at your feet." And then she would come swiftly to him, and gazing from the depths of her violet eyes, would say the single word: "Tristram!" And in the hushed calm of the empty train-shed, she would lift up her lips in sweet surrender.

The postman roused the enraptured Mr. Bonney from the Paradise of his own subtle fashioning.

"Sign for the registered one," he requested brusquely of the half-dazed dreamer of dreams.

Eventually Tristram came totally back to life and read his mail.

"Dear Mr. Arnold," went the registered message, "I want your help very badly. At one time I thought my boy friend cared for me, but I guess it's hopeless. Can't you, oh, please, Mr. Arnold, can't you write me a letter which will let him know how much I love him? I am sort of homely, and my feet are way too large, but if he only knew how glad I would be to darn his stockings and kiss every stitch, and smile when I had to get up to cook his early breakfast, I am sure he could not help caring for me, and that is all I can expect, for he is wonderful.

"I read your ad in the New York paper and enclose five dollars. Below is the address. —Myra Hough."

Tristram winked very fast when he came to Myra's name. There was the same pathos about her plea that he had so often noticed in the girl whenever she mentioned her sweetheart.

"You betcha, Myra," he breathed with determination. "If any darned little fool hasn't sense enough to know what it is to have you love him, I'll show him."

With which Tristram grabbed his pencil and wrote the letter of his life. Into it he put nothing but the sincerest stuff, for he knew her every virtue, and he felt desperately that he fought the great fight of the girl who had been his friend and made happiness and freedom possible for him.

And as he sealed it, he almost prayed.

"Gosh, Myra, I hope it does the work for you. But if it doesn't, I'll come up and kick the pants right off him." After which benediction he went into the hall and dropped the letter down the mail-chute.

ON Thursday noon Mr. Tristram Bonney, snappily clothed in a new suit costing one hundred and twenty-five dollars, left his office for the gala purpose of meeting Miss Mallard. With success had come to Tristram a degree of self-confidence that let him view his chances with her in a most rosy light. It was all planned in his mind, and thus it should proceed. He had, of late, so often acted as Fate itself, that he rather disregarded the existence of that sportive force.

To the gate guard at the ramp to the track he slipped a dollar and winked.

"I'm going to meet my fiancée."

"Yeh?" answered the taker of bribes—passing him in. "Well, you aint alone." And

he added another leaf to his tainted book of bills.

Tristram stood by the spot where the Worcester car would come in, and as it slid past, he saw her through the plate, and the roses in his hands almost shook their petals off.

He motioned his bespoken porter toward her bag as she emerged, and took off his hat.

"How do you do—Mab—Mab—" He changed his mind because she looked so dumbly at him, "—Miss Mallard!"

"Oh," said she. "Aren't you the Mr. Bonney who used to live in Worcester?"

Tristram smiled gratefully for even these little alms.

"Yes, but I wish you'd call me Tristram. We might as well begin now." And there was a world of cryptic meaning in this speech. At least he thought she must notice it, but she evidently didn't. She merely looked more picturesquely blank than normal.

"What's the matter with you—you fresh thing!"

Mr. Bonney took his courage in both hands and rushed the situation.

"I'm not fresh, Mabel dear," he sighed. "I am he who has so inadequately laid his heart at your feet. Don't you remember, Mabel, 'And then when the velvet night comes down over the Parthenon, you and I—just you and I, dear, shall sit on a bench of white marble and watch the moonlight silver the ghostly city of Athens and flicker across the dream-haunted Ægean'? I'm the man who wrote that, Mabel."

Miss Mallard gave a loud snort. At last something had pierced her blonde stupor.

"You are not," she cried. "The man I'm going to marry wrote that."

Tristram was vastly patient.

"But Mabel dear, *I'm* that man. Don't you understand?"

Miss Mallard looked past his shoulder, and with a smothered shriek of relief rushed down the platform and into the arms of the stockbroker who subscribed to Mr. Arnold's "daily service for busy men."

Mr. Bonney pulled at his off ear and sneaked away.

"Well," he mused with convenient philosophy, "if she can think that big dumbbell wrote that, I'm glad I didn't get her. Gosh, but she must be stupid." He walked a long block and sighed again. "You know, I believe she's so thick she doesn't even know she's been getting two copies of the same letter, his signed and mine unsigned."

TRISTRAM unlocked his tiny office and took down the *"Be Back in Twenty Minutes"* sign which is used only by men who are never absent less than an hour.

On the floor below the door-slot was the noon mail. It was easy to spot Myra Hough's straight-up-and-down writing in the pile, and Tristram grabbed for it eagerly. Anything from her was a relief after his past hour.

"Dear Mr. Arnold:

"I am enclosing another five dollars and want another letter.

"Your last one was a too true, amazingly true picture of just the practical sort of person I am. But practicality is the thing I must try to overcome if I hope to make this man care for me.

"For he is completely filled with romance and love-stories and all that sort of stuff, and unless I can show him I have such a side too, he wont know I exist."

Tristram gazed out the window.

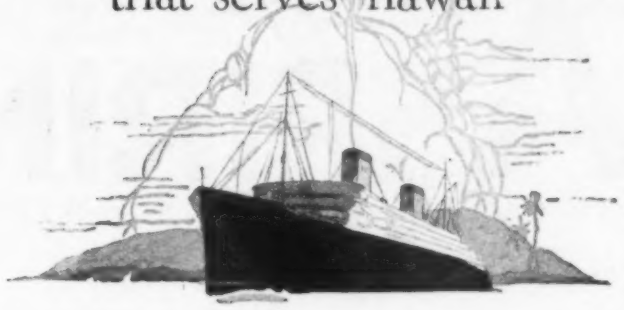
"Do you suppose—" he mused, and then looked at his watch and slammed out into the hall and leaned against the elevator bell.

In ten minutes he was on the one o'clock express for Worcester, and at five-thirty he stood by the employees' exit of the store in which he once had worked.

Myra Hough saw him before he saw her.

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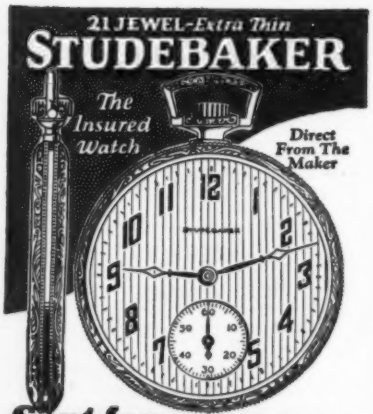


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"Tris," she cried, "don't you look slick in that suit! Did you get it for the wedding?"

"What wedding?" inquired Mr. Bonney, who didn't like any girl to be too quick in her perception of his intent.

"Why, your mother's, of course!"

"What?" bleated the son, smiling vacuously as though a large mallet had hit him over the head and he heard the little songbirds caroling amid the stars. "When?"

Miss Hough was delighted as only the first repeater of gossipy news can be.

"You know old Mr. Howe, who owns the big garage? I don't know why your mother picked on him, except that he never liked you and that she'd rather ride in an automobile than anything else in the world. Well,"—and Myra drew in her breath and opened the floodgates again,—"well, last week she accused him of writing her those letters, and he swore up and down he'd never done such a thing until he heard some of the people who'd seen them saying that not since Longfellow and Tennyson had anyone written such poetical stuff, and then he went right up to her house and confessed."

Tristram Bonney leaned feebly against the iron rail of the fire-escape bottom. A passing taxi saw his condition and drew up at the curb honking its invitaton.

Tristram looked weakly toward it and saw the name, "Howe Taxi Service," blazoned on the door. He took Myra's arm in his hand.

"Come on, Myra," he urged, "let's go ride in one of Mother's taxies, because if she was married today, I'll bet they're hers by now."

A MOMENT'S rest on the cushion, and Tristram Bonney took a brace.

"Look here, Myra," he inquired earnestly, "can you make good doughnuts and corned-beef hash and macaroni-and-cheese?"

Her face lighted wistfully.

"Oh, Tris, if I only had a home where I could ask you for supper, I'd show you what a cook I am."

The news heartened Tristram to further inquiry.

"Tell me, Myra, are you awfully sentimental?"

Miss Hough had to compromise the answer. "If my husband wanted me to be, I'd try to be."

"God forbid!" moaned Tristram, grabbing her elbow. "I'll tell you, Myra, in my sort of work I want rest and peace in the home."

She turned on him.

"What are you doing, Tris—asking me to marry you?"

"Yeh," grunted Tristram Bonney dispassionately. "And although I like you too much almost to want to—I suppose we ought to kiss each other." And he pulled at his off ear. "But for heaven's sake, Myra, let's make it a good, loud smack—because in my sort of work I get awful tired of women who say: 'And then I'll lift my lips in sweet surrender, and our love will hear naught but the beat of our hearts in paradise.'"

Ben Ames Williams
One of Mr. Williams' finest early stories, "Black Pawl," appeared in the pages of this magazine some years ago. And now the editors have in hand another tale by him that possesses those qualities that make for real literature. It will appear in an early issue under the title—
"Sudden Fear"

OUT OF THE BOG

(Continued from page 85)

"Have a mob of them go to the house of the priest, and as for the rest, double them up around every cottage in the parish."

"That I will. And now I must be going," said the wee captain. "I see the Blue Peter up on my lugger."

"Ah well, ten o'clock tomorrow night, Captain."

"Aye, Gerry Mullen, ten o'clock."

Gerry walked home happier than in many years and humming a lilt of a song:

"Tomorrow the sun will be shining,
If it is a bit cloudy today."

Gerry slept late. The sun was high when he rubbed the sleep from his eyes.

"I have a hard night ahead of me," he thought, "bossing an army of banshees. With no work to do, why should I get up, anyway?"

He pulled on his new moleskin trousers and shined his hobnailed boots. Then he cooked his porridge over the bog-turf fire. At noon he walked up to the crossroads. There stood a few bystanders on the corner talking to the road-master. Gerry heard them.

"We'll have the priest notify him to leave the parish. It's no good to the stock or ourselves we'll be doing, having the likes of him around, contaminating the good that is in us."

As Gerry came abreast of them he spoke. "It's a fine day, men."

They turned their backs on him without even a grunt.

"But," went on Gerry, "I wouldn't be saying as much for the night." Then he burst into a roar of laughter and went on.

The road-master and his companions wheeled around quickly, their eyes on the back of him.

"Bad luck will overtake us," said the road-master, "if we keep him another day in the parish."

"Ah, wurra," came the chorus, "let's dispose of him at once."

THAT evening while the sun was still a span high above Widow Fay's hill, the priest, the road-master and all the elderly colleens called on Gerry Mullen.

"I'm here," said the priest, "to take you to task. Ye're disturbing the country. Ye don't come to mass. Ye've ruined the roads. Ye've short-measured the county. Ye're in league, so it's said, with the Divil himself. Not a word out of ye now, Gerry Mullen. Take yerself out of the county quietly, or I'll bring down the wrath of Him that knows how to deal with such haythens as ye."

"Easy, Father Tim," answered Gerry. "Is it have me leave me cabbage and ducks ye would? Is it driving me away, ye are, from the place I was born in?"

"It is," said the priest with a stamp of his foot.

"Well, then," said Gerry, "ye'll be after taking the consequences."

"What?" said the priest.

"Ye'll be praying for your own soul as well as your parishioners' souls before sunup tomorrow; faith, and ye will, Father Tim."

"Come," said the priest, turning to the faithful, "there'll be peace in the parish after sunset tonight."

Gerry shouted after them: "Sweet dreams to all of yez!" Then he burst into a gale of laughter once more. The road-master stopped.

"It's a warning, Father Tim."

"Tut-tut," said the priest, "not from a haythen like him!"

It was five minutes to ten by Gerry's old clock when he slammed his door shut and walked up to the crossroads. There he stopped and squinted low.

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***Dr Scholl's* Foot Balm**

"Augh," said he, "if me eye don't deceive me, it's banshees I be seeing."

He seemed to see in front of him a drove of plump, black, bundled things, waddling toward Pat Burke's house.

Sure enough, there was the first cry of the released banshees. Then another and another. Louder and louder they came, like the gusts of March wind in the coves of Athlone.

"O-o-o-o-o-e-e-e-auch-in-keaugh-in-kee-m-a-in-e-e-ooo—"

The weird notes rose and fell. Pat Burke heard them well, and there was not a hair on his body that did not stand up in horror. For wasn't it the sign of death when the banshees cried at your door?

Down by the two roads where Father Tim lived, Gerry took up his stand.

"Whoop her up!" cried he to the banshees. "Get up on his weather-vane! Get on his thatched roof! Get under the floor! Get down on his hobs! More power to yez! Ye're better than I expected! The lungs of yez are ripe and rare!"

All night long the wailing kept up. There wasn't a house that didn't have its banshee. By twelve o'clock that night every drop of holy water was used up against the evil wails. Yet who would dare call on Father Tim for more? That poor man was using all he possessed to drive the banshees away from his own door. There was no sleep that night for dogs or men. And Gerry Mullen walked the crossroads encouraging the banshees to greater effort.

"Louder!" he'd command. "Cry the heart out of the inmates! It's not for nothing I borrowed yez for a night! Louder, I say, or it's back to the bog yez'll go!"

It was with a grin that he saw a swift shadow pass across the road-master's window.

"Aha, me boy, it's seeing me ye are, boss of the county roads tonight," said he with a cock of his head.

Widow Fay's rooster dispelled the gloom with the first crow of morn. It was their signal and the banshees trailed mournfully away. Gerry trudged home with the thoughts of a successful man of affairs.

"Bedad, and it's been a fine night. Better than I expected. The likes of them cries I've never heard before. If that doesn't pull the heart out of me enemies and bring them to me feet, sure, an' it's another trip I'll have to be making to the wee captain."

"ARE ye at home, Gerry Mullen?" Gerry Mullen rubbed his sleepy eyes as he tumbled out of bed. He poked his head out of the half-leaf door.

"Are ye at home, I say?"

There stood Father Tim surrounded by parishioners. Wan they looked, and sore bedraggled.

"Faith and I am, Your Riverence. Sure, an' where would ye have me be?"

"Come out. It's a word we want with ye."

"Sure, an' there's a flock of yez here this early morning," said Gerry. "Is it coming to bid me good-by yez are? Ye're looking tired, that ye are. It must have been a hard night ye've been having."

"That's neither here nor there," replied the priest. "We're here to do business with ye and the Divil. Call off yer banshees and name your price."

Gerry slowly scratched his head. "This is so sudden, Father Tim. Sure an' I wasn't looking for action before sunset tonight. But now that ye are here, all of yez, I may as well make me wants known."

He cleared his throat. "It's the road-master's job I'm after, at five pound a month, and a horse and buggy—not a ring-boned or spavined one at that, but a quiet little horse that will take me around to inspect the roads of the county."



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"Give it to him, give it to him," came from more than half a dozen throats. "Anything's better than a million banshees."

"You'll lift your curse, Gerry Mullen, and it's not dying we'll be?" asked the roadmaster.

"From now on, yez'll have peace in the county." Gerry's voice had all the benign accents of a benediction.

"The position is yours," said the priest solemnly. "Take it, and much good may it do ye."

He turned on his heel, followed by his parishioners, and back to their homes and their stirabout they went.

Gerry's eyes trailed them.

"Begorra," said he to himself, "if the wee captain's arrows are as swift as the banshees, they've been around the world once, and sure an' they may be going again."

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

(Continued from page 79)

The Count had spoken on the Russian Problem to a Rotary club, and had been elected an honorary member. The Woman's Club entertained the Countess, and the Countess read a paper on her travels in Europe, and the Russian Problem.

There was no doubt; the Countess Letonoff had triumphed.

Fully a year passed before I could leave Berlin. I thought of the aristocratic union during the idleness of shipboard. I wondered if the Count enjoyed his room, wine and his drives in the country. I wondered if the Countess was happier in her social victories.

So I wired the Count from New York. To my surprise, I received a telegram from the Countess urging me to take the very next train. A car awaited me at the station. We drove through imposing grounds to an ugly but expensive mansion that had been built by the Countess' first husband.

The Countess met me in the reception-room. Again I was vaguely disturbed that I was out of all contact with the Count. As I shook hands, I noted she seemed more content with life. The eyes were not quite so hard.

"The reason I asked you to come," said the Countess, after the conventional exchange of greetings, "is that the Count is dying. He wants to see you."

Her voice was calm, and she herself composed. I thought even in that first moment of shock that one could not blame her for her lack of emotion.

"Will the doctors permit him to be seen?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes," she said. "There's no hope, and I know it will cheer him up to see you."

The Count gave me a singular welcome.

"Thank God you've come," he sighed. I looked at him, and I knew he was dying. My reason told me I should not sorrow. He was dying as he had wanted to, in luxury. But sentimentality always triumphs over reason. I was deeply touched.

"Countess," whispered the Count, "please leave us alone. I have something confidential to discuss."

HE lay back in silence until she had left. I sat down beside his bedside.

"I'm dying," he said bitterly. "Just when I was beginning to enjoy life again! But the Letonoffs were always ill-fated."

He caught his breath again.

"I have something on my conscience, and you must attend to it. You must promise me."

I promised.

"When I married," he said, "there was already a Countess Letonoff in Moscow—my wife."

Shocked, I waited for him to continue.

"How was I to know? I hadn't heard from her. I thought she had married again, or had died. But she's alive. She's here—in New York. I send her money each month, so that she will keep quiet. *She*—this one—doesn't know. Who will take care of the other one when I am gone?"

He seemed weakly perplexed, and rambled on:

"I haven't the heart to tell this one. She's been good to me. Gave me a motorcar. Gave me my room. Gave me my own bank-account, so that they wouldn't say I had married for money. She kept her bargain, I'll say that for her. Of course, without me she was lost. She had no position here before. Do you know, her father kept a saloon, a liquor-parlor? She married well the first time, and she married better the second time. But it was hard for me, all the same. Knowing all the time the other one was alive."

He clutched a piece of paper in his hand.

"Here's her address," he whispered. I took it. The nurse motioned me away. He closed his eyes.

Two days later he died. The reporters came. The second Countess Letonoff wept. The funeral was magnificent.

"I shall never marry again," said the Countess Letonoff. "I loved him too dearly. Will you have some tea?"

I declined. She looked at me inquiringly. I was still wondering how I could tell her. She herself provided the opening.

"The title remains with me, of course, doesn't it?"

"It should," I began to stammer. "But—" And then I blurted it out.

For some horrible seconds she struggled for light. Then she grew very pale, and her hard blue eyes filled with tears.

"You mean that—" Now she was crying. I knew they were genuine tears, because they overpowered her. At the funeral she had wept, but her eyes had been alive to all that passed about her.

"You mean—" she tried again. "You mean I have no title! You mean I am not the Countess Letonoff! My God, you can't mean that! Why, I'm ruined. I'm an outcast. What'll my friends say? They were just waiting for something to happen!"

I watched her weep. Hers was a bitter sorrow, as poignant, as exhaustive, as if she mourned that which is universally held precious. To her the title was husband, mother, child.

"Don't you see what this means for me?" she cried. "They'll tear me to pieces. They were always against me. I lived on the other side of the railroad tracks. They were always too good for me. My first husband made them take me up for his sake. Just as soon as he died, they dropped me. They tried to push me back to the other side of the tracks. But I showed them. I showed them—and now—now—they'll laugh at me!"

Several hours later she was more contained, and I could reason with her, although her face was horribly white and lined.

"I have the address of—" I paused.

She rose, and her pale lips pressed together.

"We shall go and see her!"

THE first Countess Letonoff lived with a large Russian family on Second Avenue, in one of those evil-smelling but cheerful noisy tenements on the East Side. We climbed four flights in the splotched darkness, and the first Countess Letonoff herself came to the door.

She had been pretty once. You could see that. She was that type of Russian faded beauty that preserves only the charm of eyes and voice; and you could see in



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MISCELLANEOUS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

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the lines of her face and the weary droop of the body that she had suffered poverty and was tired. You could see, too, that she was a soft woman, easily persuaded, and was not made to run husbands, clubs, churches, cities or nations.

She looked at us bewilderedly. She had not heard of his death. When she did, she fainted. Then she mourned him. She mourned the lover, the youth who had courted her, for her sorrow was real.

The second Countess Letonoff patted her shoulder gently, and said:

"Come, let us talk together. Shall we go in that room?"

She nodded in the direction of the overstuffed little sitting-room. The first Countess Letonoff followed her. The second Countess Letonoff murmured her excuses to me, and closed the door.

They did not emerge for some fifteen minutes. Finally the second Countess Letonoff came out alone. I could see that she was almost cheerful. The first Countess Letonoff reappeared then. She had stopped crying.

When we were in the automobile again, the second Countess Letonoff said:

"She is coming to live with me."

I started.

"Not," she added hastily, "as the Countess Letonoff. No. As the Countess Vorowsky, the married sister of my late husband. It would never do otherwise. The scandal, you know."

I understood.

"I do so want to make the poor woman happy. She has suffered a lot."

"And she agreed to go?"

"Oh, yes. You see, I'll take care of her. The poor woman has no money. She sews for a living. Just think of it!" She paused. "She can have his room."

THE NEW WOMAN IN THE NEW WORLD

(Continued from page 76)

halls, and those of the more prosperous classes spending the hours of morning in night-clubs. Unchaperoned parties in men's apartments, in road-houses; young people of both sexes spending week-ends in country houses, summer bungalows and seaside resorts with the enlivenment of jazz by radio and synthetic stimulants. A promiscuous mingling of the sexes, loose flirtations, men proposing to girls after a third meeting. Crude demonstrations of affection publicly in night-clubs, at parties, in automobiles and in public parks. A flippancy of attitude, indecorousness of manner, vulgarity, slang. Little reserve, and no feeling of shame. And, I am told by people who know, an alarming increase in addiction to drugs.

According to statistics of the International Narcotic Education Association, and stated by no less authorities than Richmond Pearson Hobson and Dr. Henry Van Dyke, drug-addicts in this country have increased to one and one-half millions, a great percentage mere boys and girls. Not to speak of the increase of crime among the uncultured classes, with jewel-thefts, bandit hold-ups, robberies, murders, and the introduction of that unprecedented figure, the girl bandit,—a great percentage of which is committed by those under twenty. Certainly the life of a considerable element of the younger generation is one round of jazz, freedom carried to license, with a flouting of their elders, an ignoring of parental restraint, a scoffing at all established ideals, and a loss of religious faith. A dismal picture, indeed, and if only of outstanding and isolated extremes bad enough.

I SUDDENLY find myself, as I write, not quite satisfied with the picture. Why is it? Partly it is the difficulty of comparing the world of my daughter with my own world at her age. At that latter time my contemporaries and I knew practically only the "four hundred" and the working class, and *society* then spelled snobbishness. Today, if there is any society, it is a democracy covering a great area. Due to the change in the economic situation, there is an astonishing mingling of classes. One cannot now speak of "four hundred" daughters of "four hundred" mothers, but of the thousands of daughters of mothers from every land. To me, viewing this phenomenon of modern youth from the detachment of mature years,—and in contrast with the life of the young thirty years ago, when many girls didn't allow themselves even to be kissed until engaged,—it might all seem hopeless if I didn't try to see both sides and to seek the reality of facts under surface appearances. But how far is it representative? Are the general conditions of manners and morals as bad as the most spectacularly outrageous examples would seemingly indicate?

Is everything to be said against modern youth, and are no flaws to be found in the formerly more staid regime? Is nothing but what is beneficial to society and the race to be found in the established order in which girls were brought up in ignorance and repression, knowing neither actual freedom nor equality under a man-made code from birth to motherhood? Is nothing of promise to be found in the chaos of today?

In the evolution of nature and development of civilization we see—what religions admit from Buddha to Ignatius of Loyola—that it is often out of appearing evil that good comes. Social revolutions are hideous in their mob excesses and spilling of blood—but no less reprehensible than heroic and idealized wars; yet after the cooling of mob passions and the inevitable readjustment of social relationships and political machinery, it is found, as history reveals, that betterment comes. Civilization has progressed, and even more spiritualized forms of faith have taken root in men's minds, through periodic cataclysms and conflicts. As in nature, with a more stable settling of the earth after quakes, I believe it is, likewise, socially. Any period of readjustment is necessarily one of upset. And what we are going through now may be the working out of a laboratory process for the elimination of old slag and a refining of conditions for better things. What many view with unrelieved alarm are, I think, but the phenomena of a period of transition.

I am an optimist and believe that everything in a world motivated by a divine power must be working toward eventual good; that what seems to be evil on the surface and in its temporary manifestations is not necessarily fundamentally so. Once the transient disorganization gives way to constructive good, it is found all life has an ultimate evolutionary purpose behind it. When we look back a thousand years, or even a hundred, we can see that what appeared hopeless catastrophes to the contemporary peoples who suffered, worked out for progress in the end. We must judge life as a whole, and not by isolated segments. And so must we judge the youth of our day. We cannot arrive at any just appraisal if we analyze the soup by the skimmings.

THOUGH having been brought up in a generation whose memories are happy, I must still admit my belief that many of the old ideas and conventions were false, unjust and evil in their result—especially in their effect upon women. Much is to be said against the too-strict and repressive bringing-up of children. In our striving toward

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a higher democracy, a more just equality, socially, and in the relationship of the sexes, I believe there is much in the "good old established order" that must be sloughed off. But—no less—there is much that is fine and precious, and which the younger generation have flouted, which will have to be retained. A compromise must be struck between the two if the new generation is to gain its balance.

I believe, with Secretary of Labor Davis,—who based his conclusion upon a review of the subject by the women's bureau of the Department of Labor,—there is no just reason to assume, because the flapper has bobbed her hair, wears short skirts and jazzes, that all girls are shunning the responsibilities of marriage, with results that must lead to national disaster; that the noisy flappers, in comparison with the whole, are few in number, and that we needn't necessarily assume even the wilder ones are destined to shoot Niagara. "The truth is that nature is always much wiser than any grumbling pessimist or calamity-howler," says Secretary Davis, "for Nature is very old. Human nature is not going backward but forward. All the gains of the past will be conserved, and the future will reach many goals that now are known only to vision."

I believe, with Mrs. John Dickinson Sherman, president general of the Federation of Women's Clubs, that simply because girls have bobbed hair, wear rolled stockings and smoke, it must not necessarily be construed that moral standards are jeopardized and that they should be labeled indecent and without a code of morals. "This constant tirade from reformers about our youth of today," declared Mrs. Sherman at the last convention of the Federation, "in my mind does more harm than good. Tell anyone, youth or adult, not to do one particular thing, and it is the one thing they will want to do. They say 'Forbidden fruit is the most delicious.' Our children know that too. We must handle this problem individually."

I agree, too, with Mr. Thomas A. Edison, that the "prevailing unrest" in the mental state of young people is the opposite of stagnation and is, therefore, a good thing for the world; that the dress of the modern girl is becoming simpler and more beautiful; and that the boys and girls of today in many ways are healthier, mentally and physically, than their parents or grandparents were; and that there is no basis of fact for the belief that youthful morals generally are deteriorating.

OBVIOUSLY there are evils in this revolt of youth; but for this, to a degree, may we not hold the older generation partly responsible? If there is a laxity of morals and ideals, we mothers of the present—especially of the privileged classes—must have been derelict in our duties, as the mothers of a previous generation were not. If youth has veered from the old moorings, there has also been an astonishing degeneracy in the manners and morals of older people—consider the phenomenon of mothers and grandmothers joining in the extreme modern dances, women of venerable age making up like courtesans and frisking like colts, haunting night-clubs and cabarets, and sowing their wild oats at the time their daughters and granddaughters are becoming engaged to marry!

What I sought to illustrate in the two stories with which I opened this article is that neither to the past nor present can any general rule apply, and that the good and bad in each epoch are relative. While the former generation had certain splendid ideals which the present one seems to have lost, there were disadvantages and evils as well; and permanent results in happiness and morals were not always the rule under a rigidly conservative training. While the young of today may be wild, they are not inevitably



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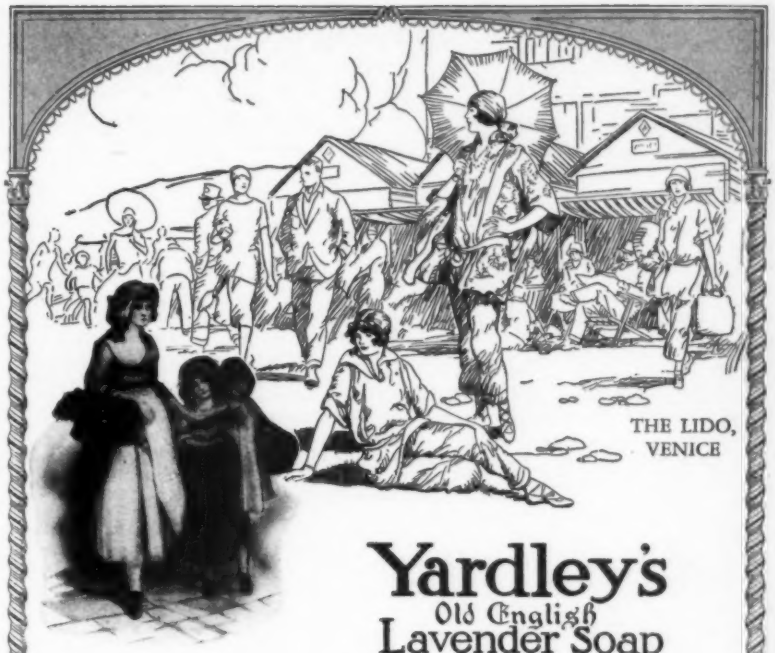
bad, and even in extreme instances, as was illustrated in the case of Mabel, there is not necessarily an unregeneracy of heart. The disillusionment of "taking a fling" may have really good results.

IF we wish to arrive at a just perspective, we must weigh the virtues as well as the injustices and evils of the old-fashioned conditions against those of the new. And while you cannot draw hard and fast rules from individual instances, you can perhaps, by a contrast of actual cases, such as I may remember, reach some measurably fair appraisal.

I find it quite generally believed, when the "flappers" have brought such reproach upon their heads, that the average girl of my day who observed the strictest proprieties, whose freedom was curtailed, who was kept innocent and ignorant, was better morally and better prepared for the responsibilities of marriage and life. As an observer who was brought up under those conditions and who has studied the present, I do not think so. It may be surprising, but I am for the freedom of modern youth. Not as it permits license of conduct, but as it should be prepared for and enjoyed with restraint. Comparing the present with the past, I am convinced the morals of the youth of today are better, even if their manners are worse. They are infinitely happier than their grandmothers or mothers ever were in many ways. And though there are certain things one cannot but deplore, there are compensating advantages.

For one thing, the present generation has freed itself from fear. Fear is one of the most damaging things in human life. It is at the bottom of most of the evils of the world. In my day young girls were afraid to ask their mothers questions relating to sex and sex-relations. They were afraid to confide intimate things about their contacts with boys. They were afraid to indulge openly even in innocent flirtations. And what they feared to do in public—nature being what it is—some must have done in secret. They stood in awe of their parents. They were afraid, too, of social criticism. They were thus obliged to become hypocritical. The new generation is not hypocritical. We lived under a double standard which prohibited the development of their individualities or any self-expression in the professions, arts or otherwise, and which, at the same time, allowed men all sorts of liberties and an overlordship over their wives and daughters. We didn't approach men on a basis of frankness; we were unable to meet them on a common ground of freedom and equality. And when it came to marriage, many didn't have the knowledge and experience to choose wisely. As children, everything was shrouded in secrecy; sex matters were forbidden; what they should have been told about in its naturalness and beauty became a bogey, a thing of morbid, unhealthy and secret prying, ugly and bewildering. The fear of being punished was the background of their lives. Of that fear the present younger generation has rid itself.

Thirty years ago many girls entered marriage in such ignorance that they were actually unprepared to become mothers, often with an end of tragedy. I had a friend, who married a man she loved, and who actually didn't know what the marital relationship meant. Because she didn't know how to take care of herself when the time came, and didn't even recognize the first signs of maternity, she lost her first child. It almost broke her heart. That would not happen today. There may now be a lack of modesty and reserve among many young girls and they will have to learn that excessive frankness is as vulgar as excessive nakedness. But true knowledge is better than being kept in the dark, and the girls of the present are wise at any rate.



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Some months ago I went to a night-club in New York for the first time. And for the first time I saw how youth of all classes with money to spend lightly amuses itself. I confess to being somewhat startled.

My advent into this phase of the night life of the times was quite impromptu. I was visiting a friend, and after a theater party it was suggested that we drop into a famous club, whose hostess is one of the most picturesque characters along Broadway. I had heard the club was a unique rendezvous without parallel in America or London; that you could see at the tables not only "big butter-and-egg men" disporting themselves, but fashionable leaders of society, dowagers and débutantes, Wall Street plutocrats and plutocratic bootleggers, famous picture stars, world-famous prima donnas, theatrical magnates, chorus-girls, leaders of criminal bands,—I remember the club had been mentioned as a resort of Richard Reese Whittemore and his murdering gang,—political leaders, gangmen from the East Side, all of society ranging from its heights to its depths meeting on a basis of quasi-equality in a sort of glorified "speak-easy" which has become the nucleus of nightly revelry in this era of prohibition. Curiosity overcame me; so I went. And I confess that the visit was educational.

I FOUND a long room, the walls draped with cheap garishly colored cloth, the lights shaded; at one end a jazz band wailing out doleful "blues," tiny tables crowded and packed as closely together as proverbial sardines in a box. Four hundred people or more jammed in a smoky fetid atmosphere, apparently enjoying themselves. The hostess—a truly unique character—greeting prominent people by their first names, cracking Wall Street brokers on the head with her clapper, and hailing her money-spending clientele with, "Hello, sucker!"—a cynically and gayly significant greeting. In an abbreviated dancing space men and women, and mere boys and girls, danced in what seemed to me a shocking indecorousness of close contact. There were a few women I knew, and daughters of women I knew. Other girls were, presumably, chorus-girls, shopgirls, manicurists. Here and there at the tables famous picture stars were pointed out to me, a golden-voiced prima donna, the most famous producer of musical revues, actresses whose names are in electric lights—one man, "the brains" of a bond-theft conspiracy out on bail; men in evening dress and hard-looking characters. "Everybody meets under the same roof," said a man in our party. "You'll see here some of the most prominent men of affairs in New York sitting at tables next to leaders of the upper-class underworld with money to spend. No night-club could exist successfully without the sale of liquor," he continued. "Their earnings are enormous." He told me of one club which took in a half-million dollars in six months. "If you will notice, the majority of the patrons are elderly men and very young girls. Just what the drawing attraction is it is difficult to tell; the entertainment is inferior to three-a-day vaudeville; the liquor is atrocious—but I suppose it's the lure of a de luxe 'speak-easy,' supposedly exclusive and in fact forbiddingly expensive. It's supposed to be the last thing as an expression of our jazz age.

"Make anything seemingly difficult to enter, and everybody wants to rush in," he went on. "The most unfortunate phase of this new night-life is that young girls come to these places and pick up with companions out of their class. Some of the jewel-robberies you read about could be traced to the night-clubs—to the dance-partners and other companions women unwisely associate with in a place where all the bars of class distinction are let down. These places would, of course, be dead without the stimulation

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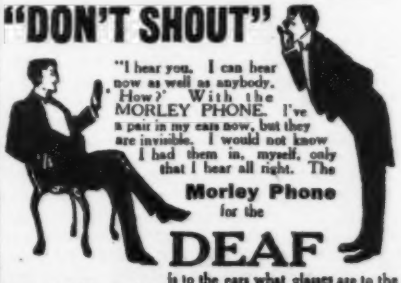


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of liquor. And if you wait long enough in any of them, you will see the effect."

My friend cited a number of instances of young women getting so intoxicated they had to be led from the rooms, not being able to walk alone. Personally I have never seen a girl of any refinement or background drink too much, except perhaps by accident. Certainly a generation ago any girl, or older woman either, would have been socially disgraced by appearing intoxicated in public. Then a girl would never have gone to such places as the modern night-club. However, there were no such places to go to.

WHAT most impressed me in the night-club was not the amazing mingling of women wearing evening gowns and jewels under the same roof with others obviously of the *demi-monde*, nor the rubbing of shoulders of men of power and position in finance, business and politics with criminal characters, but it was the prevailing number of very young girls. There was a scattering of boys of college age in the place, rather boisterous, swaggeringly squandering their money, sitting at tables with the girls employed as entertainers—such boys generally did sow their wild oats. But the girls—some manifestly from better-class families, wearing the most extreme fashions of the time, drinking, dancing and flirting. Couples holding hands, girls with their heads on men's shoulders. Surely, I thought, I have seen the two extremes—a day when girls never met men unless they were chaperoned, and when no girls would have been allowed to go even to luncheon alone with a man, not to speak of going out at late hours of the night, and this day of absolute and amazing freedom.

There was pointed out to me at one table a young woman with glorious hair and a face that showed dissipation. She was conspicuously dressed. Obviously she had been drinking. Didn't I know who she was? When her name was mentioned, I remembered her father, who was the former governor of a great State. He was powerful in his political party and very rich. Eight years ago Evelyn had been a charming girl; one of the earliest flappers, she had amazed, delighted and shocked people by her daring, her vivacity and innocent escapades.

She made a good match. After her marriage, for a time everybody believed the couple were ideally happy. Later Evelyn began coming to New York alone, more and more frequently, and for longer and longer periods. She became a familiar figure in the night-club life, where she was seen with strange companions. Finally vague rumors defined themselves into shocking scandals. Suddenly her husband divorced her. Several co-respondents were named. A year ago she was arrested in a railway station of her native city for disorderly conduct. The people she once knew now no longer recognize her. She is ostracized in her home State, and she finds what companions she can in the fast night resorts of New York. A pathetic and true picture of a girl who failed to take advantage of the new freedom with moderation.

AT another table was a girl whom I recognized from her photographs in the papers. She came of an exceedingly rich family, although of no very high social position. She had married a nice boy, whose grandmother had been prominent in the old exclusive "Four Hundred." They had two children, and for a time their life seemed uncloudedly happy. Then Jeanne developed the night-club habit. Her husband never came with her. In the club she became familiar with the usual hangers-on; she began drinking, and finally her husband left her. The night I was in the club she was publicly introduced by the hostess to that motley audience as "the poor little rich girl from Fifth Ave-

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nue." She got up and gave an exhibition of the Charleston, and assisted the hostess in "receiving" her guests. She shouted, laughed noisily, banged her wooden clapper, and hailed new arrivals with boisterous familiarity.

What, I thought, of her two little babies, what of the nice boy she had married? Since then I have heard rumors of a divorce.

It is interesting to speculate why young people, especially girls, prefer such resorts, with their blaring orchestras, their atmosphere of dissipation and vulgarity, to pleasures in their homes. Is there no longer any attraction for the young in simple amusements? Or is there a freedom here which the young generation find more alluring than the dignity of normal home life? What is wrong?

I CONFESS I was somewhat depressed when I arrived at my hostess' house, at nearly two o'clock. I found my hostess up. "I came in late and decided I'd wait for Amy," she explained. Amy was her nineteen-year-old daughter.

"But where is she?"

"At some night-club, I suppose," my friend laughed. "But I'm not afraid. Amy tells me everything. Oh, I don't approve of these places myself, but they're considered amusing, and most of the young people go there. It's natural for the young to have an instinct for fun, and if you try to repress them, you only drive them to subterfuge. And I'm only doing what most mothers do—resigning myself to the lesser evil. You know when we were young, many girls were driven to secret flirtations and clandestine parties. There are no secrets between Amy and me."

Amy came in a half-hour later, in high spirits, her eyes sparkling. Yes, she had been to a night-club for an hour or two, and then everybody had gone to a friend's apartment for a party. One man had kissed her. And another had proposed. There were even more intimate confidences. In my day almost any girl who had been out on such a lark would have been terrified at the thought of her mother's finding out. There were no such ingenuous confessions then, it is true. With a naïve frankness, and with no consciousness of guilt, Amy told her mother of the happenings of the evening much as one girl would enthuse to another. If a man had made too pressing advances, she didn't hesitate to tell how she had forestalled him, and she laughed about it. At least in her candor, her full trust in her mother, there was something refreshing and wholesome.

"Oh, most of the girls I know take a little to drink," Amy told me in her breezy way the next day. "But it was considered smarter two years ago than it is now. Some girls used to drink at our college parties, but today it's no longer considered quite so nice. Among my friends if a girl drinks too much, now, the other girls soon cut her. I'm not afraid to go anywhere, for I'm able to take care of myself. I like fun, but I draw the line at vulgarity. Some of the girls I know may be wild, but they wont go so far that they can't tell their mothers."

Which may be something of the philosophy of modern youth.

Undoubtedly, with many, freedom leads to license, and in this change we are going through I suppose the law of the survival of the fittest applies. Those who are weak go under, but the stronger will survive and may be the better for it.

Parents of the former generation were terribly strict, to the degree that parents of the present generation are often too lax. But I believe too great sternness does the more harm. It is better to lead children gently than to coerce them. It is the natural desire of the young to want to dive beneath the surface, to find out about things. It is surely safer and more wholesome to educate them in a knowledge of life than to shroud things in mystery.

I remember when, as girls, we showed above our ankles, our fathers made faces at us to pull our skirts down. I didn't know why. When I was twelve, I knew a girl of the same age who met a boy of fourteen. They both had ponies, and sometimes they rode together in the riding-school. One day Victor showed June a little penknife. The glittering knife captivated her. "I'll give it to you if you'll let me kiss you." Naturally, June had no idea there was anything terrible in kissing, and when Victor gave her the knife in return for a kiss, she went back to her governess in high glee. "Victor Durant kissed me," she cried, proud in her possession of the knife. The governess was horrified. June had done a frightful thing. And when she told the father, the pony was sent away to the country and June wasn't allowed to ride again all winter. Frightened and shamed, she was made to feel she had committed an unpardonable sin.

As a young girl I was never allowed to go out alone; in fact, I never went out alone until I was nineteen and after my marriage. When I asked my father what was wrong about a girl's going to luncheon with a man, he would say: "Well, it isn't done—that's all." I didn't know why it should be wrong. I kept thinking and thinking, and life seemed very queer to me. It all filled me with a sense of troubled confusion. As I grew up I heard divorced women spoken of as social pariahs. One woman prominent in society was severely denounced at the time—why? She simply sought a divorce from a man who had been unfaithful to her. Women of her position never applied for divorces; once they were married they were expected to make the best of it, and did so. She was dropped by most of her friends and was spoken of with horrified disapproval. And somehow I was again impressed that women could not be trusted, that they must be hedged in and repressed, and in everything have the worst end of the bargain. Even then I felt the injustice of it all.

A friend told me of going with her father on a yacht-club boat to see the races. There she saw several well-dressed women, who appeared to her strikingly handsome. They were made up with powder and paint. I suppose it was their flashy appearance that attracted her attention. "Outrageous!" exclaimed her father. It was an outrage that they allowed such women there, he ranted. But what was wrong, she asked. Was it just because the poor things rouged? "Maybe they don't know any better," she said. Her father was furious. "You don't know what kind of women they are," he declared. She didn't know what kind of women they were supposed to be because they used paint and powder. She didn't know what being a "fast woman" meant. And she was eighteen at the time, and was to be married the next autumn. Nevertheless the impression was left that if a woman made up, she put herself beyond the pale of respectable society and couldn't be spoken to. To have smoked a cigarette in those days was to have stamped oneself as utterly degraded.

AS I look back, the ignorance in which girls were kept was amazing—one of the results being many unhappy marriages. Disillusionments were frequent in a day when innocence and ignorance were essentials of a bride's virtues.

Mary Walton, for instance, as I shall name her, was representative of the class of girl, without experience, who idealized the man to whom she became engaged. She didn't know that men often led double lives, and she took men—quite unlike the girls of today—at their face value. Believing all women to be virtuous, she regarded men likewise. Mary had unusual talent for painting, and might have done something notable. But

when she married, believing as she had been taught that a woman must merge her personality into that of her husband, she gave up her ambition. She didn't think a woman could pursue an artistic career and take care of a home at the same time. For fifteen years she devoted herself to her home, one of the most faithful, self-effacing women I ever knew.

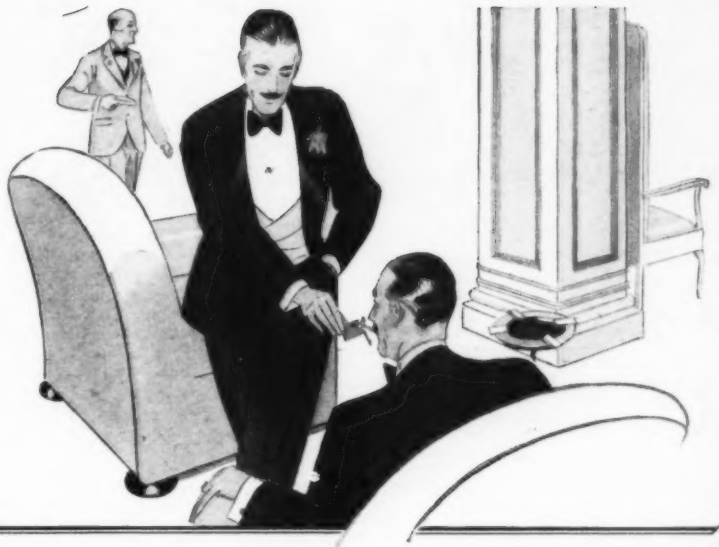
When her husband was dying she found in his desk love-letters from another woman—letters that told her the story of a hectic passion begun shortly after his marriage, and a separate establishment maintained for years. If she had realized how frequently married men carried on intrigues it would not have been such a terrific blow. If her husband had been honest and had told her of his affair, she could possibly have forgiven him. It was the deceit of years that so deeply hurt her. And it killed her love. The man died with his wife hating him, and after his death she refused to wear mourning, then considered obligatory.

VIOLET ANDERSON (let me call her), a friend of Mary's, was one of the loveliest débutantes of a season, and could have had her pick of many of the younger men. But she was of a hero-worshiping type, and I suppose Henry Lawrence's brilliant career in the diplomatic service impressed her. A tall, grave-mannered man, of distinguished appearance, he was much older than Violet; he had been married before, and in two or three European capitals there had been whispers of intrigues of which Violet, of course, had never heard. Apparently she adored him. They had a large wedding; Violet in her bridal gown, sunlight and moonlight both in her hair, her face almost as spirituelle as the faces of the angels in the Annunciation window of the church, was a dream. She incarnated innocence. Lawrence, impeccably attired, tall and dignified, personified distinction, sophistication and success.

Lawrence had a home in a New Jersey suburb. There, before he was to sail to Europe on a mission, they went to spend a week's honeymoon. About midnight—and it was the night of a full moon—the residents of the town were awakened by a woman's shrieks. Those who rushed to their windows saw fleeing down the maple-lined main street the white-robed figure of a woman, whose cries rent the air. It was the bride. When those who followed caught up with her, they found her in a hysterical condition. She was in her nightgown, and when she calmed a bit, refused to return to her husband's home. She never did return. One of the girls who had been taught absolutely nothing about life and marriage, Violet's awakening came with such a shock that marriage seemed odious. If the public climax of this girl's marriage became for a time a subject of gossip, I have often wondered how many more marriages there were whose blighting disappointments never became public in a period when girls were brought up according to the belief that sex knowledge was improper and that unenlightenment was necessary to innocence.

Between an age when facts were concealed and everything unpleasant was hushed up, and the present time when everything is known to the young, and even youthful indiscretions and excesses of conduct are more advertised than hidden, which is the better? What youth does today it does with its eyes open, and young girls are certainly better prepared for life.

Yes, there may be more flirting, but there is much less prudishness and pettiness. And I admire the independence, the knowing assurance and self-reliance of the modern girl. If she is wild, she is honest about it. She may be wise to the degree of a hard-boiled cynicism, but at least she wont go on the rocks through ignorance.



THIS MATCHLESS AGE

At the Clubs

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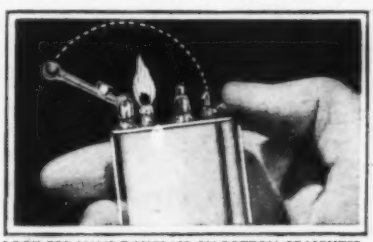
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SOMETIME ago I was visiting friends of mine in the Middle West, conservative, conscientious, I might almost say old-fashioned people. They lead the most prosaically proper lives. Yet their daughter, a very pretty girl, is essentially modern. The fond parents have regarded her something as a strange duckling in the family. She has ideas of her own; she is audacious; there is no curbing her impetuous impulses. But she is charming. Recently she fell in love. Many boys had made love to her, but she just happened to pick one of whom her parents didn't entirely approve. And she insisted upon her choice. "The boy is rather weak," said the girl's mother; "he hasn't enough character." "Oh, that's all very well," the daughter replied. "I know a great deal about boys, and I know the worst about him. And he's going to be my first husband, anyway."

I am told that often when young girls are remonstrated with because they are going to marry men they hardly know, or who become engaged after a third or fourth meeting, that they say: "Well, I've known enough boys to tell when I like one. And marriage isn't necessarily fatal, as it was with our grandmothers. We can always be divorced, you know." What seems deplorable in this change in the lives of the young is their thoughtless haste, their indiscriminate flirtations, their mad pace in everything. They don't stop to put two and two together. They cannot wait a few months or a few years to let a budding romance develop, but rush too heedlessly into marriage. In their flirtations as well as their pleasures there is too little restraint. And that they must learn from the older generation—that moderation is necessary for a normal balance of life, that dignity is essential to character, that to think before one leaps will save one from injury and disaster. They must return to the idea that the home is the unit of social life, and should be the pivot of their interests and happiness, the place where—as girls and as married women—they will want their friends to come, and where their friends will want to come. With too many the home seems only a place to get away from.

RECENTLY I spent a week-end near New York. For ten continuous hours or more the young people there were on the go all the time. They had hardly arrived at one house, when they wanted to go on to another. Everywhere they were offered cocktails. It was, "Let's go here," "Let's go there and see what's doing." And wherever they went, for their ten minutes' visit, the house was in an uproar. Girls danced the Charleston. They had hardly finished luncheon at my hostess' before they were off in automobiles somewhere else. No rest, no repose, no real happiness. Just hectic excitement. No restraint either in action or conversation.

I've often been amazed at the frank interchange of ideas among the young of the opposite sexes. They will discuss everything, and say anything. "Oh," but they say, "you've got to face facts." Some, assuming to be of the intelligentzia, put it in terms of psycho-analysis, or lift it to the lofty realm of science. But everything can be carried to excess. Vulgarity of speech leads to vulgarity of thought. Girls must have some reticence. When they lose all their modesty, they can expect only the worst from men. "But," they say, "we are perfectly able to take care of ourselves."

"To the degree that some one man you may love one day will want to marry you?" one might ask.

I knew a perfectly charming boy who came of an excellent family, who had inherited some money, and was beginning to write for the more serious magazines. In Baltimore he met a typically modern girl and fell violently in love. Elsa was lovely, high-

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spirited, and not nearly as bad as her actions might have made her appear. She prided herself on being "intellectual;" she read everything, Freud, Havelock Ellis and Jung; her conversation was brutally frank. Indeed, I think she enjoyed shocking people. She wanted to proclaim how intellectually free she was. She didn't seem to realize girls can be free without shouting it. She maintained she could know about and discuss anything a man could; there could be no secrets about sex for her, and she was going to be free after her marriage. I'm sure she loved Walter. But in three months he broke the engagement.

"I just can't stand it," he said helplessly "—the way she talks. And you can't persuade me that if girls talk about things that way they're not going to act accordingly." He couldn't be convinced that this was not necessarily true, being a little old-fashioned, as most men inherently are when it comes to marriage. But what was true was that Elsa by her too indecorous conversation had destroyed her own charm and the mystic ties by which a girl holds a man.

The same applies to what is called "petting." A girl may permit ever so many boys to "pet" and be able fully to "take care of herself," as they say; but in the process, she is bound to become shopworn and lose much of her charm. Indiscriminate flirtations debauch a girl's sentiments. Among young men I have spoken to I've found a consistent attitude toward girls who let themselves be promiscuously made love to. "I certainly will never marry a girl who has allowed herself to be 'pawed about'," said one boy, with finality.

Once girls realize this, once they realize they are not respected for allowing too free liberties and that love must be based upon man's inherent *respect* for women—there should be a drawing in of the lines. Already this is in evidence.

(In the next—the May—issue of The Red Book Magazine, Mrs. Harriman will continue her frank and illuminating study of the young people of today.)

WE LIVE BUT ONCE

(Continued from page 65)

sudden ferocity with which she embraced him? The saxophones were idiotic with woe. The singer was all the more appealing from the very artlessness of his nasal whine.

Amy laid her cheek against Blair's heart, and her little hands dug into his as she moaned:

"You used to love me once, didn't you? I wish I hadn't been so mean to you. And now we're dancing together—for the last time, the last, last time!"

Would the maniac in the orchestra never have done with that eternal refrain:

I got those Nobody-loves-me,
Nobody-likes-me,
Nobody-wants-me
Blues!

Would Amy never unclench those little frantic claws of hers? Was that her heart he felt fluttering so birdlike against him?

HE had never danced with Valerie. What would it be like to dance with her? It would be like whirling out among the stars, charging through the constellations, hurtling along the Milky Way. There would be splendor in dancing with Valerie. But when would he ever, how could he ever dance with her?

At this moment she was probably driving toward Santa Barbara at a fearful speed. Perhaps she was already dead in a collision. Perhaps her car had shot out from a mountain-side and carried her to the depths of some wild cañon. She might be even now

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caught on an inaccessible ledge, like that woman Mrs. Kelty, who lay with broken bones on a rocky shelf invisible from the road and was three days dying while she kept alive her sister's baby with the blood from her own veins.

Blair was racked with terror at the vision; but Amy, though she suspected where his thoughts might be, tightened her hold on him as she murmured:

"Listen to that music, Blair. Do you hear the words? They just describe me, don't they?"

And she keened the haunting, infinitely pathetic elegy the drummer was wailing:

If I should die right now, aint no one to care.
Oh, the Lord forgot to pick out a spot for me.
I got those Nobody-wants-me,
Nobody-likes-me,
Nobody-loves-me
Blues!

If Amy had been the homeliest stranger in the world and encountered by accident, Blair would have felt bound to deny or correct the situation portrayed in the Blues. For good-hearted men are always striving to countermand the sins of the heartless gods.

But Amy was neither ugly nor a stranger. He and she had been fellow-travelers through a long life. They had exchanged all the endearments and danced all the dances together. And now they had reached the end of their journey.

It must be the end. He must not weaken again. It would be no kindness to Amy to go back to her. Yet it was certainly no kindness to tear himself loose when she was so unwilling to have him go.

They were overthrown by the shameless grief of the song, and joined in a funereal dance of religious fervor. The rhythm, the plangent dissonances and the grinding minors, wrung their hearts. Amy buried her face in Blair's breast and wept; he could feel the sobs shattering her little frame. And he bent his head and clenched his brows while his own tears dripped into her hair.

They were maudlin drunk with their deep draughts of the pity of life, the innumerable impossible longings that contradict and cancel one another.

It was well for them that the other dancers were so lost in their own frenzies that nobody heeded them while they jigged sardonically or when they made their way back to their table.

Blair moped there, no nearer than before to a solution of his two problems: What to do with Amy whom nobody loved, liked or wanted. How to attain Valerie.

Chapter Twenty-eight

IF Blair had known it, Valerie was no less forlorn than Amy, no less wounded in pride and afraid of the future.

A wounded wren is a pitiful thing, and in suffering all it can, suffers as much as a wounded eagle. But the wounded eagle suffers enough.

Valerie had lost all hope of the beautiful existence that had seemed her destiny and well worth fighting for. She was not even

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visited by the thought that she might ever meet another man and love him as well. Blair was love; and love was life; and he had slain her when he confessed that he had been unable to cast Amy off. In Valerie's eyes "unable" meant only "unwilling," for if he loved her enough, he would shatter the world as once he had promised to do.

She had told Blair that she would be returning to Santa Barbara that night. While Mrs. Pashley was getting rid of her guests, Valerie was telephoning to her father to expect her. He gave her a joyous welcome across the wire, and it comforted her to know that there was one man in the world whom nobody forbade to love her.

WHEN Mrs. Pashley was free, she discerned at once the defeat in Valerie's usually defiant face. It alarmed her. She suspected that a crash had wrecked the mad love-affair whose swift progress she had deplored, but whose sudden failure gave her no pleasure. She began to question Valerie, and after a vain parry or two, received the whole story. She was full of sympathy and wisdom:

"It's the best thing that could happen, and that means it is also the most hateful. You loved so hard and so fast and went so headlong that you must feel as if every bone in your body had been broken as well as your heart.

"I wont insult you by telling you that you'll get over it and be glad, for I know that it isn't easy to get over a love like yours. I know, for I had to get over one once. All the advice I can give you is to get away from here as fast as possible."

Valerie nodded meekly and said: "I'm going back to Santa Barbara tonight."

"But that's not far enough. It all began in Santa Barbara. You might as well stay here. The thing to do is to get out of the country. Put an ocean between you and your sorrow. I was going to France in a month or two. I'll go sooner. I'll go right away if you'll go with me."

"That's angelic of you. But I'll be all right at home."

"No, you wont. Run home and pack your things, and we'll take the first steamer."

"Well, I'll think it over, and I'll let you know. I'm a little too tired and dazed to give a sane decision about anything just now."

"Then you're too tired and dazed to drive your car to Santa Barbara alone. It's dangerous."

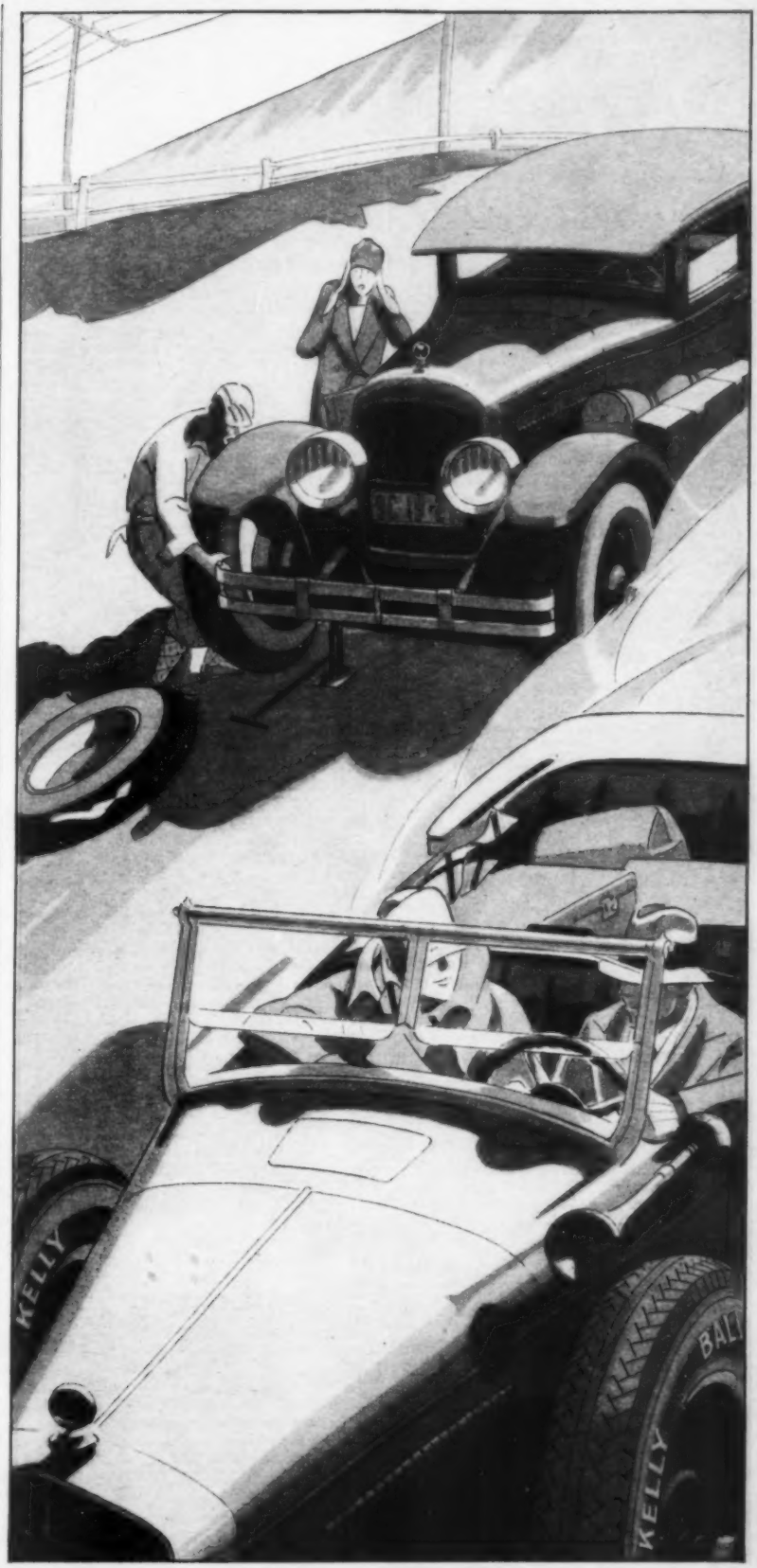
"That's what he said." She smiled drearily. "But when I drive the car I don't think of anything but the road and the speedometer, and I'll forget my troubles."

This was the opposite of the truth, but she would not be dissuaded, and after dinner kissed her aunt good-by, and ran to her car. She felt an occult accession of power as she slid to her post under the wheel, slammed the door and set the engine in motion. Here was something that she could control, something that gave her demoniac power and speed, yet instant unquestioning obedience.

She was checked in the gates of Fremont Place by the streams of dazzling cars flashing along Wilshire Boulevard to and from the distant sea. There was no traffic-officer to control the panic, and she had finally to force her way across the two currents at no little risk to herself and the strangers who were in such haste about their leisure.

She drove past the La Brea Pits, doubly gloomy now in the unlighted night and in their own pitch-black depths. The place was filled with somber memories of her own dark experience there a few hours earlier; it had been the scene of a human murder; it had been the scene of unthinkable horrors.

For a moment she seemed to see a resur-



"That reminds me of the old days before we changed to Kelly-Springfields."



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rection of all the hordes of mammoths, dire wolves, lions, vultures, serpents, saber-toothed tigers, that had perished there in the countless centuries. They revisited their old haunts to reënact their deaths in the hideous ooze. They bellowed, howled, cackled, rattled, yelped, screamed, as they fought the throttling tar with their trunks, claws, wings, scales and fangs. They sank the faster for their vain effort to seize yet one little breath more of life. The victorious blackness enveloped them without haste and without mercy. The poor beasts vanished, and the inferno was once more a deserted, unfinished park.

VALERIE made her way through the busy town to Cahuenga Pass, into a bedlam of refreshment booths, dance-halls and amusement resorts of blatant and fantastic frenzy. One half of the world seemed to have gone crazy manufacturing excuses to keep the other half away from home of nights. But the chief anxiety, the all-important industry, was the concoction of pretexts for wrapping couples in each other's arms, preferably in public and in the feigned concealment of crowds. It was not enough to hunt solitude. The food-pavilions were merely to restore strength for the embraces, and the gasoline stations to assure the transportation.

To Valerie, speeding toward the mountains, the world looked to be a badly lighted madhouse, until she reached the long miles of quieter highway, lined with petty ranches and tiny home whose roses were black in the moonlight. She imagined that a more sincere devotion was being practiced there, and she longed for such a shelter, humble so ever, for her and her lover.

But there would never be a home for her. The walnut growers and the orange people, those who bent and cuddled the lettuce and the peas and the beans, they had their mates and their rewards for toil. But she, for all her father's wealth and her courage, was doomed to spinsterhood by the treachery of her beloved. . . . .

The chagrin of her loneliness was pitiable. To be completely thwarted in her one high ambition by an Amy Fleming was devastating; but to have offered her soul to a man and have it rejected with mere regret—that was beyond enduring.

Her soul talked to itself almost upon her lips in words of frenzy running across the unrolling pages of the landscape:

"He doesn't love me! He never did! He cares more for one moment of that woman's peace of mind than for my whole life. I hate him! I hate all men!—all Americans especially, with their contemptible servility to cheap women. I hate America!

"Aunt Ada was wise when she suggested Paris. That's where I'll go. I'll go where I wont see anybody or anything to remind me of the bitterest humiliation anybody ever suffered, or ever can suffer. Paris, that's it! I'll go to Paris as soon as I can get there. Poor old widowed Aunt Ada, and her forlorn old maid of a niece!

"I'll leave Blair Fleming to the mercy of his wife. If he wants her, let him keep her! Let her keep him! It's a good thing I escaped giving my life to such a fool, such a coward!

"All men are fools and cowards where women are concerned. The bigger and better they are, the easier they are for little cheaty women to rule and ruin. The more unselfish the men are, the more unwilling they are to treat selfish women as other women would treat them.

"How can anyone expect a man as blind and tender as Blair to see a woman like that as she is? He has never known anybody else. She has fooled him and used him and betrayed him for years. He doesn't even suspect her affair with Jimmy St. John—and perhaps with other men—who knows? She's just smart enough to fool him. She



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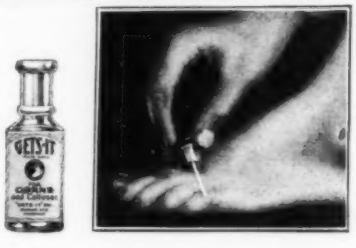
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couldn't fool me, but I was too big a coward to tell him what I knew about her.

"When you come right down to it, I'm a bigger coward than he is. I'm the biggest fool in the world to expect a man to fight a woman in a woman's way.

"As if any male animal ever fought a female as a female would! Blair wouldn't be a man at all if he could fight his wife with her own weapons. He would have to be another woman, and then I shouldn't have loved him. He's brave in his own way, but he couldn't have my kind of courage. It would be cowardice in him, and I would despise him if he could treat any woman as I want him to treat his wife.

"I'm the one that's to blame for the whole failure. Blair hasn't abandoned me. I've deserted him. I'm the only one that can get him free, and I'm running away. I know he loves me, and his only hope of happiness is with me—he told me so. And I've left him helpless in the power of that woman, because I didn't dare fight her to a finish.

"I'm the yellow quitter. Oh, no, I'm not! I'll go back and start the battle all over again. I'll never give him up—never, so help me God!"

She jammed on the brakes till they howled. On a narrow ledge of road she turned her car around with half a dozen back and forward slashes between the mountain wall and the abyss below.

Then she dashed southward again, only to come to another screaming halt. She paused for further meditation on a moonlit height like a deer that ponders the next dash.

What could she do when she reached Los Angeles again? As she paused, the thought of Paris came back to her.

Paris! People used to go there for fun and fashions and jewelry. Now they went there for divorces. Why should the unwedded Valerie go to a divorce market? *Au contraire*—as the seasick Frenchman said when his shipmate asked him if he had had his breakfast.

Let Amy Fleming go to Paris and get a divorce. Amy had never been abroad. She would sell her soul for a trip to Paris. She would leap at the chance to exchange her matrimonial failure for a Parisian picnic.

Instead of appealing to Amy's sense of decency or pity, terror or generosity, dangle Paris in front of her. She would fling herself at a hook so baited, with a leap that would make a mountain trout look lazy.

With a *hoi-a-to-ho!* of Valkyr exultation, Valerie sent her car back up the pass on the southward road.

SHE let it come to rest again on the topmost peak. There was the money. Had Blair enough money to send Amy abroad? Paris divorces, like all fashionable things, were too expensive for persons of moderate means. Blair was not rich. He was a struggling lawyer, many of whose clients could give him only gratitude for a fee.

It came to her that Blair had doubtless been restrained and confused in his love of her by the fact that he was not rich and she was. He had never spoken of her money or his lack of it; yet she knew that his income was modest, uncertain, and his reserves small or none. She was sorry to think of him as having to grub for a living; yet her heart was illumined by a bright and tender intuition that his seeming irresolution and his inability to rise to her audacious enthusiasm must be due to the mediocrity of his resources.

If he could have bought Amy off with a fortune, he would doubtless have tossed it to her. But if he were poor, he could not free himself from her without leaving her to starve. Even a supreme love would hardly justify tossing a wife into the gutter.

That must be it! Her heart surged back to him. She had been cherishing half-unsuspected resentments against him for lack-

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ing the same ruthlessness that had inspired her. Now she understood that, however he longed to fly with her, he could not free himself from his necessities.

Her soul sang a blither song again, for she realized that she could bring him freedom and emancipation with her father's money. He would refuse it and resist it, but somehow she would compel him to enjoy it with her.

And first she would buy up Amy. That little beast was mercenary enough for anything. You could see it in her eyes, in her showy little gewgaws and her pretentious near-rich manners.

Valerie's father must give her money enough to bribe Amy to go to Paris and get a divorce. The mere suggestion would affect her like a bushel of catnip. She would welcome Valerie with open arms, and Valerie's money with a greedy delight.

ONCE more Valerie forced her car about, turning it north. It leaped forward on the impetus of this brilliant plan. It ran with increasing zest as it began to coast into the plains. Here life was well-ordered again; farmers had smoothed the world and loaded the desert with crops and long, long aisles of eucalyptus trees. Now and then there was a village, a sleepy town like Saticoy, dreaming near the springs where the Cumash Indians had once held festivals of human sacrifice.

Valerie could understand that. She was quite ready to sacrifice Amy to her plan. Why not? The three of them made a mere triangle of mutual torment.

The country hereabouts was so suave now, so tenderly beautiful under the moon and the starlight, that the eagle-heart lost some of its magnificent rapacity. She hated Amy less, almost liked her a little in the assurance of her surrender to the new plan.

Gradually the ocean made itself visible through the twilight. The bright lamps of Ventura hid it for a time, but beyond, the road skirted the beach just out of reach of the waves all the way to Santa Barbara. The ocean, the amiable, indolent Pacific that almost never quarrels with the coast of Southern California! Ocean voyages—she and Blair were going to lose themselves in the blissful vastitudes of that old ocean!

Her aunt had suggested that Valerie should cross the narrow Atlantic to Paris. That was the best Mrs. Pashley could think of—a dolorous pilgrimage to France to seek a chloroform for her heart. But why chloroform the heart? Why not rather give it every tonic? Let Amy seek forgetfulness in the throngs of Paris. Valerie would seek ecstasy in the company of her lover. Her father had never denied her anything she really wanted and needed for her felicity. She rarely wanted anything of extravagant price, as she was not interested in ostentation or emulation. But he worshiped her; he let her bully him, and found his chief happiness in making her happy. What else was his money for, he used to say. Why else had he and his ancestors worked like slaves if not for the privilege of having treasures to buy things with for their beloved?

Valerie quickened the pace of her car again. It was ridiculously easy. She would go to her father and say: "I love a man. He is poor. He has a wife who is a rotter. Give me money enough to buy off the wife, and marry the man; then give me enough more so that he wont have to work, and he and I can travel to beautiful places and live a life of rapture free of sordid cares."

That would not take so much money. Her father would not miss it. And what a heaven she and Blair could make of the world! They could travel everywhere, carrying their Paradise with them—a portable Paradise.

AND so she reached Summerland and ran into a most abominable stench, a familiar one that made the name of the hamlet ridiculous. It had been founded by a colony of spiritualists as a place of beauty by the sea. Then it was noted that strange plagues of oil stained the waves, and Summerland was doomed, for a well was bored beneath the waves and a sea of oil disclosed beneath the sea of brine. The spiritualists had fled, and the materialists had fringed the beach with piers reaching far out into the water and ending in derricks. The smell of the crude oil was a permanent aroma, a belt of bad air that must be pierced.

Valerie was never one to find symbols lying about, but she felt that there was something significant of something in this abrupt encounter with a bad odor. She had been dreaming of love and had run into the thought of money. And this money gave off a stench.

Impatient as she was to run out of the field of nausea, her car slowed down with her abating confidence in her father's power. Suppose her father yielded to her appeal and tossed her a million, or a dozen millions—would Blair Fleming consent to share them with her? Would he let his wife accept her money? Even to be rid of that creature, even to be united with Valerie, even to have his whole life freed from penury and enlarged with splendor, would he accept money from a woman?

There was that old American prejudice, that horror of woman-brought wealth! American men would steal, cheat, grow rich by hook or crook, but they would rather rob a woman of her savings than live with her on them.

In Europe the males were far more sane. And yet she remembered that she herself was so subdued to the American tradition that she had regarded with contempt the foreigners who had married rich friends of hers and lived on the dowries brought by their wives. In her many years abroad as a schoolgirl and a visitor, she had looked with disgust on the motives of such Europeans as had paid court to her.

Money was a disgusting thing, any way you looked at it. Enough was as useless as none at all. She was afraid of Blair again. Even after the acrid zone of Summerland was left behind, and the balmy zephyrs of moonlit Miramar succeeded them, her foot faltered on the accelerator.

What if Blair should refuse even to permit Amy to accept Valerie's money? Oh, in that case, she would accuse him of not loving her at all. He could not let his pride break her heart in sheer wantonness. Once rid of Amy, all would be well.

She jabbed her foot on the "gas;" the car plunged, and she fairly hurled it through the gateway to her home. Her mother had fallen asleep, but her father fell upon the neck of his home-come prodigal. Leaving her mother to her dreams, Valerie dragged him into his office and closed the door on him. He put up his hands and said:

"Leave me my watch."

She pushed him into a chair, glared into his eyes. "Gregory, how much would you spend to save my life?" she demanded.

"All I've got."

"Oh, is that all!"

"All I could beg, borrow or steal, besides."

"That's better."

"That goes without saying."

"Twenty-five thousand?"

"Gosh A'mighty, I'm a poor man."

"All right; then I'll crawl off and die in a corner."

"You know you can have it, if you've got to. But what can you want with all that money?"

"I want to get a divorce."

"A divorce! You! My God, have you been secretly married all this time?"

"No, it's a divorce for another woman."

"A friend?"

"That depends. If she'll get the divorce, I'll like her immensely, for I'm in love with her husband."

"Good God, honey!"

HIS eyes were bleak with sorrow. His adorable child, his clean, fine Valerie had joined the horde of home-wrecking speed-maniacs of this adulterous generation! His hand went to his old heart.

Valerie's heart was stabbed with almost equal pain. She saw how her love must look in the eyes of the world, when her own father recoiled at the thought of it.

"Don't misunderstand me!" she cried. "You frighten me. Let me tell you the whole thing."

He clenched her tight:

"You know I love you so much that I want you to be the finest, squarest, decentest woman that ever lived. It may take bravery, but you've always been the bravest thing I ever saw."

"Well, let me talk to you as man to man, and see if we don't agree on what is the bravest and most honorable thing for me to do."

"All right—go on!"

She had nearly begun when her mother came into the room, still drowsy with half-finished sleep. She gathered Valerie into her arms jealously, and insisted on hearing the story told.

To keep them from tearing her apart, Valerie took a chair between her mother and father and gave one hand to each, while she recited in her own way what had happened to her soul.

They interrupted her now and then, and quarreled together from their different points of view. They were agreed only upon one thing: Valerie's happiness was the one important matter, her highest and most lasting happiness.

But just what would that be?

Before they had heard her story out, the rosy fingers of the dawn were fumbling about the treetops and returning to the garden the bright colors that night had taken away.

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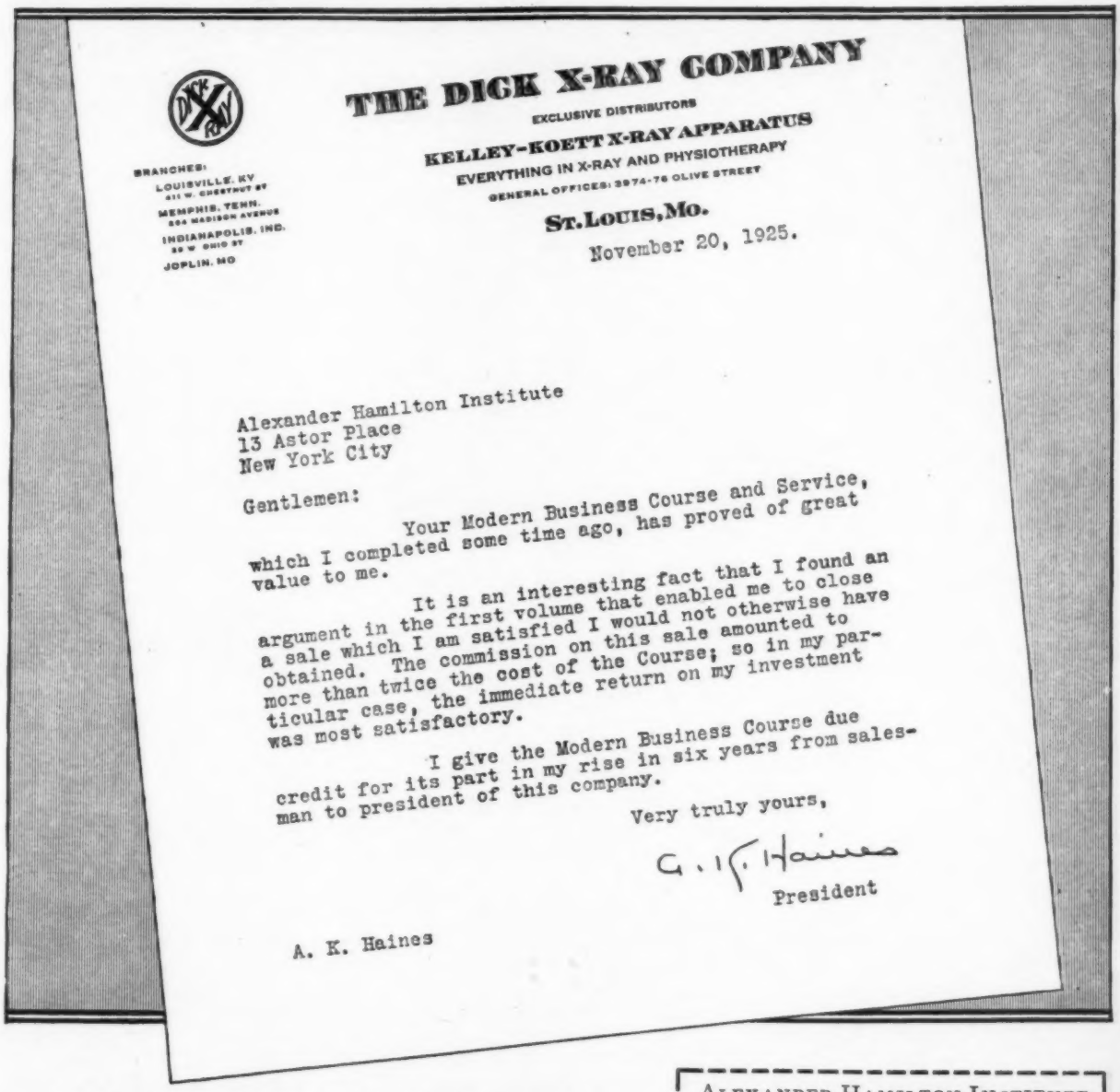
F. Britten Austin

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Telltale Arteries



"I wonder how old she really is. I don't believe she is as young as she looks."

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A NOTED physician said recently, "The woman who conceals her age is a public benefactor. Through her determination to stay young—even to the point of denying the calendar—she has set up higher health standards. Age is not a matter of years but of tissue changes. While she keeps her body and spirit young, she is young."

* * * *

If you have associated with persons past 50 or 60, you may have listened to much solemn talk about arteries—well intended, but mostly untrue. For example, "old as your arteries," "old as you look," "old as you feel," being part-truths are swallowed whole or rejected entirely, depending upon casual experience or observation.

That arteries which become thick and brittle may bring an abrupt ending to life through ruptured blood vessels is generally known. But it is not generally known that either defective arteries or high blood pressure may be directly responsible for serious changes which occur in heart, kidneys and brain.

High blood pressure is not a disease. It is a definite indication that something is wrong somewhere in the body. What causes the trouble can oftentimes be immediately discovered by a competent doctor. Again, the cause can be determined only by patient, intelligent study and observation.

Here is the message to everybody, old or young, sick or well: Your doctor can find out in a few minutes whether or not your blood pressure is normal for your age—whether or not your arteries are healthy. There is no way for you to judge your condition. At the beginning of trouble there is seldom pain or warning of any kind. The fact that one's blood pressure shows fluctuation or is temporarily high is no proof that anything is radically wrong.

Thanks to sound advice of physicians, thousands and thousands of men and women have been saved from acute or chronic trouble by removing the cause. Others, who have found the cause past correction—as it sometimes is—have lived to old age with hardened arteries, high blood pressure, or both, because they learned how to live—eating, working, exercising wisely and in *moderation*.

Sometimes high blood pressure and diseased arteries are caused by focal infection in head or body; sometimes by poisons—the left-overs of previous infectious disease which were neglected and never completely eliminated; sometimes by overweight or overwork or unhappy mental conditions—worry, fear, anger, hate, anxiety.

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